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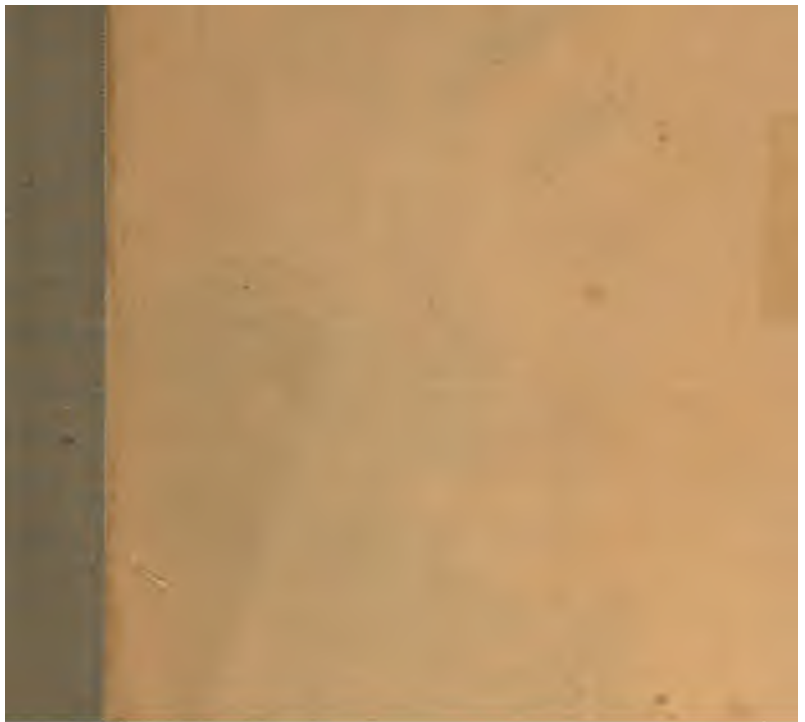
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THE
GREAT EXHIBITION:

WITH

CONTINENTAL SKETCHES, PRACTICAL
AND HUMOROUS.

BY

HOWARD PAYSON ARNOLD,

AUTHOR OF "EUROPEAN MOSAIC."

*"Johnson: 'Make a large book — a folio.'
Bonwell: 'But of what use will it be, Sir?
Johnson: 'Never mind the use; do it.'"*



NEW YORK:
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TO
MRS. ELIZABETH MURRAY,
NO LESS DEVOTED AS A FRIEND, THAN DISTINGUISHED
AS AN ARTIST,
THIS WORK IS DEDICATED
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF GRATEFUL ESTEEM.



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ON THE THRESHOLD.

No book at the present day is fully rounded out to the satisfaction of those who peruse it, unless it be capped with, at least, the shadow of a Preface. Deprived of this finial, the most attractive work is likely to be regarded as but a handsome church without a spire, or a warrior bereft of his helmet. The Italians term this *la salsa del libro*, — the sauce of the book, — and if well seasoned, it doubtless, as D'Israeli observes, creates an appetite in the reader to devour the tome itself. And yet it is often tendered by its composer, with fear and trembling, for in our day readers are quick to jump at conclusions. The most eloquent grace will hardly make a poor dinner palatable; the liveliest prologue will fail to save a tiresome play; the most spirited preamble will not make up for dreary and insipid resolutions. Thus, however vigorous the craving that the sauce may excite, it soon palls over windy meats and the heavy concoctions of an unskillful cook.

And after all, what is a Preface? It is a literary chameleon, and changes its hue according to the situation. Therewith the crafty writer beguiles his readers into the belief that something is coming, when he knows that only emptiness will appear when the cover is raised. The enthusiastic Dryasdust employs it to bring forward vast masses of antiquarian lore, like the *impedimenta* of an army, which cannot be received into the ranks without fatally obstructing its progress. With the timorous, it is a conciliatory puff, designed to forestall public opinion and deprecate the harshness of criticism. Often it is a verbal will-o'-the-wisp that will lead one deeper and deeper into the bog, till further progress is barred by the gulf of vacancy. It may be a trap for the weak; a brilliant soap-bubble to tantalize the foolish; a penitent confession to gain the sympathy of the world; a lofty assumption of superiority; a guide-board; an epitaph; a eulogy; a requiem: at times it is only the "*Cave canem*" at the door of the kennel. What it really is, depends upon circumstances. Hence, in our day, but little confidence is for the most part reposed in its professions, however winning to the eye. The great majority of readers skip nimbly over it; tritely reflecting that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and

not in the glistening eyes, the smacking lips, and the incipient clatter of knives and forks which herald its approach.

It was for these reasons, with others, that I decided to send this somewhat slender sapling into the world without a Preface, and depending solely on such attractions as might be found lying *perdu* within its covers. To the above remarks I will, therefore, simply add, that the volume consists of desultory sketches, and essays upon numerous subjects that took my fancy during a long foreign tour. It is not, either in size or significance, "so deep as a well, or so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough; 't will serve" my object, certainly, which was quite as much my own entertainment, as that of any possible readers. Having undergone a wide experience during the last two years as European correspondent of the "Boston Post," I have been encouraged by the reception of my letters to offer the public some further results of foreign travel. They have been prepared with care and a genuine desire to aid the popular improvement. I have, in many parts, employed the present tense, both because it gives more life to the narration, and because the events described have so lately taken place, that they can hardly yet be said to belong to the past, at

least they have scarcely receded into the domain of history. Though the leading title of the book is "The Great Exhibition," I may here say that it does not profess to give a general or complete account of that wonderful industrial pageant. The pages devoted thereto contain but fugitive and random chronicles of some of its more peculiar aspects, which I hope will be regarded only in that light. It will be noticed, that in many places I have made use of passages and expressions from other authors to convey my meaning. These are not always designated by marks of quotation, partly because they would too often disfigure the printer's handiwork, partly because those extracts are so well known to most readers, that no peculation prepense could well be imputed to me. To those who are not familiar with them, the presence or absence of their literary ear-marks would signify but little.

Commending this volume to the indulgence of its well-wishers, I leave it to them. Whether these preliminary words shall serve as the flourish of trumpets to announce a victory, or, like flying Mamelukes, to cover a retreat with clouds of glittering dust, the author will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has done what he could to carry the day. The natural vanity of every writer prompts

him to say boldly, "I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavored well." Should no other merits appear, the most hypercritical may safely admit that the tenor of the motto on the title-page has been followed. Having performed my task, to say the least, conscientiously, I am prepared to receive either the congratulations, or the melancholy sympathy, of my friends with equal *aplomb*.

With the example of Cicero before me, I feel that I may, in conclusion, be allowed a solitary pun, without exciting too severely the popular execration, and those who reach the end of the book, if they discover nothing else, will, at all events, perceive that "*Finis coronat opus*."



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CONTINENTAL SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I.

TRANSITORY HORRORS.

“To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative ;” — at least, so says Washington Irving, and those of us who have been soothed and gratified by his genial pen, have a natural weakness for trusting in his opinions. Unluckily, however, most of his admirers at the present day are so constituted as to find in this sentence a rather severe test of their faith in him as a marine prophet. Like Byron, our cordial humorist was a born seaman, and could thus in all sincerity, lend an easy grace to a subject, which, otherwise, would have excited only a doleful antipathy. Whatever may have been his other bodily frailties, he was quite equal to any thing that Neptune could set in motion. Like the great Cardinal, “he was a man of an unbounded stomach,” and his endowments in this respect were such, that, even on ship-board, good digestion was ever wont to wait on appetite, and health on both. He asserts

that he delighted to climb to the main-top — a locality for which even the oldest tars have an aversion, and where only the stanchest can remain without nausea — and “muse for hours together;” and there are people now living who believe that he did so. But alas for our degenerate generation of cadaverous and dyspeptic voyagers! Alas for the impulsive thumps and porpoise-like rolling of screw-propellers! Alas for the earthy and unsympathetic captains of our age and their fierce regulations! Modern poets find but few facilities for musing in the main-top, to “gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon,” and “watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores,” nor do our steamers in general afford much material for the composition of dainty and fascinating essays. “*Nous avons changé tout cela*,” and the noisy and unscrupulous velocity of steam is now far more suggestive of pence than poetry. Hence, those who have read Irving’s pleasing experiences of half a century past, and think of them while undergoing the miseries of the new style of navigation, regard them as somewhat more agreeable to peruse on shore than to verify in person. Probably to some Americans visiting Europe, the voyage is “an excellent preparative,” but to most it is such a foretaste as ancient pilgrims enjoyed in the hair shirts and unboiled peas with which they mortified the lusts of the flesh on their way to the Holy City.

"In this Pilgians's Projiss of a mortal wale," as Mrs. Gamp says, the minor ills of life are many and various. Often they are extremely aggravating, and yet there are few without some compensation, some little internal comfort, which soothes the mind and does much towards helping one to bear them with more or less of equanimity. Does Deacon Jones point the contribution box at me in a way that exacts at least a five dollar bill from my slender finances? I am yet blessed in the thought that neighbor Smith in the next pew is looking on, while I am bled. Do the necessities of Uncle Sam demand from me a fearful tax that threatens to force me to close my house and leave my country for lands remote? I can still derive a grim satisfaction from reading my name high up on the list of patriots, where it has been placed by those watchful guardians of public and private justice, the daily papers. Do I lose my favorite lawsuit, that has tasked my best energies, harassed me, body and soul, and emptied my pockets for the last five years? I can, nevertheless, feel a jubilant glow at the thought that it has cost the defendant just as much as it has me, and that my lawyer took "the reesponseebeelee-tee" of displaying before a jury of twelve intelligent men all my native virtues and magnanimity of soul.

But there is an evil to which no compensating balance seems allowed, and who can point out the essential joys of seasickness? Who shall portray the alleviation granted to a disconsolate shut up in

a solitary cell on board a floating hospital, and condemned to lie perpetually on a bed "harder than a brick-bat?"

To find that sleep is no longer the "gentle thing beloved from pole to pole," but the offspring of asphyxia, and the parent of cramps, contortions, and writhings, as of a doomed body in a coffin; dreams of fearful import and phantom horrors, incessantly hunting each other in wild unrest through the distracted brain: to attempt to rise, and vibrate to and fro, like a hen new lighted on the perilous edge of a lofty fence on a gusty day; to nibble a dreary cracker in abject wretchedness, like a rat in a hole, furtively looking about, as if even that might be snatched from you, and then to contend with Neptune for the privilege of retaining even that dubious treat; to hover over a dish of oatmeal porridge, and smack one's lips, and make much of it, and thank the gods for it, as for truffled turkey or roast pig; in the morning to groan "Would that Blücher or night were come;" at evening to abuse the memory of Christopher Columbus, and fervently wish that he had been content to stay at home and comb the tangled effervescence of innocent sheep, instead of devoting himself to the discovery of three thousand miles of sea-sickness; to stretch out a leg to relieve the pain in one's thigh, or an arm to mitigate the torture in one's back, to sprawl like a lobster and distribute the agony, or expand one's self like a crab to throw it off; to perceive one's

voice reduced to the faintest intimation of a dying zephyr; to whisper to the steward, "Give me some drink, Titinius, as a sick girl;" — where shall we look for the cheerful soul that can extract even a crumb of comfort from such woes as these?

Under these circumstances how deeply is existence intensified! How slowly the lonely minutes pass, each swollen with misery, and told off, one by one like the beads of a sad and hopeless penitent! How greedily the mind grasps at any possible easement, any oasis, however small, in this broad and monotonous desert! The various senses are no longer ministering angels, but aggravating harpies, each heavy with its own especial burden, which it deposits wherever it is likely to cause the greatest annoyance. Sound assumes invariably its most disconsolate notes, and the steamer resembles a stupendous organ put to sea in a gale, and showing its unlimited capacity only by an endless broadside of ill-regulated discords. On board the most quiet vessel, one hears without cessation the recoil of angry and spiteful waves, the whiz of escaping steam, the bumping and groaning, the snorting and sighing and convulsions of the engine, like Enceladus under *Ætna*; the clanking of chains and the loud crash of splintered crockery, with "damnable iteration" of brazen bells, from one up to eight, taking note of time by its loss; interminable moans of suffering victims; — all these and more, mingled with sharp cries for the steward, who rushes from couch

to couch like "triumphant Death" in the lazaret-house, shaking his dart, yet delaying to strike. The sense of smell is invariably a vexation, and takes upon itself the mission of conveying to the nostrils every form of annoyance. The cleanliest steamer abounds in fumes, compared with which the "two and seventy stench" of Cologne are "Sabeian odors from the spicy shore of Araby the Blest." It would be useless to try to enumerate them all, but, in the matter of cookery alone, it is safe to say that for every letter of the whole *menu*, from "*Anges à la mode*" down to "*Zouaves au naturel*," there are at least a score of different exhalations. The disquiet of a ship is as varied as its scents, and motion wearies itself in devising new aggravations, till with the tossing and heaving and rolling, the pitching and swaying and lurching, the hapless passenger feels himself to be merely the sport of the elements, a dilapidated mass of senseless humanity, with little more life than a lump of dough.

The most famous moralist of our age — by which I mean Mr. Pecksniff and not Doctor Johnson — wisely remarked to his charming daughters, "My dears, even cream, sugar, toast, ham and eggs have their moral," and I dare say this is true of everything, even sea-sickness, though it is necessary to go very far and dig very deep to reach it. When found, I doubt if it would be very improving. Byron, Franklin, Irving, Macaulay, and some others have succeeded in discovering the bright side of life

on the ocean, but I never heard that they wrote about it, till they had got safely to land, and felt the more solid and less treacherous part of this planet under their feet. In fact it is often quite easy to take a contingent dram of comfort while looking on calamity at a distance. Moses and Miriam chanted loudly at the passage of the Red Sea, — but not until they could look down upon the unfortunate Egyptians starrng the waters with their crests. Horace and Virgil sang pæans in honor of the Adriatic, — but not until they had hung up votive offerings in the temple of Neptune in thankful devotion for their escape. Darius the Median gazed with philosophic calmness into the den of lions, and so did King Alphonso, and thought “we’re better here than there.” This is about all the satisfaction, moral or other, that most people get from the ocean. It has doubtless been the custom of sea-going folk from the beginning of time, and will so continue to the end, to suffer and grumble and quake *ad infinitum* while on the water, but to take an abundant supply of comfort as soon as their feet touch the shore. There is philosophy in this. Contentment is first cousin to the cardinal virtues. “We were born into a wale, we live in a wale, and we must take the consequences of such a sitiuation.”

Living in the days of a Brougham and a Whewell, when every item of knowledge is precious, and in a community that incessantly gasps for it, one has a natural curiosity to learn if sea-sickness always

thus tormented our weak humanity. When Noah emigrated, did he cast his bread upon the waters? When the Grecian chiefs departed for Troy, did Nestor and Agamemnon, Ajax and Menelaus, and all "the black-bearded kings," lie strewn about the decks like limp dish-clouts, with inverted helmets? When Ulysses sailed "beyond the baths of all the western stars" in search of the great Achilles, did he lean a languishing head over the side of his galley, and give his honors to the ocean again? When Cæsar crossed the Channel, did he suffer a sea-change from a towering victor into the mere semblance of a man? When William the Conqueror stumbled and fell on his first landing in England, was he so sea-sick that he could not stand? And yet it little profits to make these inquiries, and the student of history will derive but a scanty advantage from pursuing them, for they can never be answered. The great ones of the earth are invariably sensitive in regard to those petty weaknesses which so often unman their race and diminish their influence over those around them. We are told that *le grand Monarque* never exposed himself shorn of his exuberant wig, even to his nearest attendants, and we may be sure that military pride would ever do its best to prevent at least the record of frailties which it could not entirely conceal.

There would be much more bravery shown in enduring the ills of sea-sickness, if one could look forward with hope to any remedy, short of his

arrival at his destination. But if there be any cure, I have not, as yet, been fortunate enough to meet with it. There was but a single prescription on board our steamer, and that was the homely one, "Grin and bear it." Opportunities for testing the efficiency of this were never wanting, though little benefit ever resulted therefrom. The situation tried somewhat severely even Mark Tapley's chronic jollity, and he was as near to coming out strong under such "a deal of misery," as any man can expect to be. With a moderate degree of bodily vigor, one can, on a fair and tranquil day, enjoy a certain amount of ease, if he be able to leave his berth. Now and then the commander is the source of considerable relief, and, when of a cheery temper, can bestow no little comfort upon those who are well enough to frequent the decks. Our captain fortunately possessed much of the Tapley gayety, and was not slow to invest it for the benefit of his passengers. Of rugged health and a genial soul, he found in the sea his natural element. He had followed it since the age of eleven years, in all parts of the world, and by his own energy had forced his way from the humble position of cabin-boy up to that which he now held. While he was remarkably intelligent on general subjects, I was particularly struck with his perfect knowledge of the sailor character and temperament. Some of the stories he told of his men were highly amusing.

One peculiarity of an English mariner, is his use

of the word "bloody." With him a subject of Napoleon is invariably "a bloody Frenchman." An old tar in the captain's service defined an epicure as "a bloody beggar that eats everything." On a bright and shining day—when he was formerly on duty in the Mediterranean—a large frigate of Her Majesty's navy was visited by the King of Naples, with a numerous suite of courtiers and official personages. The vessel was in the most perfect order, and every part had been rubbed till it shone from stem to stern. The royal party were gay with gold lace and scarlet uniforms, and rambled over the craft in the most free and sociable manner. Among her various arrangements for comfort, she had several of those round tunnels of sail-cloth to ventilate the hold, which are called wind-sails. These excited the curiosity of King Bomba and his followers more than aught else, as they could not imagine of what possible use pure air, or clean water, or any other provision for personal neatness and health, could be to anybody. After a minute examination, the group descended between decks, at least all but one. The curiosity of this resplendent royal bird had been by no means satisfied, and he stole back to take a further and nearer view of the phenomenon. First inquisitively staring at the wind-sail, he at length touched it. Then peeping cautiously down its maw, as we sometimes see a crow investigating the skull of a dead horse, he bent over to look at it more closely. Just then the vessel gave

a slight lurch, his feet treacherously slipped on the smooth deck, a pair of yellow heels twinkled for an instant in the radiant sun of Italy, and silently Don Pomposo Agapantho disappeared. No one had fortunately to see this mishap but an old salt, who was on duty in that part of the vessel. Jack did not make any useless outcry, however, but quietly went aft, touched his hat respectfully to the officer there stationed, and saying "One of them 'ere *bloody* kings has tumbled down the main hatch," quietly walked away.

I was highly amused at a story told by the captain concerning Lord Grosvenor, who was among his passengers some time since. This nobleman is the eldest son and heir of the Marquis of Westminster, whose fortune is enormous and said to produce the immense income of £450,000 per annum. He is remarkably intelligent, and the variety and depth of his information would be considered great, even for a commoner. He has travelled extensively in all parts of the world, and it is not long since he returned from a long tour in the United States. While at the West he was one day waiting at a country station for a tardy train, when one of the farmers of the neighborhood entered into conversation with him.

"Bin about these parts consid'able, stranger?"

"Yes, for some length of time."

"Like 'em putty well, eh?"

"Yes, pretty well."

"How long have yer bin here?"

"A few weeks."

"What's yer bizness?"

"I have no business."

"What are yer travellin' for, then?"

"Only for my own pleasure."

"Don't yer do any bizness? How do yer get yer livin' then?"

"It is n't necessary for me to work for my support. My father is a man of property, and gives me an allowance sufficient for my wants."

"But s'pose the old man should die?"

"In that case I dare say he'd leave me enough to live upon."

"But s'pose he should bust up?"

Here the conversation ended, and Lord Grosvenor walked away, evidently impressed by a new idea, and one which had never been so forcibly presented to him until now.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHINESE IN PARIS.

PARIS is the very Cleopatra of cities ; “ a city on the inconstant billows dancing.” “ Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety ; others cloy the appetites they feed, but she makes hungry where most she satisfies, for vilest things become themselves in her.” Still, as of old, her weird fascinations irresistibly draw towards her the feet of men, sanguine and elate. She yet dispenses all sensuous delights, and holds up to the world the mirror in which alone their artificial adornments may complacently be seen. “ Paris still is Helen’s passion, Paris still the glass of fashion,” and it is in the eyes of Paris that those graces are redoubled with which the fairest of the fair in our day goes forth to conquest. The queen of worldly pleasure, she rules by a thousand hidden influences, and silken cords and soft persuasions are the only incentives that ensure the obedience of her willing subjects.

Who can resist her reign, when on a fair April day her gayety for the first time flashes upon the sight, and she holds her state in the newest and

greenest of the vernal fashions? The chrysalis of winter has burst at last, and its teeming life is already afloat. The sky is clear and without cloud serene. The trees are doing their bravest, as if sensible of their responsibility, and already are tipped with green and fragrant buds, redolent of the future. The streets are no longer dissolved in molten clay. The throngs in the *Champs Elysées* are numerous and glittering as the gay motes that people the sunbeams. In the gardens of the Tuileries are crowds of happy and sprightly children, dancing with exuberant *insouciance*, and tossing trouble to the winds, as in all the colors of the soap-bubble they chase the ball and drive the hoop. The air is delicate, and in the all-golden afternoon the spinsters and the knitters in the sun, and the free maids that weave their threads with bone, sit simply chatting in a rustic row. The flames of life warm every cheek and dance in every eye. The team of milk-white goats, with its neat and tasty little train, finds a full freight of enchanted children, who snatch a fearful joy and gratify their incipient humanity by using the whip to the full force of their little biceps. They are but an epitome of the old reproach cast upon our race: "What a lovely day it is. Let's go out and kill something." Their less favored companions dig up the smooth gravel with wooden spades into unsightly holes, or, in imitation of M. Haussmann, open new avenues and Sebastopol trenches for their elders to fall over. The sleek

and ruddy-faced old ladies that keep the stalls at the sides of the paths, drive a roaring trade, and riot with unlimited complacency over the speedy independence that promises to flow from the sale of multitudes of gingerbread monsters with scarlet eyes, and tin trumpets pernicious to the ear. Fossil old beaux, thus far lazily floating on the current of time, long divorced from utility on the ground of incongruity of temperament, loungers to the manner born, the *flaneurs* of the boulevards, deposit themselves on the accustomed chairs and ogle the passers by. The veterans of the *Invalides*, tempted to this extent by the enticing day, saunter slowly in their blue uniforms, scarred with the bloody bequests of many a deed of derring-doe and punctuated with medals of silver and bronze. Along the drive the festive tide swells full and free, and resplendent equipages flash to and fro. The summer glories of this Queen of capitals have already begun, and "the roses of the spring" are no longer a poetical myth.

As far as concerns the temperament of its people, Paris is the same now that it ever was. What they are to-day, that they were a century ago; what they were then, that they were when Julian the Apostate was first saluted as Emperor within the walls of Lutetia Parisiorum. Their easy and volatile existence still clings to them. Like the ancient Athenians, the modern Parisians spend the principal part of their leisure "in nothing else, but

either to tell, or to hear some new thing." Those who are not obliged to work, trifle away their hours in the *Champs Elysées*, or along the boulevards, where they float hither and thither, like thistle-down in the sunshine. Those who are constrained to remain at home, look regretfully upon the lively swarm that flits below them. They that are too much engaged to frequent the windows, are continually calling out to those more fortunate than themselves, like Bluebeard's wife, "Sister Ann, do you see any one coming?" And so their world glides on.

Though a very wilderness in the matter of morals, Paris daily blossoms like the rose with new sensations. This floral comparison may well be still further carried out. The crop of one is as various as that of the other. There are double roses and single; with thorns and without, — though the latter, alas, are few, — red and white, yellow and green, and the most charming mauve; there are the real and the artificial, — the latter in profusion, — and, among the whole, not one that lasts more than a brief space, or leaves anything behind it but a faint aroma and a shower of scattered petals returning to the earth that brought them forth. So it is with the numberless and transient delights of Paris. Blooming for a moment they shed their piquant influences, vanish before the chilling breezes of popular *ennui*, and no one wastes a farther thought upon them. To be sure, there is now and then one

among all these fugitive pleasures that may be called chronic, or that has, at least, an intermittent existence. When everything else fails, the Wandering Jew may safely be relied upon to fill up the vacancy. The place of his birth is not known with certainty; but one might easily infer, from the pertinacity with which he is kept before the people, that his only real attachment was for Paris. We all know with what success Eugène Sue has made use of the adventures of that nomadic cobbler, and everybody who has seen the picturesque *bizarrierie* of Gustave Doré, will testify that he has made much of him in every sense of the word. Since the remote darkness of the Middle Ages, the unlucky Ahasuerus has always been available in France as a *bête noire* to point somebody's moral, or adorn somebody's story, or frighten the children to sleep. In Paris, streets are named for him, cafés and shops are dedicated to him, the public shudder over his adventures at the theatres, and if he has not been seen on the *Champs Elysées* for the last few years, it is probably because even he became disgusted with the fickleness of his chosen city and its numerous competitors for popular favor, and abstracted himself for a season, that his return might have the merit of novelty, if nothing more.

For a few days of my stay in Paris, the Wandering Jew gave place to the wandering Chinaman, and the advent of the Chinese Ambassador — "*Son Excellence*, Pin-Ta-Jing," as the citizens called him

— was one of those flying follies that all the people are so anxious to shoot. The great man himself was seldom visible, but his suite were by no means rare. They seemed to be as numerous as the hairs in His Excellency's *queue*. They were all be-tailed, many of them fearfully be-buttoned, while the great Panjandrum *par excellence* was be-dragoned to that extent, that one could hardly decide whether he were a human being or a hippogriff. "Never, believe me, appear the Immortals, never alone," and so it was with the Celestial family of Pin-Ta-Jing. They generally hunted in couples, probably from an idea that they were safer, and no part of the city was overlooked by their little piggish eyes and Paul Pry-ish investigations.

What instructions they received from "the Lord of the Sun and Moon" when they left his dominions, no one knows ; but from their proceedings while here, one would infer that they were like those of Napoleon to Jomini, "Make a good job of it." For at least three weeks their uncouth forms were to be seen on the tops of all the columns and arches, down in the vaults and catacombs, and striding along through all the "temples, palaces, and piles stupendous" of the metropolis. If they did not regard the wisdom that crieth in the streets, it was not for want of opportunity, for their perambulations in that direction were unstinted. They even wandered beyond the walls and visited not only the *Bois de Boulogne*, but the *Jardin d' Acclimatation*, where

they recognized with a stolid stare of delight the Mandarin ducks and little black pigs with no bristles, that were brought from China to minister to the versatile tastes of the Parisians, and which bear so striking a resemblance to the Chinese themselves.

Considering the many temptations of this capital, these satellites of imperial splendor appear to have led quite sober lives. Probably they were cautioned before they left home against the lures of *les cocottes*, and that very *décolleté* sisterhood who lead so many spotless lambs astray. I think it very likely that the Japanese representatives were not reticent on their return home. Doubtless "the ever silent spaces of the East" reëchoed to the multifarious woes of these martyrs *à la plénipotentiaire*, who found so much more than they expected during their experiences of modern civilization. At any rate their Chinese brethren would not allow any tricks to be played upon them. They protected themselves pretty well with the aid of the police and their long nails; in respect to which latter weapon, any one of them, from Pin-Ta-Jing down, might have passed for a legate *a latere* from Nebuchadnezzar himself.

These Celestials do not by any means belong to that class who "err by overmuch admiring." They are undemonstrative to the last degree, and never smile any more than a clam. One might as well try to extract a laugh from the Egyptian Sphinx. Not the least expression of wonder or approval ever

passes over their faces. In presence of the greatest triumphs of Western genius and science, a gentle roaring, like that of Bottom's sucking dove, or a mild agitation of their tails, such as Horace ascribes to Cerberus, are the utmost limit to which they allow themselves to go. At sight of so much phlegm one feels an almost irresistible impulse to insinuate a bunch of lighted crackers into some crevasse in their voluminous robes, to see if they would condescend to be astonished at the unexpected appearance of an article of their own manufacture. All this, however, the Parisians admitted to be quite natural. They belong to the oldest civilization extant; inherited their morals, such as they are, direct from Confucius, and can't reasonably be expected to admire anything less than a thousand years old. One might as well think to see Moses admire the capers of Blondin, as that Pin-Tae-Jing and his staid dependants should manifest any wonderment at the fashionable gambols of voluptuous Paris.

These diplomats — one of whom, by the way, measured nearly eleven feet from the end of his *queue* to the heels of his red boots — proved a magnificent catch for the Parisian papers. They were about as good spoil as could fall to these witty and unscrupulous chroniclers. Charivari and his compeers were not slow to avail themselves of the chance, and P. T. J. and his troupe met a worse fate than Maupertuis received at the hands of Vol-

taire. Every personal peculiarity, from the ribbons on their scalp-locks to the tips of their toes — each movement, feature, and habit—was commented upon in a way that could not fail to excite roars of laughter. The city was in a humor to appreciate every one of these jibes, for their point was seen whenever the Orientals appeared in public. Their efforts to scramble to the other side of the street, through the slippery and inevitable Macadam, in their clumsy shoes and cumbrous raiment, in particular, always produced irresistible applause. Happening to be present at one of these transits, on a day when the boulevards were like liquid “sweetness long drawn out,” I can bear witness to the *éclat* that attended it. There was a sudden rush; an awkward jumble; a flutter of blue silk petticoats; a display of stumpy legs describing numerous diagrams not laid down in any geometry; a hairy pennant standing out stiffly in the breeze, like the “*Suivez-moi jeune homme*” worn by the swift Camilla; a dodging of colliding vehicles; shouts of “*Ohe, là-bas!*” from exasperated drivers, and “*Ohe Chinois!*” from all the *gamins* within hearing; with exulting screams from the spectators; — in the midst of which, the irrepressible representatives of “the Central Flowery Nation” floundered to the opposite shore unhurt.

Many stories were told of their wooden indifference to everything around them which it was supposed would excite their wonder. They invariably said, if, indeed, they made any remark, “We have

better than that in China." On one occasion they were surprised by a drenching rain which very soon covered the streets with a thick plaster of mud. Their comment was merely, "Oh, that is nothing; at Pekin it rains a great deal harder, and the mud is much thicker." One of their attendants at the theatre was apologizing for the small size of their box. "We have them much smaller with us," they replied, and apparently with considerable exultation. On one of the boulevards, a woman quite old, and by no means a beauty, was pointed out to them as in the act of leading a millionaire to his ruin. "Nonsense!" said Ching-Bang-Hai. "In China, we have frequently seen men a great deal wealthier, ruined by women much more aged and ugly than that one."

As for the great P. T. J. himself, he remained in complete seclusion during most of the time. He never told his preferences to any one, "but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on his damask cheek." The subs, however, twice, and twice only, expressed a certain degree of surprise at the high refinement of modern civilization; once at the delicate and chaste performances of Mlle. Thérèse, and again at the 400th representation of "*La Biche au bois*." Perhaps they spoke advisedly.

After a stay of three weeks the "Chineses" went to London to recruit their shattered frames, pick up as much information as possible on the wing, and lengthen the more attenuated parts of

their bodies by the aid of double stout and roast beef. As usual, they moved about incessantly, and came as near to solving the problem of perpetual motion, as any human invention yet discovered. They were seen at the Derby and at Woolwich, at the British Museum and at Windsor Castle, within forty-eight hours. When I afterwards encountered half a dozen of the *attachés* on Piccadilly in a rain storm, they did not appear to show any particular fancy for the English climate. Their faces were spotted with soot, and their robes drenched with those showers of Day and Martin which make London the paradise of the negro. They were examining with some curiosity a shop-window that contained a portion of the voluminous publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, —sarcastically styled in its prime, “The Society for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge,” — and seemed to be laboring under the impression that these held something which nobody knew before. The bulk of those works, certainly, like that of the Great Eastern, is vast enough to excite this hallucination in almost any mind; and perhaps the unsophisticated plenipotentiaries could hardly be blamed for spending a few hours in reading the titles indorsed upon them.

The object of Pin-Ta-Jing’s voyage to the western world, is said to have been the establishment of embassies at Paris and London. Possibly Rome will also be favored in this respect, as the Chinese

must be anxious to return the numerous civilities they have received from the Pope and the Propaganda. The Parisian journals are jubilant at the prospect, though it has not yet become a reality, and whenever the plan is carried into practice, will certainly rank it among the *hautes nouveautés* of the season. They already chuckle over the impending *gaucheries* of these barbarians, and, from their experience of the pioneer envoys, look forward to a diplomatic parade such as Paris never saw before. They very reasonably suppose, that the eccentric capers of these minor satellites are nothing compared to the lofty shines that the Great Dragon himself will cut up on his arrival. Coming from a land, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile," the people of this refined capital will naturally do everything for his Excellency's mental, moral, and social improvement. *Les cocottes* will wave their purple wings and revel in good offices for "*ces chers Chinois*;" and if the various members of the embassy don't learn a thing or two that even Confucius himself never knew, within a few weeks of their arrival, it will be because they are either blind or deaf.

It would be eminently just, if some of these wits could be punished in this world for their malicious pasquinades, and no better Rhadamanthus could be found for this purpose than the High Ambassador himself. Let him invite the pungent contributors to *Le Charivari* and *Le Journal pour Rire* to an im-

perial banquet. Let him press them, somewhat forcibly, to partake of baked dog, sea-slugs, frogs' livers, and many other of those savory messes that so long rankled in the bosom of our first minister to China, Mr. Cushing; let him restrict them to chopsticks and their fingers, and after the entertainment, summon them to waltz with some of the small-footed ambassadresses, and his revenge will be all that any man can reasonably desire. His guests will thus be taught, that they who quaffed the foam of a new sensation, may be ultimately compelled to drain its dregs.

CHAPTER III.

BATTY AND THE BEASTS.

IN the amusements of giddy and fitful Paris, the most remote extremes meet in amicable embrace. Every star has its worshippers, and blazes, for the moment, with dazzling brilliancy. But the versatile idolaters soon grow tired of their devotion, and transfer it to other objects, without the slightest idea of inconsistency. Every sensuous agitation is welcomed with delight, and a surfeit of nervous excitement is the last trouble to be apprehended. The thoughtless crowd rush from the Grand Opera to the menagerie, from Patti to Batty, with equal rapture. The ravishing notes of the Queen of Song are quickly forgotten in the audacious gallantry of the King of Lions. Yesterday they received the piquant and enticing prima donna with showers of bouquets and tumults of applause; to-day the same multitude offer similar ovations to the tamer of wild beasts in the midst of his voracious horde.

Batty, the Van Amburgh of the day, is just now the popular favorite, and none the less so from the fact that, on two occasions, he has nearly fallen a victim to the carnal appetites of his subjects. In

his case the old Horatian maxim, "*Cælum non animam mutant, qui trans mare currunt*," has had a fresh and woful illustration. The beasts that he has tried to tame came from Africa, and the passage of the Mediterranean seems to have had upon them no more effect, than it did upon the poet himself. It is pretty obvious that they see but little difference between the Champs Elysées and their own native jungles. In sooth they are for the most part a perverse animal, and have no more scruples about making short work of a Christian to-day, than did their ancestors in the Coliseum ages ago. They are apt to rush at conclusions, especially when they are hungry, and not given to making nice distinctions, unless they are enforced with a strong arm. Batty's menagerie contains five of these animals, all fully grown and from six to eight years old. They preserve their teeth and claws untouched, and are nearly as fierce as when first caught. It has been the habit of their master to enter their den in a Hungarian costume, and show his complete control of them in every way that his ingenuity has been able to devise. With many growls and much gnashing of their teeth, they do all that he requires of them, and submit to a thousand indignities. Their jaws are violently wrenched apart and rudely slammed together. They are taken up and thrown down by his gigantic strength like bales of merchandise. Pistols and fireworks are let off before their faces, and at a given signal they leap in suc-

cession over their master's head from one end of their cage to the other.

One evening in the early summer, a violent thunder storm burst over Paris. My apartment overlooked the *Cirque de l'Impératrice* in the *Champs Elysées*, where the lions were kept, and the scene for a short space was indescribably grand. The air was full of electricity, and under its influence these animals, as is always the case, became fearfully excited. They ran to and fro in fierce and ungovernable rage. They lashed their flanks with their tails in passionate vehemence. Placing their mouths to the ground, they roared in mingled rage and terror. Their eyes dilated, and seemed to flash forth the lightnings of the tempest that rioted within them. Without, the roaring of the lions was answered by the howls of the blast and the loud crash of the thunder. With these, at intervals, were mingled the neighings of a hundred frightened horses in the stables of the Circus. Gusts of wind swept down the broad avenue and bowed the lofty trees. The rain descended in torrents. The people fled before the demon of the storm. For a few minutes, the whole vicinity seemed given up to the furies of elemental warfare. Scarce had the muttering thunders died away in distant reverberations, when the time drew near for Batty's advent among his brutes. As he came in sight, they hailed him with boisterous uproar. Standing upright against the massive bars, they grappled them in their rage

and gnashed upon him with their teeth. A man of iron nerves could hardly have looked upon them with calmness. Had his body been made of steel, he would scarcely have dared to trust himself among them. But Batty did not quail. At a bound he leaped into the cage, despising all hesitation. Its iron door he slammed after him with a loud clang. To us who looked on, it seemed the gate of a sepulchre. His subjects glared at him, as if they would instantly devour him. For a moment he returned their gaze, and looked steadily into the eyes of each. They could not bear the test. One by one they cowered before him and slunk away, conscious of their helplessness. Again mind triumphed over the rude dictates of instinct, and man, the lord and master, towered in his pride of place.

The exhibition proceeded, and again the sullen crew seemed powerless to resist his commands. At length a lioness, who had been ordered to leap over his head, failed in the effort. Apparently miscalculating the distance, or her own strength, she struck full upon the head and shoulders of her master. Her weight bore him to the ground. The lion whose turn it was to follow, had she succeeded, threw himself upon the struggling group, and fearful was the sight. The crowded amphitheatre rose in a body; the women, with averted eyes, fled shrieking from the house; loud cries arose in all directions, "*Assez ! Assez !*" "*C'en est fini !*" "*Quelle horreur !*" For a moment, and but for a

moment, the result seemed uncertain. But Batty's tremendous strength and coolness availed, even in this nearly fatal hour. Struggling he arose, and wounded, bleeding, as he was, dashed his principal antagonist to the farther corner of the cage. Seizing his whip, he struck the lion a blow in the face that made him wince and falter. The latter dared not defend himself, and Batty, still the master of his fierce and rebellious domain, gave one stern glance to satisfy himself that peace had been restored, and retired from the scene. His wounds were severe, and nothing but his own indomitable energy saved his life. To those who looked upon that mortal struggle, that deadly embrace of raging, growling, griping monsters, who, maddened by the taste of blood and the memory of past wrongs, seemed to hold their tyrant in their toils, like Laocoön in the grasp of the serpents, but one result appeared possible, and it was with heartfelt sighs of relief and enthusiastic *vivats*, that Batty was seen to emerge from the contest still a man, and holding his own as of old. Plucky as ever, he has since that day returned again to the arena. His wounds, though deep, only penetrated the flesh, and no bones were broken, or arteries severed. They rapidly healed, and Batty's iron frame and robust constitution quickly recovered from the inroad they made upon it. Strange as it may appear, after the illness of their master the lions seemed to miss him, and long for his return. They were melancholy

and restless. They paced the floor of their cage to and fro, as if seeking something they could not find. At the usual hour of their exhibition they were more agitated than ever. It is said that they felt the want of the loud applause with which they had always been received, like many other great actors and public performers.

Batty is now thirty years of age. He is an American by birth, but early left the United States to enter the service of his uncle, who for a long time was the principal manager of Astley's Amphitheatre at London. From his earliest years he had a strange affection for wild animals. He would enter their cages without fear, and his influence over them was such that the boldest could not withstand it. They seemed fascinated by the powerful glance of his piercing eyes. His father was frightened at the peculiar and dangerous proclivities of his son, and did his best to restrain him, but without effect. Threats and blows were alike unavailing, and at length Batty fled to Africa to avoid the harsh treatment to which he was exposed. There for years, he led a wild and solitary life, and wandered from forest to forest, and from one savage tribe to another. His deeds of intrepidity were incredible in their audacity, and the rude sympathies of his restless and untamed nature found abundant gratification. Among the wild beasts of Africa he was perfectly at home, and he left them with regret. Some two or three years ago he made his appear-

ance in Paris, that great *caravansérai* of the world, and he and his lions were received with unbounded applause. His muscular development is wonderful, and in strength and agility he almost equals the fierce race with which so much of his life has been spent. He can run like a fawn, and leap like a leopard, and often it has been his fortune to struggle for life, as he has just done, face to face and shoulder to shoulder, and often has he gained the victory by sheer force of muscle. In spite of the severity and painfulness of his wounds, Batty would not see a physician. His persistent courage and solitary instincts led him to seclude himself, like a sick or wounded brute, from the rest of his species, and trust to the recuperative powers of nature. It would seem that this confidence has not been in vain, and his own natural vigor has been his only medicine.

In spite of the mysterious attractions which the people always find in entertainments like those of Batty and Van Amburgh, it is very doubtful if their influence be good. They are flattering to our humanity, certainly, and, fortunately for the performers, it seldom happens that any harm befalls them. The old Roman days have passed away, and we no longer enjoy the sight of a hundred Battys, fighting for their lives with savage beasts, on the broad arena of some modern Coliseum. But still the effect of such spectacles, mitigated as they are in our age, is coarse and debasing. Their fascination arises from the greatness of the risk, and the chances of a

sudden and unexpected tragedy. They simply minister to our rude and animal appetites. I was glad to notice that many of the Parisian papers were aroused by this last *dénouement* to protest against the continuance of these performances, and call upon the police to interdict them. Some of them wrote upon the subject with great animation, and the editor of *L'Époque* spoke in words of such indignant eloquence, that I cannot forbear giving them in full, and in the original dress. If they serve no other purpose, they may at least drive some of my readers unexpectedly to their dictionaries, and thus constrain them to "entertain an angel unawares."

"Je ne me figure pas qu'une honnête mère de famille, qui pleure en voyant le sang couler d'une piqure faite au doigt de son enfant, assiste sans sourciller à une exhibition de bêtes féroces, y mène sa fille la jour où elle a congé à sa pension. Ces spectacles-là sont bons pour les filles entretenues et leurs cocodès, qui n'ont rien dans la tête, et qui sont plus ineptes que les bêtes du dompteur. Cela fait battre le cœur aux jolies demoiselles, qu'on nomme maintenant des pieuvres, et leur procure une émotion identique à celle du coup de lansquenet sur lequel elles ont ponté. Cela ravit les cocodès qui, les pouces dans l'entournure de leur gilet à cœur, et le lorgnon collé à l'œil s'écrient, 'L'mangera! L'mangera pas!' Les jolies demoiselles rêvent la nuit de la tunique pailletée du dompteur, tandis que les cocodès s'écrient en découpant un perdreau, 'Dire qu'un jour son lion en fera autant de Batty!' Et les petits journaux, comme ils jubilent aux dépens du dompteur! Quelle mine de plaisanteries faciles dans la lâcheté du lion comparée à celle de l'homme!

"Et regardez la justice distributive des humains. Chassaing

qui tue les lions, Bombonnel, qui tue les panthères, sont des héros ; Batty, qui les dompte, n'est qu'un saltimbanque ; il est vrai qu'il se fait tuer par eux, et il y a peut-être là encore un million de plaisanteries charmantes.

"Riez ! riez ! tant que vous voudrez ; le pauvre dompteur en mourra peut-être ; mais qu'importe ! il faut distraire les ennuyés !

"A qui le tour maintenant ?"

Many persons are of opinion that the morals of Paris — or rather the amiable pretenses to which this word is by courtesy applied — are going to the dogs. This view has lately gained an adherent in the person of M. Alexandre Dumas, the younger, and if his attention has been called to the matter, it certainly is both natural and desirable that other people should be alarmed. The chaste and decorous author of *La Dame aux Camélias* thinks it quite time that something should be done for his unlucky city. "Is this a world to hide virtues in ?" said Sir Toby Belch, and so thinks this modern Luther. He has conceived a plan, which, in a short time, will obviously make of Paris a New Jerusalem, and nobly offers it to the public. He says : "Upon the bases of all the statues, upon the summits of all the monuments, in each of the great squares and places of resort throughout the capital, I would have engraved in large letters, not only the chief articles of the Code Napoleon, but the maxims of Theophrastus, of Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, Jesus Christ, Confucius, of all those, in short, who have discovered published formulas of moral truth useful to

humanity. Paris should be, in fact, not merely a great and beautiful city, but a great and beautiful book. With us there is no moral tone. We give instructions for the stomach, the feet, the hands, the whole body, in truth, but nothing for the soul. Children are inquisitive, and they would naturally be eager to learn to read, that they might know the meaning of the writing on the wall, and would thus become true men and worthy citizens, even while at their plays."

This plan, if thoroughly carried out, will doubtless be attended with complete success. The metropolis will resemble a Belshazzar's feast, with the part of Belshazzar omitted; Moses and the prophets will appear again in spite of Bishop Colenso; and M. Alexandre Dumas, the younger, will deliver long lectures upon the Seventh Commandment to large and enthusiastic congregations. Paris will become wholly virtuous, and there shall be no more cakes and ale. Theodore Parker shall dwell with Confucius, and Theophrastus shall lie down with Tom Paine; Seneca and Solomon and M. Renan together, and Marcus Aurelius shall lead them. A new millennium is about to dawn upon the world, and M. Alexandre Dumas, *fils* , is our fortunate guide, Joshua-like, to lead us into the land of milk and honey for which our despairing souls have long yearned. "Oh, wherefore have these things been hid? Wherefore have these gifts had a curtain before them?" Happy are the Parisians, and thrice

happy are we, who live in the days of this new and pregnant revelation! How little could we imagine the source from which it was to come! But yesterday we could believe nothing; now we can believe everything. Thanks to the virtuous Dumas, Peter and Paul will still hold their own, and not be obliged to resign their seats to the author of "Les Apôtres," while the Christian religion will not yet be annihilated.

CHAPTER IV.

PARIS AND THE MUSES.

THE literati of Paris have been quite active of late, even for them, and its inhabitants are not likely to perish for want of mental food, such as it is. The bookstores are teeming with a hundred new novels and plays, and a thousand notices of more to come. Whatever other imputation may be cast upon the French writers of to-day, no man who has the slightest regard for truth, will undertake to charge them with indolence. They work with a will, and the results are prodigious. When the prophetic wisdom of Solomon led him to say "Of making many books there is no end," it is very possible that he had the French *littérateurs* in mind at the time. Really, the grand climax seems to be approaching, if it be not already reached, in our day. The deluge of printed matter which Paris alone has rained down during the last quarter of a century, from the eight hundred volumes of Alexandre Dumas, senior, to the solitary bantling of Charles Baudelaire, which a prudish government so ruthlessly throttled, ere it had well made its way out of the egg, has been vast enough to cover the whole

world and swallow it up, ark and all, were it not for the beneficent aid of the pastry-cook and the trunk-maker. Let the shelves of the Imperial Library in this city, groaning under the weight of over 2,000,000 books and pamphlets, bear witness, at least as far as they go, to the truth of this.

It is the inborn misfortune of every Frenchman to think that he can do anything whatever that any one else can. His natural vanity and ambition are always leading him to try his hand at something that will make him conspicuous. This result, to be sure, often follows, but not in the way he had expected. It is said that Lord Brougham, in his younger days, being pressed for money, prevailed upon Mr. Jeffrey, then editor of the "Edinburgh Review," to advance him a thousand pounds, which he was to repay in contributions to that periodical. He was as good as his word, and actually, within six months, wrote the whole of two successive issues, or one entire volume. The articles covered a wide variety of subjects, and ranged from an elaborate treatise on the political economy of ancient Greece, to a comprehensive review, on seven closely printed pages, of the state of lithotomy at that time. This was very fair for an Englishman, especially for one who had ordinarily so many projects on hand as the Great Reformer, but nothing to the omniscient audacity of a Frenchman. *He* would not merely be glad to write on these subjects, but would jump at a chance of inventing a new theory of

political economy and putting it into execution, or of performing the somewhat difficult and hazardous operation above referred to, himself. If both failed, as they would be likely to, he would simply say "*mais la conception était magnifique*," and not allow his serene magnanimity to be disturbed for an instant. It is, very naturally, in literature that this weakness finds its broadest development. Every subject of Napoleon thinks he has a natural genius for writing, and considers it as easy to make a book as to make love, or stir the fire. This is easily tested. Place a pen in his hand and you will prove the truth of it. It is like turning the cock of a full reservoir. An abundant stream at once flows forth. It may be pure and clear; it may be the stalest of all stale water. It may burst out like a vigorous jet, enlivening and beautifying all around; it may be a turbid current, thick as lava and slow as mud; but the supply never for a moment ceases, and it will continue to run on till the force of circumstances compels it to stop. It never would stop, if it depended on the author himself, but luckily no man can go on writing and publishing forever, if the public don't mind him, unless he has means to pay for the publication of his works himself, and so a providential limit has been put to all such performances. When a French novelist, however, has once secured the ear of the people, he uses his advantage to the utmost. He works day and night without cessation while he lives, and leaves behind him not only

scores of printed works, but a dozen volumes of *mémoires* in manuscript, to be let loose upon the world after his death. Some wise man has remarked that a book is an author's second self. If this be true, its application nowadays is fearfully suggestive. To say nothing of the numerous smaller fry, think of M. Alexandre Dumas eight hundred times multiplied, and figure up the result, if you can ! It is no wonder that this literary giant is so swollen and puffed up, that he has found Italy too small for him, and has been obliged to return to France for sufficient room to expand himself to the limits necessary for his existence. Said Doctor Johnson, when informed that Miss Knight, the writer of "Dinarbas," was about to leave England and settle in France, "She is right, sir ; Miss Knight is too big for an island." Evidently this was Dumas' opinion of himself, when restricted to Italy.

The majority of French novels are weak and superficial to an extreme. Their influence is generally bad, since they are often written for the purpose of satisfying an unhealthy appetite. Those who read the most of them are the most to be pitied, for the more morbid the craving becomes and the worse the digestion, after each repast. It is like dining on tarts and candy. Their effect is widely injurious, and sinks deeply into many a young mind with corrupting taint. The evil that they do permeates the whole land, and lives long after they have done their ill work. Unluckily, the

most talented of this class of writers are the most unscrupulous, and use their best abilities to make their unwholesome fare palatable. Among them is M. Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, whom I have just mentioned as having come forward as a sort of purveyor of morals for his fellow-citizens, with the design of guiding the rising generation gently up the somewhat arduous ascent that leads to the Temple of Virtue. His proposals have not been received with that deference which is generally awarded to the popular favorite, and the people look with coolness upon his plan for inscribing the Ten Commandments and extracts from the works of Marcus Aurelius along the boulevards and in the vicinity of the *Jardin Mabille*. Probably the Parisians, seeing no signs of a divine revelation in the teachings of their new Moses, prefer to dance a little longer round their golden calf without interruption. Meanwhile M. Dumas has been occupying his philanthropic leisure with the composition of a fresh book. Considering the tendency and tone of the author's late suggestions, it has somewhat startled the public to find what it contains. It might reasonably have been expected to be a volume of sermons, or perchance of treatises taking high moral ground and intended for the general purification of the world. You may imagine every one's disappointment, however, when it proved to be a novel, and about as pernicious as even the varied talents of the writer could plan. As one of his

critics has truly said, "*Tout le talent de l'auteur du 'Demi-Monde' est là.*" Unhappily, this remark is trebly dyed with truth, which is more than can be affirmed of most French *critiques*.

In spite of the regret of M. Dumas' friends, they have devoted themselves to the work with such assiduity, that an edition of 5000 has already been exhausted, and another of the same number will soon appear. The title it bears is "*L'Affaire Clémenceau*," and the heroine, Iza Clémenceau, is "a veritable moral monster." I use the words advisedly, for they are those by which the author himself describes her, "*un veritable monstre moral.*" This character, however, does not prevent her from being loved to adoration by a thousand devotees of beauty and wit, or from marrying an excellent man, or from cutting up generally afterwards and coming to grief in the style of Becky Sharp, whom she much resembles. She finally meets with an end sufficiently tragical, but by no means enough so to repair the mischief she has done, as is the case with heroines of this stamp in most cases. I have no space to give even a brief synopsis of her career, and perhaps it is just as well not to. Suffice it to say that Iza Clémenceau is *La Dame aux Camélias*, the heroine of the "*Demi-Monde*," and three or four more of M. Dumas' lady friends, combined into a new form and run into another mould, with several additional elements of wickedness so mixed up in her, as to form a sort of female Caliban. In her

composition the great truths which her author proposes to hang out in his native city, like Macbeth's banners, "on the outward walls," make a very poor show. And yet, I suppose M. Dumas, *filz*, would be disgusted, if any one were to intimate that his tale had no moral. Authors generally are shocked at such a criticism, as was the authoress of "Jane Eyre." I presume the moral of "L'Affaire Clémenceau" lies in its immorality. Perhaps the writer designed Mlle. Iza as a warning, and that a terrible one, of what the Parisians will all come to, if they don't trot out Confucius, and Theophrastus, and Professor Renan on the *Champs Elysées* and the boulevards, and grow great and virtuous by their example.

As a literary effort, "L'Affaire Clémenceau" is a wonderful success, and so far as merely such a quality is concerned, it deserves its popularity. It is really an able work. The style is both clear and fascinating. The flow of thought is full and free, and the delineation of character is managed with tact and deep discernment. There is little or no verbiage, and every sentence either suggests some new idea, or advances the plot, so that the reader is almost irresistibly drawn on to the end. Many bright and spirited touches, much sarcasm, and no small amount of graphic description, lend additional charms to an interest that never flags. It is to a certain extent a philosophical romance, but not heavily so, and here and there sundry social prob-

lems are interwoven with the story, and treated with considerable power both of language and thought. Obviously the offspring of a vigorous mind, "L'Affaire Clémenceau" will greatly add to the writer's fame, and give him a still stronger claim upon his numerous admirers in France.

As a slight illustration of M. Dumas' powers, I venture to give here a short description of a school of *littérati*, which in the days of our grandfathers had a wide-spread popularity in certain circles : —

"Among the women whose acquaintance I made at this ball, there was one who had manifested for me the greatest interest, Madame Lesperon, a lyric character, a blue stocking to tell the truth, mad in appearance, good at heart, and composing verses neither worse nor better than those which they were accustomed to make in those days, after the romantic style of Lamartine, Hugo, and De Musset. This school produced for several years poets of whom nothing now remains, not even the ridicule which was to take the place of their mysterious fame. They were all inspired ; all had their secret grief, their unknown love. There was not one that did not conceal, under the tall weeds in the corner of some country cemetery, the latent tomb of some Elvira, whither he resorted to weep, while he questioned Heaven, blasphemed God, and prostrated himself on the earth, and then repeated a hymn to creation. The church bells, the stars, the clouds, the moon, shadows, dead bodies, and evening anthems were then the rage, and the consumption of them was beyond all bounds.

"This poetical rapacity, this avidity of pathos, which embraced a little of everything, Byron, Voltaire, Goethe, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, and which needed only Molière to immortalize its absurdity, demanded an outlet, and for that

purpose, enjoyed the use of the hotel Rambouillet and its dependencies. Thither every winter evening, from nine till midnight, to certain little *salons littéraires*, sundry humble satellites of Madame Recamier's star betook themselves. There, clinging to the mantel-piece with pale face, white eyes, disordered hair, and a voice now choked with sobs, now lofty and sonorous, some poet, or poetess, showered around upon the heads, upturned and disarranged, of the aged Sapphos and youthful Corinnes of the place, his grand and puissant strains. Then came cries, tears, and bursts of enthusiasm. They shook hands, they embraced, — after which each drank a large glass of sugared water, and returned home. Madame Lesperon had at her house one of these famous saloons. She thought it necessary for her reputation to contest the influence of that temple where the author of "*Réné*," with moody brow, fastidious look, his crown of laurels on his head, his "*Memoires*" in his hand, enveloped in the incense which an involuntary vestal burned at his feet, waited with no little impatience for the world to fall to pieces that he might enjoy a tomb worthy of his genius."

Though this extract, of course, loses much by change of garb, yet it will give some slight idea of the vivacity of the author's descriptions and the brilliancy of his style, though to a healthy mind these will offer but a slight indemnity for the vicious sentiments of the work.

Among the numerous rivals of M. Dumas for the popular favor is M. Gustave Droz. He has just published a charming work entitled "*Monsieur, Madame et Bébé*," which is full of the most delicate and attractive wit. One of the sketches is so thoroughly characteristic and Frenchy, and so true to nature, that I am tempted to translate it. It relates

to a certain fair dame of high social position, fond of show, but good in the main, whose great weakness was her extreme devotion to the pleasures of the table. She was especially feeble in presence of *vin de Syracuse* and certain irresistible little *patés* that were made by a fashionable pastry-cook. She had just been to obtain absolution from the consequences of this sin, and on retiring from the confessional went at once to her *prie-Dieu*, where she prostrated herself for some moments, uttering meanwhile a fervent and rapid prayer.

"She felt herself relieved of a great weight, vivified, so to speak, and had it not been for the little blue watch which told her that her maid Louise was awaiting her at the dressmaker's, on account of that unhappy *robe*, she would have remained a long time in contemplation before the purity of her soul, which inspired her with a just confidence.

"Time passed on; she slipped into her pocket various small articles, and particularly a coquettish little book with a clasp of gold, on which was inscribed, 'The Grove of Penitence; or, Self-contemplation.' Putting on her gloves while still prostrate, and without for one moment withdrawing her eyes from the crucifix, then lowering her veil and arranging the bow of her hat, she turned her face toward heaven and said '*Pardon, mon Dieu*, for leaving you so soon, but I do not abandon you. An affair of importance, a *rendezvous*, — you know, *mon Dieu*, how important it is that such appointments should be kept.' Then making a very coquettish sign of the cross, no longer than *that*, she flew away light of heart, pure and joyful. Her little pointed heels went paf! paf! over the great flag-stones of the church, and she delighted to hear the noise of her footsteps repeated by the pious echoes of the place. She said to herself in a transport of enthusiasm, 'Yes, listen to my steps,

sacred echoes of the temple, for to-day I am pure as you ! What ecstasy to feel one's self an angel, and in truth how little it costs !'

"Near the entrance stood her carriage. Upon a slight and infinitely sweet sign from her, the horses came up pawing the ground, and the *valet de pied* opened the door. She stepped in, and, with a voice perfectly unctuous with piety, said to her servant, who stood hat in hand, —

" 'Drive where I told you ; *Rue de la Paix*.'

" 'Will Madame stop at the pastry-cook's on the way ?' hazarded the valet.

" 'Hum-m,' hesitated the Countess at first, looking intently at her glove. Then all at once, with a firm voice, in which one could detect a shade of pride, she said, 'No, go directly.' Then placing her hand on the little book in her pocket, she murmured to herself: '*Merci, mon Dieu*, I am an angel, and may I do nothing to soil my wings.'

This is the latest work of M. Droz, and it is not remarkable that it should be much read and admired. It is not, however, his last ; one never sees the last of a French author, till he has been many years in his grave. He is now engaged on still another, and so is M. About, and M. Dumas, and M. Karr, and M. Noriac, and, in short, all the rest of the *Messieurs*, who spend their lives in deluging France with ink, smothering her with paper, and stabbing her with steel pens.

CHAPTER V.

THE FURKA PASS AND THE RHONE GLACIER.

A FEW days after my arrival among the Alps, I came upon the traces of the Wandering Jew, of whom I had heard very little since I left Paris. Like that home of the wicked, Switzerland takes very kindly to this ancient sinner, and tradition preserves many a memento of his visits here from time to time. Like the Atlantic cable, his "insulation and continuity" have been perfect ever since he started on his unique career, and his course is not especially difficult to trace. It was on the Furka Pass, that I first fell in with him. This is a fearfully dreary road through a mountain gorge leading from Hospenthal to the Valley of the Rhone and the glacier in whose bosom that mighty river takes its rise. Once in a few ages, the popular story in this land relates, he leaves Mount Pilatus, on the Lake of Lucerne, from whose rocky peak that chief of all transgressors cast himself down, and whither Ahasuerus is drawn by an irresistible fascination, and directs his ill-omened steps towards Italy. Through many a lonely and snowy pass; beneath many a beetling and threatening precipice,

whose sombre walls he calls upon in vain to cover him from avenging wrath; by many avalanches which other sinners might try in vain to escape, but which hang suspended till he has gone by; over glaciers whose *crevasses* will not swallow him up; by deep and fearful seas of the dead, and lonely tarns, paved with the bones of the lost, but which deny him the refuge he seeks; his hoary form still wends its fatal way on, and on, and on toward the great resurrection, when even he shall learn his doom. His awful tale, told from mouth to mouth, when the thick darkness of the Middle Ages covered the land; whispered from monk to monk in secluded cloisters, or with picturesque minuteness and quaint *diablerie* interwoven with the margins of illuminated missals; haunting the nuns as in their living tombs they "chanted faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon;" dimly intimated by rural priests to their shuddering flocks, — has come down to us from the long vista of the past, and the bright radiance of modern intelligence seeks in vain to efface it. Even now it is told by the shuddering rustics of this country over their wintry firesides, and "*der ewiger Jude*" — "the eternal Jew" — is the avenging demon who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm, and whose accursed footsteps blight everything over or near which they go. The Furka is his favorite route, and thrice already have his feet profaned it. At first it was a fruitful and happy valley, smiling with luxuriant fields of grain.

When next he trod its steep ascent, it was covered with compact masses of snow and ice. The third time he appeared, and nothing but the barrenness of desolation was left behind and closed around him, even as the waves of the Dead Sea swallowed up the cities of his native land.

Certainly, whether one believes in this tradition or not, all will admit that the Furka Pass is well chosen as the scene of one of its phases. A more disconsolate and unattractive route can nowhere else be found, even in this land of snow and rocks. There is nothing to excite the slightest interest on the way, not even the usual accompaniment of distant peaks brightly beckoning us forward and smiling, like hope, in the long perspective. The path is "cabined, cribbed, confined" on every side, and the traveller can see it stretching far before him in endless monotony all the way to the top. This is especially aggravating, for the eyes easily devour the way which the dyspeptic feet are slow to digest. At the summit of these ten weary, up-hill miles, is an inn, where fainting tourists meet to recruit their exhausted faculties, and take doses of milk, small talk, sour wine and other consolation, before proceeding to the Glacier of the Rhone. Luckily, the first glimpse of this imposing miracle of nature is to be had within fifteen minutes from the house, and it is not remarkable that most travellers are impressed with it, as Luther was at his first view of the dome of St. Peter's, and are almost ready to kneel and

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worship at a shrine so glorious. From a broad gorge at one side of the Galenstock—12,000 feet high—whose summit overhangs and partly supplies the vast masses of ice that form it, this glacier flows forth like a gigantic cataract, a Niagara of ice, a swelling Ganges suddenly congealed in its heavenly descent. Leaving the white and glittering snow-beds of the mountains behind, it halts for a moment on the edge of a rocky abyss, and then plunges forward. At the crest of the fall the fractured ice is splintered into a thousand picturesque and eccentric shapes, and offers the varied semblance of tower and battlement, pinnacle and spire, minaret and obelisk. Soon again condensing, its shape spreads broadly, as it advances toward the valley, and finally, fan-shaped, disperses itself in the myriad rivulets that unite to give birth to the infant Rhone.

Of the grandeur and splendor of this spectacle it would be impossible to speak in fitting terms. An Ossa of words, piled upon a Pelion of ideas, would fail to impress it upon the mind. It is as if Nature, who ever pours her bounties forth with such a full and unwithdrawing hand, had chosen this majestic solitude for the display of all that her lavish powers could do to adorn her reign. Graceful must be the lips and eloquent the tongue, that can transmute her labors into becoming language, or give them a worthy voice. And it is not merely the barren magnificence of the icy torrent, its stupendous size, its vast expanse, the gigantic ribs, like the outcrop-

ping frame-work, the skeleton of the earth itself, that fascinate and overpower the mind. Every feature around seems in harmony with it, and as if rejoicing to do its utmost to lend an additional charm. Rocky precipices look down upon it with meditative admiration; dark green pines, the monarchs of the forest, cluster around and fringe its snowy crust; verdant herbage and many-colored flowers approach confidently to its very edge; the heartsease and the violet, the cyclamen and the fragile bluebell, look down fearlessly into its depths, and Ariel might swing safely over its profoundest *crevasse*; sparkling rivulets trickle and gurggle here and there upon its surface, and play at hide-and-seek in a thousand furrows that their industry has hollowed out of its cold blue grandeur; the beauty which hourly blossoms in the sky, there finds an abiding-place; and, in changeful days, the clouds gather around its crest and unfold the whole panorama of elemental imagery, from dark rolling storm-clouds, with hearts of thunder, to those white ethereal shadows which flit to and fro, the fairies of the air; the moon at night illumines its white breast, the star "that crowns the smiling morn with its bright circlet" glitters at intervals among the pinnacles that form its tiara, the sun at evening casts its last rays upon it, and drapes it in colored glories from the western heights. In this colossal and resplendent temple of Nature, the "chief things of the ancient mountains and the precious things of the

lasting hills" find a fitting home. In its silent majesty, it seems the abode of peace and purity like that of heaven. With the snow-covered cliffs above, it typifies the New Jerusalem at the foot of the great white throne, while from it flows the river of the water of life.

At a short distance from the base of the glacier is a hotel of good size, and offering comfortable accommodations to the numerous travellers that resort to it. It is a single brightening feature, a reminder of home and domestic pleasures, a welcome beacon light amidst all this rocky isolation. Like most other Swiss hotels, it is well kept; and the motto, *Sta viator*, over the door, is entirely unnecessary, for few need any persuasion to stop. And here I cannot refrain from bestowing some words of praise upon the houses of this class that are so widely scattered over many lofty and inaccessible sites throughout this country. In every locality they are almost invariably well managed, and I never, in the course of numerous journeys in all directions, met with a single instance of discourtesy or inattention. Often they are situated from five thousand even to eight thousand feet above the sea-level; frequently their supplies of bread, wood, meat and other necessities of life must be brought ten miles, or more, over ice and rocky paths upon the backs of men. Their proprietors are obliged to run all the risks of long spells of inclement weather, when no guests resort to them, and incur a thousand expenses of which

no one thinks. Yet their charges are always moderate, and but little more than those on lower ground. A breakfast of coffee, bread and butter, and honey costs thirty cents in gold; dinner, from forty to sixty cents, and tea the same as the breakfast. Dinner always consists of at least soup, three courses of meat, with a pudding and fruit, and the fare is invariably good. For a room one pays thirty cents, and twenty for the domestics. A candle is generally from ten to twenty cents. For two dollars in gold *per* day a tourist can live at the best Swiss hotel as long as he pleases, and if he will agree to stay a week or more, any landlord will accommodate him for a dollar and a half, and often for less, and these prices never change; to my certain knowledge, they are the same now that they were fifteen years ago. Contrast these with the hotel charges of our own country. The inn on the top of Mount Washington, which is only six thousand feet high and easily approachable by a good road, demands six dollars for every twenty-four hours that a guest spends there. One may go to bed in a Pacific of fog, and get up in an Atlantic of clouds, and lose as good a set of teeth as any Boston dentist ever made in trying to masticate an under-done potato, and, after all, he can't afford to stay there long enough to digest the vegetable, or to trust the chances of a better view. A good story is told of Sir Walter Scott and an innkeeper who had just erected a new house on the site of the battle of Flodden Field. He

quite naturally wrote to the author of "Marmion" for a motto to place over the entrance. The poet sent him the very apt one, —

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and p(r)ay."

If our own Bonifaces, who receive strangers with so much gilded courtesy, who, like Mr. Mould, "do good by stealth and blush to have it mentioned in their little bills," would only run up this signal as a suggestion to their guests of what was coming, it would be a public benefit. It is very different, however, in Switzerland, and I do not know a country where a traveller receives so much for his money as here, or where the entertainment is, as Skittler said of his boiled potatoes, so "fillin' at the price."

Many, perhaps most, of the Swiss inns, and especially in the smaller villages, have inscriptions in prose, or verse, under the eaves, or over the entrance. Sometimes these are from Holy Writ, sometimes from Schiller, or other poets. They are always patriotic, or otherwise elevating in their sentiments, and are often no way inconsistent with the hospitality one finds within their walls. The primitive simplicity of such rustic hostelries often reminded me of similar houses in England; those, for example, where Shenstone was so warmly welcomed that he has immortalized them in his famous quatrain, — but which have largely disappeared before the onward march of railroads, and the results

of a practical and unromantic civilization. I call to mind with interest the tavern at Ashbourne, kept by "a mighty civil gentlewoman," where Boswell once stopped. At his departure, the hostess presented him with an engraving of her establishment, to which the following address was subjoined:—
"M. Killingley's duty waits upon Mr. Boswell; is exceedingly obliged to him for this favor; whenever he comes this way, hopes for the continuance of the same. Would Mr. Boswell name the house to his extensive acquaintance, it would be a singular favor conferred on one who has it not in her power to make any other return, but her most grateful thanks and sincerest prayers for his happiness in time, and in a blessed eternity." These words are in obvious and healthy contrast with those that some years ago were visible on the front of a little rural den at the roadside in the Lake District. This bore the odd title of "The Mortal Man," and some neighboring artist had done his best to limn the features of the said mortal above the door. The gift of a generation long past, this portrait, battered and worn by many a storm, still predominated over these lines:—

"O Mortal Man, who livest on bread,
What is 't that makes thy nose so red?—
Thou silly ass, that looks so pale,
It is with drinking Birkett's ale."

At my last visit to Ambleside both inn and poetry had vanished, but I could not help thinking

of the change that had come over England in the matter of travelling accommodations, since they were first set up, and how little increase of real comfort had been derived from the present high charges and frigid civility.

As I looked upon the mighty mass of the glacier that lay spread out before me, tranquil, majestic, apparently motionless, yet ever advancing with resistless step, I could not help thinking that it offered a fitting illustration of the onward progress of my own country. Taking its origin far back in the past amid scenes of tumult and confusion; agitated by rude and untamed passions which drive it none can tell whither; slowly solidifying itself and gathering about it the elements of strength; seemingly barren and unfruitful, yet containing within itself the germs of future prosperity; it gradually draws into one broad and all-embracing channel the full force of rough and youthful vigor, and presses on in the full confidence of an hereafter rich with unalloyed success. Urged by its destiny, the infant glacier, like the new-born nation, confidently leaves the threshold where stand towering and snow-covered peaks, like white-haired fathers, to give it God-speed, and moves on in sanguine hope. Yet its advance is not unimpeded. Ere long it is harassed by many an imposing and fearful trial, and all its young strength is needed to overcome the obstacles that threaten its integrity. Giant cliffs press down upon it, and

mountain slopes shower on it rocks and boulders; narrow gorges arrest its advance, and mighty buttresses stand in its way; rifts and *crevasses* here and there penetrate to its very vitals; yet still on it goes, groaning with the pain of its wounds, trembling at the assaults of its enemies, scarred and seamed with the hardships of the conflict, yet never for a moment thinking of retreat. Some of the impediments it forces from the path by its indomitable strength; others it bears along with it. The avalanches that have hurled themselves down, like the torrent of a mighty invasion, it absorbs into itself, and invigorates its own power by their fierce fury, thus guiding a warlike horde into the current of peace. Ere long its scars are healed, and quietly it moves to where the more genial and softening influences of light and heat breathe upon it, and, like the progress of civilization, mitigate the chilling and blighting frosts of the Iron Age. But one more trial awaits it. Before it lies a gigantic abyss from whose edge is no retreat. Mighty throes, as of a great people in its agony, convulse its very depths, and utter ruin threatens its shattered and dismembered trunk. For a space terrible is the struggle, and direful the evidences of the conflict. But soon even this is passed, and its whole expanse broadens into the full sunlight of assured prosperity.

And now, gentle and abundant streams flow across its surface, or down its sides, and here and

there mould deep and placid pools. No longer is its crust harsh and sharp, but soft and yielding to the step. It enlarges into stately form and size, and its unruffled slope glides peacefully into the valley. At its edges grow abundant flowers and luxuriant herbage, while from its base springs an exulting and abounding river, flowing ever onward towards the sea. Looking back it regards the scene of mortal struggle, and lo ! it is radiant with the light of immortal victory achieved in a glorious cause ; while behind it still appear the venerable patriarchs that begot it, and who yet impart the beneficence of their early gifts. So do the fathers of our own land from the heaven of their exceeding peace look down upon us now, blessing us with the blessing of Jacob, even to the utmost bound of the everlasting hills. Still from the serene heights where their own virtues have placed them, from the immortality in which they shine, like kindred stars, they watch over us, and tranquilly waft their benediction over the land they loved and for which they died. Happy are they that we have not proved unworthy of the inheritance they bequeathed to us. Heaven grant that we may prove no less worthy of it in the future.

CHAPTER VI.

EN ROUTE.

“THE good old times” of Carlyle and his retrospective admirers are dead, and have taken many of their unpalatable truths to the grave with them. No one is more likely to have this brought to his notice than the traveller of to-day. In spite of poets and modern philosophers, we dare to be thankful that we have the advantage over our predecessors and can take comfort on the wing. In this matter “*décidément à nous est le pompon.*” We have eschewed the legacy they left us of dust, mud, close and dirty diligences, wretched roads, impracticable passes, bad food, extortionate servants, thievish landlords, clumsy and drunken drivers, and all the riff-raff that used to infest the highway fifty years ago. Your modern traveller is a very Sybarite, and the merest creature of luxury and refinement, compared with his forefathers. Hair-breadth escapes and perilous dangers are to the great majority only traditions, or to be found in the works of Dr. Livingstone and Captain Speke. The tourist glides along from station to station in a monotonous and unpicturesque way. He is seated in a comfortable arm-

chair, and looks out upon a rapidly changing prospect through the clearest of plate-glass. If he is n't beguiled into falling asleep, he is an exceptional case. When our grandsires journeyed, the word meant something. They bundled themselves up, made their wills, and prepared for the worst. If they reached home in safety, their friends gave them an ovation such as the Romans offered to Cæsar.

Nowadays, one who has only travelled from Paris to Lucerne, for example, has nothing whatever to say, and, in fact, has very little impression of any sort left upon his mind. Four hundred miles in sixteen hours through a pleasant country, the broad fields of France opening out on either hand, and that is all. One day at Paris, the next at Lucerne, and the whole interval a confused whirl of sound, motion, chatter, with an occasional stoppage to eat and drink. Veteran tourists go to sleep; younger ones read the last novel or scan the guide-book, and those who cannot kill time in either of these ways, do as much conversation as the noise of the car-wheels will let them. As all the world knows, the French are very clever talkers, and any little incident will produce chatter enough to turn a wind-mill. They are always in a bright, cheerful atmosphere, and compared with other nations, they are like the foam of champagne to the wine itself. Commend me to a Frenchwoman for conversation. When constrained to be silent, she is as uncomfort-

able as St. Lawrence on his gridiron. Let the words once begin to flow forth, and her whole demeanor changes. The plain and unattractive female becomes full of ladylike graces, and shines the queen of the hour. In the course of ten minutes she will say a score of piquant and witty things, and keep every one around her in a state of the most pleasurable excitement. And then the fluency and rapidity of her speech! I never heard women chatter so fast as in France, or so much. They have a witty proverb in that country, "In what month do the women talk the least? The month of February, because it is the shortest." It is said that the good Father André, an excellent man, but disposed to tell unwholesome truths, and jump at conclusions, remarked quaintly from the pulpit, "My brethren, Christ appeared first to women after the resurrection, that the fact might be sooner and more widely known."

But one incident occurred to vary the routine of my journey. In one apartment of a carriage were only two people, a man and a woman. At one of the stations, a hand was waved from the window and the blushing face of the latter was seen with signs of great distress. The conductor answers her signal and runs to the side of the car.

"Oh, the miserable fellow to insult an unprotected lady! Would you believe that Monsieur had the impudence to say to me" —

Here a burst of tears and sobs checked her voice.

"Well, Madam, what did he say? Be calm, if you please, for the train is ready to start."

"He said — he s-s-said that he would give me a mahogany bureau if I would agree to m-m-m-marry him. Oh, the villain! the r-r-rascal. *Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!*"

"You can make a complaint against him, if you wish," said the guard, producing his tablets and preparing to take down an elaborate description of persons and places, when he was not a little discomfited to hear the fair traveller remark in an undertone, as if speaking to herself, —

"Oh, the brute! mahogany! If it had only been rosewood, now!" Thereupon the conductor shut up his papers and left the plaintiff to finish her case as she best might.

The present system of journeying is the natural offspring of an avaricious age. Nowadays everything is based on a solid foundation of cash. Men travel thousands of miles to make money, and then take infinite pleasure in travelling thousands of miles farther to spend it. And so a healthy and vigorous circulation is kept up: we rub each other's angles smooth in the social mill, and the sharp friction only polishes us, till modern civilization can see her face in our own. Here we go up, up, up; and there we go down, down, down; and the dollars fly, and the world rolls round, and we are all whisked along, we hardly know whither. Riches can do anything, and this age has proved it. What are

the elements, or precipices, or masses of rocks, or towering Alps, when pitted against the "slave of the dark and dirty mine!" The men of this generation have proved their cupidity, and Switzerland has received and is now receiving the benefit of it. The people are a little tainted with the worship of the golden calf, and will descend as deep and mount as high as any one for it. Everybody has heard the story of the dispute between the French and the Swiss officer. Said the former, "Your people fight for wealth, mine for glory." "Each fights for what they are the most in want of," was the well put retort. And this is certainly true as a national trait. One can't be here a day without seeing a dozen examples of it. Offer a Swiss baby a piece of gilded gingerbread and a *sou*, and he will drop the former and hug the latter with infantile parsimony.

I was amused at the style in which a similar view was expressed in a work I lately read. Said the speaker, — they were talking of attempting the top of some monstrously high and break-neck peak, — "Give me money enough, and I will go up every possible mountain in Switzerland. I would write beforehand to all the guides to meet me, say at Geneva, and engage them for the season. I would put them into uniform with cocked hats. I would march up the great Aletsch glacier with a brass band, and be carried to the top of Mont Blanc in a stuffed chair. I would do every great ascent

of the season, and leave the proud climbing world guideless below. Had I the money," he continued, "I would blast a hole into the middle of the Matterhorn, and set masons to cut me an internal staircase. I would have this protected by mahogany banisters and laid with Brussels carpet. Footmen in rich liveries should wait at the landing-places with refreshments while I went up. When my spiral staircase came out at the top, I would have a weather-proof room built with plate-glass windows, and look at the view from the summit as I lay upon a sofa." This has a somewhat foolish sound to stay-at-home people, and yet, judging of the future by the past, one can easily infer that the Swiss would at least make the attempt to do it, if they could only catch a glimpse of the gold that was to pay them for their trouble.

At the beginning of August, what is popularly termed the Swiss season is approaching its zenith, and the towering summits of the Alps are looking down upon the long caravans of travellers that wriggle along at their feet like so many ants. Americans and English, they are now pervading the whole land in swarms. High on the hill-tops, low down in the valleys, wherever a view can be gained of mountain crest or dark blue lake, snowy avalanche or glittering glacier, thither they resort in crowds, anxious only for the most part to "do" everything that anybody else has done before them. There are now, and, I suppose, always will

be plenty of the ordinary class of travellers ; those who move from one grand *caravansérai* to another in a luxurious and dainty way, and are to Switzerland what Jupiter was to Danae. There are and will ever be, I fancy, thousands of puffy and pursy papas, dragged from their comfortable firesides by their ambitious children to lead an aggravating and will-o'-the-wisp life for a month or six weeks ; hundreds of mammas and elderly dowagers, fearful of cold, and neuralgia, and the cholera, and damp strangers ; plenty of prim Minervas who "dare do all that may become a woman," who never had the chance to say Yes, who look like the Ten Commandments bound in boards, and preside over scores of young ladies in waterfalls and pink parasols, gushing all over like Miss Pecksniff at the sight of an Alpine rose, or a chamois horn ; no end of young men who cross the easiest passes, stop at the various chalets on the way, patronize the scenery with quiet *nonchalance* and call for beer, or goat's milk. All these will, perhaps for ages, still continue to gather round the various dinner tables at evening and relate what they call their adventures, and worry the waiters with a Babel of outlandish gabble.

Such *dilettanti* voyagers are well enough in their way. They serve to keep conversation in motion at home, and they go to Switzerland, as Mrs. Potiphar went to Paris, to do the same thing there. They'll talk it all over again in the long winter evenings, and obnubilate their friends and

country cousins who never went anywhere. The papas will tell it at their clubs, and everybody must believe what they say, because it is n't polite to contradict. The wheels will revolve with no end of clack, the conversational sawdust will fly, and the whole trip will be done over again in a way to amaze the world around. Matilda will describe how a gust of wind carried her new hat down a slope of the Wengern Alp into a *crevasse*. Mamma will tell how bad the coffee was at the Hotel Belvillere, and papa will confirm it all, with an additional bit of advice to every one present not to cross the Brunig Pass without a bottle of cold tea to prevent rheumatism, "for it's over three thousand five hundred feet high, by Jove; and no one can tell what might happen." Here the old gent. puts on his glasses, takes down his Murray, refers to the index at the letter B, picks out the word Brunig, triumphantly points to the words "3668 feet above the sea-level," and then falls asleep with a "You see I was right, my dear; it was there we found our warming-pan had been left at the *Hôtel des Alpes*. I don't doubt the landlord pocketed it before we went off."

At the present day travelling has been moulded into a very complete and elaborate system. It is in Switzerland, the head-quarters of voyagers *par excellence*, that it has attained its greatest development, and works with the most complete success. Everything that money can purchase, or labor secure,

is now provided here for tourists, and the Swiss have amply satisfied themselves that there is more to be gained from the purses of foreigners, than from all the grass and cattle, butter and cheese, which they can raise in a century. All who wish to migrate profitably can do so, at least as far as their brains are concerned; and thanks to Murray's guide-books, with a little infusion of Baedeker, one can imbibe a large encyclopædia of useful information in a very short time. Murray is a sort of pilgrim's ark, painted red and admirably fitted to carry everybody everywhere with comfort and safety. Here can be found what all the world thought and wrote on the subject of travelling, from Bacon's Essay to Walker's Original, from Marco Polo to Baron Munchausen. Here are neat quotations from Othello and his "moving accidents by flood and field," deftly dovetailed into the text side by side with the breathing thoughts and burning words of Byron. Here are all the "feats of high emprise" that ever illuminated this land, duly chronicled, from the heroic battles of Sempach and Morat, down to the last opinion as to whether William Tell ever lived at all, or whether the whole story may not be a modern adaptation of the ancient fable of Minerva springing from the head of Jupiter, and afterwards receiving an apple of the latest style (a *haute nouveauté*, in short) direct from Paris. Murray has done and is still doing a deal of good. He has thrust out his arms in every direction

over Switzerland, and boldly grappled with every wrong. "Like an eagle in a dove-cote," he has "fluttered" every landlord in the country. The innkeepers, and all the tribe that prey upon tourists, know him and tremble. Long life to the ubiquitous Murray! Like the eye of the sentinel that day and night watched each motion of the unfortunate Lafayette at Olmutz, he fixes his unfailing glance upon everybody. Mine host dares not water his beer, or mitigate his wine, or even take in the linen before it is dry, for fear that some Englishman will come along at the very moment, and report him to the despotic censor who has taken it upon himself to look after the morals of the whole land. Murray is enjoying a hale old age, and the result of years of experience. He combines the wisdom of the philosopher with the genius of the poet; the profound researches of the historian with the delicate taste of the connoisseur; the practical appreciation of domestic comfort with a perception of the inner mysteries of Soyer and his *cuisine*. All this is condensed into one moderate volume, and we can safely compare it, either to Homer's "Iliad" in a nutshell, or to condensed soup for invalids, portable, well-flavored, easy to digest, and which no wanderer should be without.

There is said to be a skeleton in every one's closet, and so there is in Murray's. Some people are becoming tired of hearing him called the just, and are trying to ostracize him. There is now

going on an irrepressible conflict between him and Baedeker, who has published an excellent series of guide-books for European ramblers. Baedeker is redder in the face than Murray, and his multifarious information is more condensed. The former is to the latter, what a lady-apple is to a pippin, or a king-bird to a crow, or a zouave to a battery of artillery, or the Miantonomoh to the Black Prince. Every now and then a copy peeps out, as if surreptitiously and shamefacedly, but each day B. becomes bolder and bolder, and makes greater and greater progress. Even Englishmen are beginning to patronize him, and altogether he threatens woe to his enemy in the future. He has for years been popular in his own country of Germany, and since English translations have appeared, his fame has gone on increasing with rapidity from season to season. Baedeker is an excellent pilot for those who make pedestrian excursions in Switzerland, and I have always found him trustworthy and judicious in the advice he gives. The Germans, for whom the book was first written, walk much more than other nations; partly because they are nearer the Alps than others, partly because they are, in most cases, less able to bear the expenses of a journey on wheels and on horseback. And they benefit by this in the end, for the only way to see Switzerland thoroughly and enjoy it without vexatious drawbacks, is to take to one's feet. I am surprised to notice how few Americans volunteer

to make a little exertion in this way, when there is so little to be lost and much to be gained. Some are too weak, or think themselves so ; some are too indolent ; some choose to sit in their hotel and smoke , others again prefer to swell round in their "store close," as at Saratoga or Newport. Of the hundreds and thousands of our countrymen who resort to this country professedly to enjoy the scenery, there are infinitely few who leave the travelled routes, or are willing to take any trouble to visit the Swiss in their more solitary valleys and behold them as they live. And yet the exhilaration and enjoyment of these long walks are indescribable. The freedom from anxiety ; the grandeur of the natural features around ; the delight of health and strength in mountain air ; the novelty of the situation, where one finds the deepest and most majestic solitude on the mountain slopes, broken only by the tinkle of the bells on the cattle and goats, or the melodious murmur of a hundred waterfalls ; all these lend a gratifying charm to every moment, and give a deep and pregnant meaning to one's daily life, that is but rarely felt in this hard and practical life of ours.

This is truly a weary world, and men are likely to take very harsh and crabbed views of it, unless they oftener learn the great and impressive lessons that Nature gives. Did one desire no other benefit from a long walk in the secluded retreats of the Alps, he would at least be conscious of that eternal protest of Nature that the world was not made for

use alone, but also for beauty. She tells us that truth everywhere — in the untold variety of her shapes, the endless play of her colors, and the inexhaustible richness of all the objects of the external world. We strive against each other for wealth, and not without reason, since it may mean culture, leisure, and enhanced opportunities of enjoying the glories of this fair earth ; but Nature is a thorough-going democrat, and gives the best of her opulence with both hands to all alike. The site of her infinite and magical labors, her “luxuriant and waste fertility,” matters not to her. She showers her beneficent diversity on all her offspring ; and deep in Alpine valleys, or high on Alpine pastures, where no foot may penetrate, and no eye regard, except perchance those of the rude and uncultured herdsman, she is equally varied and impartial. The rich man can build a splendid residence, and cover his lofty ceilings with frescoes and gilding, while the poor man whitewashes his roof-tree, or sleeps under the plain thatch. But even the frescoes and the gilding weary at last, because they never change, while the Universal Mother builds above her children every night a bran-new alcove of light and glory, never like the skies of yesterday, — never seen exactly in the same way by any eyes before, — new for the laborer, new for the herd-boy, new for “the wet sea-boy” keeping the morning or evening watch, new for every living creature ; sunrises of splendid invention, and sunsets of unparalleled pearl

and turquoise and tender rose, fainting, fading, slowly dying o'er glittering peak and shining Alp, resplendent as the falling leaf, the glowing prism, or the radiant bubble fresh from its watery cradle; all as if she would quietly persuade us that the world was not made merely to be born into, to eat and drink in, and then to die away from and have done with.

In the matter of flowers alone, the valleys of the Alps would amply and superabundantly repay a visit from every sensitive and cultured taste. Here the lavish richness of Nature revels in a thousand images of glowing color, and we pass, with ever fresh delight and wonder, from triumph to triumph of skill and comeliness. The rich green of tender herbage, glorious in itself, is made still more so by the myriad blossoms whose sufficient mission it is to be beautiful. A tournament of brightness like this is indeed an adornment worthy of its Maker. And it is always and everywhere thus. Nature cares not one jot if her jewels are squandered; her will and way is to scatter them broadcast, so that none shall miss her bounty or her intent, unless they willfully throw away the proffered treasures, or have not the sense to notice and enjoy them. She pours them forth in sequestered vales, over rugged ruins of ancient palaces, deep in the heart of the ocean, and in the secluded thickets of lonely islands. Thus her ample ministrations were not wanting to Paul and Virginia in their sweet hermitage of love and piety; and

from the wealth she so copiously scattered, was added a farther charm to the depth of their affection, and the graces of their pure and simple life. Thus even the dungeon of sad captivity was cheered by her ever-present and teeming bounty, and *La povera Picciola*, "the herb of grace," was sent on her beneficent mission to the victim of wrong. Lovely in death, the last breath of the floral messenger was fragrant with the sense of a duty well fulfilled: dying, she bequeathed to the sensualist and skeptic, liberty, learning, religion, a thankful heart, and all that unalloyed happiness which flows from the love of our everlasting Mother.

If a hunter in chasing his quarry, breaks suddenly into a secluded nook of the Indian jungle, does he find anything neglected or stinted, because he is the first who ever came there and may be the last? More likely he finds the place decked out, as though the mere chance of human eyes alighting upon it were reason enough to make it like a palace for kings and queens, with fretted panel-work of tropic foliage traced against the azure sky, and a carpet of curious arabesque in green grass and colors; with the trees all about glorying in flowers yet unnamed: wonderful white-petaled blossoms, the sight of which might make point-lace mad, drooping over dark glossy leaves; fragrances which were never yet stolen for the scent-bottles of fine ladies; parasites clinging by bushels to the tree stems, in form like clusters of rose-red grapes burst open and

displaying pearls for seeds. Why is all this ample provision, if it be not designed for our improvement, and to take its part in preparing us for another world, whose bright and undying perfections are but faintly shadowed forth, even by the most elaborate of Nature's efforts here? Simple as are the floral decorations of Switzerland in the minds of many, it seems to me that they are one of Nature's chief lessons to teach us faith in pure beauty and a deep love of it, and a hope that we may one day attain to all the blessedness which it means. And yet this is but one of the teachings that she imparts to the earnest thinker, who, walking amongst the hills, communes with God in sacred silence, and with earnest thankfulness receives the favors of the All-Giver.

“Welcome, thou great Nature; savage, but not false, not unkind, unmotherly; speak thou to me, O Mother! and sing my sick heart thy mystic, everlasting lullaby-song, and let all the rest be far!”

CHAPTER VII.

GENTLE DULLNESS AT DINNER.

DURING a short stay at Interlaken, having taken up Boswell's "Life of Johnson" for a moment's entertainment, I came across the following passage. It amused me extremely, — as in fact what part of that book does not every one find agreeable? — and moreover, set me to thinking of some of my own experiences as a traveller on the same ground. I will give the text for the benefit of my readers, and then improve upon the same, endeavoring not to go beyond ninthly or tenthly, for "we trust we have a good conscience." Says Bozzy, "He — Johnson — laughed heartily when I mentioned to him a saying of his concerning Mr. Thomas Sheridan, which Foote took a wicked pleasure to circulate. 'Why, sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, sir, is not in nature.' " My own observation teaches me that, though the remark of the Great Bear of the eighteenth century may have been true in his day, it can hardly be so considered at present. Carlyle remarks that "against stupidity the very gods fight

to no purpose," and throughout his works one finds abundant evidence that the supply of that element in the human character has vastly increased among his countrymen of late years; at least that is his idea, and if he is not entitled to be quoted as authority, it would be difficult to decide who is. There are certainly many people roaming over Europe now, whose mere word, or even appearance, would be taken on this subject, without the additional medium of an oath. Some days before I read the above extract, at the *table d'hôte* of the hotel where I was stopping in Switzerland, the usual desultory conversation was going on with which the motley crew of all nations generally essay to fill up the intervals between the courses. A friend on my right remarked, in regard to the dessert, that the apples were not very good in Switzerland. To this another replied that the hotels gave us very little opportunity to pass judgment upon them. To which I added that if we had that opportunity it would probably be "The judgment of Solomon." It was not a very brilliant witticism and was offered from the purest motives; merely to relieve the prevailing apathy, just as in bad weather they throw overboard a portion of the cargo to lighten the vessel. The hearers received it benignantly, not as a full fledged *bon mot*, but a conceit that might at a future time be hatched into something, if it should return to the nest and remain a little longer. Therefore they awarded it a passing smile for the promise that

it gave, and the chat turned to other subjects. On my left was seated a guest who, during the repast, had said never a word, and might well have served as a type of Coleridge's apple-dumpling man. He wore a pair of green goggles, and thus far, had done nothing but investigate with their aid the contents of every dish that was offered him, as if it were an extremely rare and interesting natural curiosity, whose merits could be appreciated only through two compound solar microscopes. A couple of minutes after the aforesaid fledgeling had shrunk back into its original abode, this individual suddenly turned the full blaze of his gig-lamps upon me and solemnly said, "Sir, are you a humorist, will you allow me to ask?"

"Why, sir?" was the reply.

"I thought the remark you made just now about the apples might have been designed to give the impression that such was your temperament."

"Oh, not in the least, sir. It was merely thrown off, on the spur of the moment, as a bit of facetiousness to oil the social machinery."

"But you avoid my question;" with a slight thump of his knife on the table and another wave of the "sunny spots of greenery." "Did you, or did you not, sir, design to be humorous when you made the observation?"

"Well, I suppose I must confess the impeachment," said I; "but I assure you it was done from the most innocent motives," I added, deprecatingly.

"Perhaps you will be so kind as to explain it to me, then, for I failed to perceive the point of it. I dare say it is very good, and as I travel for my mental improvement, I do not like to miss any possibility of acquiring anything valuable. I keep a little note-book in which" —

"Certainly, sir, certainly; anything in my power is at your service. You have heard of Solomon, I presume, — a great man in his day and very well known in Palestine at one time" —

"But hold, sir, a moment; is it necessary to go back as far as that for a proper understanding of your witticism?"

"Yes, sir, I think it is, —that is, thoroughly."

"In that case, sir, why can't you defer the explanation till after dinner. The pudding is just coming, and I have n't my note-book in hand, and I don't wish, in my pursuit of knowledge, to willfully sacrifice the blessings of Providence."

"Very well, sir, if you will come to my room after this festive entertainment" —

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! 'Festive entertainment!' How extremely droll you are! That witticism I can appreciate."

"But, sir, I did not intend to be witty in the least when I made use of those words. In truth, I did not design to employ them at all. They are an over-issue, and you ought not to take them up. I meant to have said social meal; indeed I did, sir," said I, earnestly, for I was in great fear that another

long commentary might be tacked upon my second unfortunate venture.

"I dare say you thought so," said he, cunningly, and with a malicious twinkle on each side of his nose; "but the fact is, you jokers fail to perceive whether you are facetious or not. It becomes a chronic complaint with you. You must let me have my laugh out," and then there was a display of ivory, a shimmer of green goggles, and another "Ha, ha, ha!"

My acquaintance gradually subsided into his usual dignified decorum, and after dinner was over, to my proposition that we should adjourn to my apartment, he majestically assented. I opened the door and stood at one side bowing, while the procession entered, — a biped, a pair of gaudy illuminators, and a strut. The display of politeness at the grand climax was most imposing, and the bow bestowed upon me recalled that of Doctor Johnson to the Archbishop of York, — "Such a studied elaboration of homage, such an extension of limb, such a flexion of body, as have seldom or ever been equaled."

"Will you take this seat, or that, sir, during these proceedings?" said I, reverentially.

"I think I shall find this more suited to the present purpose," replied he, picking out the only comfortable arm-chair in the room and placing himself therein, with the unctuous complexion and *teres atque rotundus* expansion of one whom a hearty meal has just caused to blossom to his inmost petal. Evidently "that last piece of apple-pie" had done

the business for him. Taking an uneasy attitude, and drawing his note-book from the rather restricted quarters in his trousers' pocket, which his post-prandial condition rendered necessary, he heaved a somewhat elaborate sigh *de profundis*, and said, "The arrangements are now complete and you may proceed, that is, if it be agreeable to yourself." At this juncture he made a second deep bow, so deep, in fact, that I feared it might produce apoplexy, especially as he had eaten copiously of mushrooms. I said, —

"Really, sir, for so simple a civility such courtesy is hardly necessary," and then began, —

"You will find the subject of my remarks in the First Book of Kings, third chapter, from the thirteenth to the twenty-eighth verses inclusive: — 'Then there came two women, that were harlots, unto the King, and stood before him.' "

"I beg your pardon," said he of the goggles, when I had got thus far. "Will you kindly wait one moment, till I have sharpened my pencil? I avail myself so frequently of the advantages it affords me in the pursuit of information that" —

"Oh, don't mention it, for a moment," interrupted I, not knowing whither this Niagara of verbosity was tending. "Won't you take mine?"

"Thank you, sir," was the reply. "Is it possible that" —

"Yes, yes, yes," said I; "quite so, entirely so, every way." I was becoming a little nervous.

"Everything is possible," added I, comprehensively, and then, without further parley, I struck into the second verse. I had read about half-way through the account which I had selected as the basis of my explanation, when I heard a tap. It was only the pencil of my visitor that had rolled on to the floor. As he made no motion to pick it up, I looked at him. Behind the green glasses was only vacancy; the eyes before which they were anchored were closed; and the head, so ardent in pursuit of learning, was no longer under the control of its proprietor. It was moving to and fro, with a guttural accompaniment, as if he dreamt that he was a Mandarin of the gold button, and had accepted a situation that required all his energies as sign-indicator, he would call it—for a tea-shop, and had begun already to speak the Chinese language. The goggles at first looked heavy, then shady, then helpless, and finally came to the floor with a crash. Sitting bolt upright, in a peremptory way, with the back of his head against the top of the chair, as if about to be garroted, he said with a vacant air,—

"Did you speak, sir?"

"Yes, sir, seven verses," said I.

"Really, sir, I think I must have lost part of them. I was led, when you commenced, to think of the Queen of Sheba, Lord Brougham, Jeremiah, and—don't you observe that the atmosphere has a very soporific tendency this afternoon?" said he with a profuse yawn, followed by several offspring that greatly resembled their parent.

"I generally take a *siesta* at this hour, and the interpretation which you have so kindly given has prepared me to enjoy it with the pure sleep of infancy. I know all about it now"—here another yawn—"Jeremiah, and Solomon, and Queen Victoria. Oh dear! oh dear! I really believe you must excuse me. I have had such a delightful visitation."

Here he stooped with an air of compression, very much as a full cask of wine might be supposed to do, if it were conscious of being rather tightly hooped; and after several clutches, holding meanwhile to the arm-chair, picked up his scientific aids from the floor, and slowly bowed himself out. I heard him for a few moments pacing heavily along the hall with the ponderous tread of "the Marble Statue," and gradually disappear "like thunder heard remote." So ended my last attempt to explain an innocent joke. In future I shall limit myself to the strictest veracity, "as some fair female, unadorned and plain," when in the presence of such sedate and pertinacious seekers for naked truth, and frown down any attempt at facetiousness on the part of other thoughtless ones who attempt to practice their drolleries, as did Cardinal Wolsey, "in the presence." Pope said, "Gentle dullness ever loves a joke;" but it is only such venerable Joe Millers as have become moss-grown with antiquity, and are admired by a certain class for the same reason that Dr. Johnson said some old and rare

books were valuable, "because they are worthless." Nowadays the stereotyped laughter invariably accompanies them on the part of serious people, in the same manner that a metallic appendage is often attached to the extremity of a worn-out and odious cur.

Hood said, in his genial and befitting way, —

"I do enjoy this bounteous, beauteous earth,
And dote upon a jest
Within the limits of becoming mirth;"

and I must say I fully agree with this cordial, cheerful philosophy, in which there is poetry and truth, as well as humanity. It offers a most refreshing contrast to the chilling sobriety of those torpid wights who neither joke themselves, nor ever see the point of a witticism in others. In it lie many of the springs of content and pleasure, as well as health. It broadens our love, lightens our cares, enlarges the sympathies which are due from us all to our fellow-men, enables us to tide over the concealed rocks and quicksands of the future, and upon a stony past often sheds a glow that hides the accumulated sorrows of years. Long life, then, to the genial philanthropist who pours his quickening humor into the thin and watery veins of our practical life, and scatters around the stony ways of this briery working-day world the inspiring sunshine of his fancy.

This was the temperament of Sydney Smith, whose wit was but the sprightly and innocent flash-

ing of a mirthfulness that always, even in its most quiet moments, irradiated those around him. Ever pleasing, and ignoring all care, thoughtful of others, and using his humor, like a broad shield, to spread over those nearest and dearest to him, and avert the thousand ills and vexations to which they were exposed, he needed but little to make the rays flash from it into sudden and irrepressible brilliancy. Thus the bright and appreciative intellect of this laughing philosopher made him not only "a fellow of infinite jest," and a Yorick of unlimited pleasantry, but strong in the cordial warmth of his wit, and it also enabled him to snap his fingers at each and every distracting trouble, as one who cared not for their rude assaults; and he is but one bright exemplar of many that might be enumerated, to whom Heaven has vouchsafed this precious boon of a cheerful spirit, and who, clothing themselves therewith as with a garment, have diffused a healing virtue among their race.

But to return to the subject with which I began. I know not precisely if it be the fate of travellers, more than others, to meet with this mental obtuseness, which no amount of experience can sharpen into clearness of perception, but I certainly have encountered a deal thereof. Some years ago, I was remarking to a gentleman, that it was very odd that no person could remember to say to himself, as soon as he was awake in the morning, any words which he had resolved to utter on retiring

the previous evening, such as, "There, I have just awoke," or anything of that kind. To this the party replied that he had noticed a similar fact in his own experience, that on going to bed he never could recollect to say to himself, "There, I'm asleep," at the instant he had passed completely under the influence of slumber, nor had he ever met with any who could. And he held to this opinion with great seriousness, and the air of one who had discerned a new and important truth in the history of the human mind. Many years ago I was driving with an acquaintance in a country town. Our horse, whose locomotive faculties had never been well developed, was now a chronic old sinner long past repentance. He was a big, gaunt beast, and reminded me of the quadruped that Mr. Winkle undertook to ride to Dingley Dell. Our pace must have suggested to all spectators that we had originally formed part of a funeral train, but had been left behind from inability to keep up with the rest. Unfortunately, the misery of my situation was intensified by the fact, that there was a strong resemblance between my companion and this animal. If I struck the latter with the whip on his flank, he did not notice the blow, till the sensation had had time to travel along his spine to his head, or his hoofs, or wherever else his sensorium was located. When this was reached, he would give a sudden and dislocating jerk, which put those in the vehicle entirely out of tune, unless they made the

right calculations and prepared for it. My companion was similarly constituted, and if I tried to say anything smart, the shot never took effect, until some little space had been allowed for it to insinuate itself into his *pia mater*. Then he would burst into a laugh, like the philosopher who jumped out of his turbid bath into the open sunshine crying "Eureka." We were talking of a torch-light procession that had very nearly come to grief in the vicinity not many weeks before, while crossing the ice to a neighboring town. I unfortunately said, I presumed they had orders "to fall in before they started," and emphasized the remark by a smart cut with the whip on the horse's back. "There was silence deep as death for a time," but in about sixty seconds came an unforeseen explosion. The two sensations reached my friend's *caput* and that of the horse at the same instant, and he exclaimed, "You meant a pun, did n't you?" at the very moment that the brute became conscious of the fire in his rear. The former expanded his mouth, just as the latter bolted forward; in the confusion, the sliding seat was upset and we both turned a somerset into the back of the carriage. We were ingeniously linked together for a short space, but eventually recovered our centre of gravity. My companion had been favored with a smart blow on the weakest part of his system—"the peccant part," as Dr. Johnson once termed it—from the pommel of a saddle that we had behind us, but otherwise we were uninjured.

We joked no more that day. As for myself, I had good reason to dread the consequences of another sally, and was sobered both by my escape from bodily harm and the thought of the near approach to a violation of the Third Commandment of which I had been guilty when "entangled in no faint embrace" in the bottom of our ambulance. As for Mr. —, he became *distract*; and between the punch the inside of his head had received from me, and that bestowed on the outside by the saddle, had enough to occupy his attention till our return home. He then passed into a state of great hilarity, having apparently unraveled the witticism entirely to his satisfaction. Being asked by some one what amused him, he explained it all by saying that I remarked "that I supposed the procession, when it started, had orders to fall *through*." And there he stuck hard and fast, and there he will ever stick.

"*Sedet æternumque sedebit infelix Theseus.*"

And yet, notwithstanding the various absurdities one encounters, I would not have my readers believe that nothing else is to be met with at the European *tables d'hôte*. On the contrary, they are often the source of great entertainment and profit, and I am of opinion that of all travellers the least wise are those who dwell apart and move in strict seclusion in the narrow and ever dwindling atmosphere of their own thoughts and influences. Until within a few years this has invariably been the habit

of English tourists, and it is only lately that they have yielded to the general custom which brings all together round a common table at the close of the day. Their good sense has gradually led them to overcome this aversion to publicity, for so they regard it; and they are now willing to acknowledge that there are many and great benefits arising from the continental system. It is a custom to which they are entirely unused, for it seldom exists in their own country, and it is therefore the more natural that it should be distasteful to them in Switzerland, yet it is now almost universally practiced. The interchange of thought; the friction of mutual intercourse, which rubs down many a sharp and salient angle; the sight of novel and peculiar manners and customs, have all had an excellent effect. Their minds have been liberalized, old prejudices removed, and the rough and rusty ways of stale conservatism smoothed and brightened. I have encountered many examples of this in the course of years, and some of my most agreeable recollections date from the entertaining conversation of refined and intelligent people at the public dinner-tables. Much of this related to the travelling adventures of the parties, as was natural for those in their position, but often general subjects were discussed in a way that was both beneficial and amusing. Not unfrequently the lives and acts of great men were brought up, and every one had his own piquant and pleasant stories to relate. Sometimes these were

the results of their own experience, and often had the merit of being fresh and thoroughly characteristic. Among the English, I have heard the name of Lord Brougham mentioned as often as that of any one, and was always interested to notice how completely his vigorous and knotty intellect had impressed itself on his countrymen. His powers are failing now, and yet, though he has just completed his eighty-ninth year, he dies hard. The ruling energy and untiring industry that have driven him through life, still urge him to wrestle with the angel of death, and he would drop dead in the harness, like Lord Palmerston, if the people would let him. He lately resigned his office of President of the Social Science Congress, but it was a constrained abdication, and he would have been glad to retain his place. It exposed him to many annoyances, nevertheless, and the numerous impositions of unprofitable people were extremely vexatious to a man of his practical mind. At one of the meetings where a woman of years and grim aspect — one of those spectacled Medusas, I fancy, of whom we see so many at religious anniversaries — persisted in questioning him on a variety of frivolous matters, and finally approached the platform where he stood, in order to “fix him with her glittering eye,” he turned sharply upon her and annihilated her with “Woman, begone!” He then calmly proceeded with the business in hand.

Lord Brougham had on one occasion the fortune

to read his own decease and his life also in the same paper, — an incident which happens to few men. His demise was reported in the “London Times” as the result of a railroad accident, and his obituary was forthwith taken from the *columbarium* of biographies which “the thunderer” always keeps on hand ready for any such emergency, and printed. At the *table d’hôte* where this conversation took place, were several leading barristers and the ex-chancellor was well known to most of them. A neat little story was told of his canvass of a district in Yorkshire for Parliament. It was one of the largest boroughs both in size and population, and as the candidate, then in his palmiest days, had but little time to spare, he made appointments to meet his constituents from place to place, without regard to the hour of day or night. At one town he would address them at six in the morning; another, at twelve at night, and still another, perhaps, at midday. He kept this up for several days, with but little rest, and only now and then snatching a brief repose. During this period, his toilet duties were somewhat neglected, and he was finally reminded of the fact in an odd way. He was in vigorous terms denying a charge of bribery, and at length emphatically spread out his hands with the exclamation, “These hands are clean!” A loud laugh from his hearers led him to look at them, and they were very nearly a chimney-sweep’s for blackness. He won his election, nevertheless, after a contest of unrivaled severity.

“Do you recollect Baron Alderson, and the neat way in which he was gored by Sergeant S——?” said Mr. A——. “Your story about Lord Brougham brings it to mind, as I was in court at the time and remember what a sensation it made. It was thought quite a smart thing then.”

“No, I don’t remember it; do let us have it.”

“S. was making the closing argument in the case of—of—well, I forget the name, but it related to a collision between an omnibus and a brougham. The proprietor of the latter had brought an action against the owner of the former. S., in speaking of the latter, called it a broog-ham, very much to the disgust of the Judge. At length his lordship could endure it no longer, and somewhat petulantly asked, ‘Brother S., why don’t you say brougham (broom), and you’ll save a syllable each time?’ S. went on without reply, and soon finished his argument. Baron Alderson proceeded to address the jury, and in the course of his charge often used the word omnibus. At length Sergeant S. rose and said, ‘I beg your lordship’s pardon, but if your lordship would only say ’bus, instead of omnibus, it would be a great gain, for your lordship would save two syllables each time.’ Having made this point he sat down.”

“You knew Lord Campbell, did you not?” said some one. “I believe he was now and then quite as sarcastic as Lord Ellenborough.”

“Yes, he was. I once heard him say a pretty

good thing, and, in my opinion, quite proper. A member of the bar who was not very well up in his Latin, rose, as he remarked, for the purpose of moving that a *nolle prosequi* — accenting the second syllable — be entered in a certain case. ‘As you please,’ said his lordship, very quietly. ‘Only remember that it is near the close of the term, and don’t let us have anything unnecessarily long.’ ”

“We lawyers used to enjoy Sydney Smith’s company very much,” said Mr. D. “Though he was not one of us, all his tastes and acquirements fitted him for the bar, and I believe he was originally designed for that, as Henry VIII. was for the Church, though, jovial as he was, he made a better churchman than that monarch. If ever there was a droll wag, he was one. The last time I met him he told me of an Irish gentleman — and I dare say he made up the story — whom he had invited to breakfast a few days before. Half an hour having passed without the arrival of the expected guest, the host at length looked out and saw him, apparently in a state of great mystification, on the other side of the street. Finally, as if unable to solve his bewilderment, he started to go away, when Mr. Smith ran over and seized him. It then appeared that the invitee had sought for the number, 77, at the wrong spot. Not being familiar with the custom of placing all the odd figures on one hand and the even on the other, he had reached 76 in safety, but only to find himself suddenly switched off. The more he re-

flected, the more confused he became, and he was about to sacrifice the expected breakfast and retire, when fortunately rescued. "Once seated at the table," said Mr. Smith, "I tried to explain the matter in as clear language as I could command, but without much success; for his only reply was that he did n't like that style of thing at all, and he could n't understand it; for when a man wanted to call on his next-door neighbor, he had to cross to the opposite house."

"When you were speaking of Campbell and his sarcasm," continued Mr. D., "I thought of a remark I once heard Baron Maule make. It was at a dinner party, where a young man near him was making himself generally disagreeable by his officious observations and flippancy. He said to the Judge, at length, that really the only things he cared for were horses and women. "Young man," replied he, "I advise you to go home and make your will; bequeath your skin to be made into a side-saddle, and in that way you can both make yourself useful and gratify the only tastes you have."

"Sydney Smith and Douglass Jerrold used to say terribly severe things at times. They were often perfectly crushing," said Mr. A. "Many of them, however, have been made public in one way or another and are well known. The latter was especially apt and quick-witted, and invariably equal to any call that was made upon him. One evening,

in a mixed company, we were playing a game to test our knowledge of Shakespeare. Each person was to name some object, it mattered not what, to the guest next to him, and the latter, under pain of a forfeit, was to give some quotation from the poet to illustrate it. To Jerrold was allotted the word tread-mill, and he hardly hesitated a moment before replying, in the well-known language of Lear, 'Down, thou climbing sorrow!'

"Talfourd, I believe, in his day, served as a connecting link between the literary men and the lawyers, and performed the part well, too, did he not?"

"Yes, I knew him quite intimately and used frequently to be at the great parties at his house in Russell Square. They were altogether unique, and it was very entertaining to hear the strange medley of names that were called out as the guests entered. I have seen there on the same evening the Lord Chancellor, several of the judges, a number of peers of the realm, prominent statesmen, Thackeray, Dickens, the Keans, Faraday, Landseer, and a hundred other notabilities, and among them men who had been obliged to hire or borrow the coats they came in. Talfourd never forgot those with whom he had been connected when he was poor and unknown, and this was one thing that made him so popular and so universally lamented at his death. The entertainment on these occasions was always profuse, and it quite frequently happened that

some of those present, not being used to such luxury, altogether forgot themselves. I have seen one of our ablest modern writers quite as badly off as any one, and his style of life at these London parties probably hastened his decease. Very few have the strength of constitution to endure it for any length of time. Talfourd himself used to drink a great deal of port, and finally died of apoplexy. He needed a perpetual stimulus of that kind, in consequence of the demand upon both mind and body which his professional and other labors were constantly making. I have known him, in the prime of his career at the bar, to make an argument of perhaps three hours in an important case, another of an hour and a half, and still another somewhat longer on the same day. Between each two, he changed his linen, drank a bottle of port, and ate a hearty luncheon. He was so much fatigued with his exertions, that he really needed powerful stimulants to keep up his strength, and yet no man could go through what he did without breaking down eventually. He was very eloquent, and could carry a jury with him to almost any point he chose. I heard him on one occasion make a superb argument in a case where his client was suing a man who had injured his horse by hard driving and cruel treatment. He obtained ample damages, but I don't think he spoke ten minutes about the horse. By some strange deviation he soon wandered from the subject, and, for

over an hour, devoted himself to the horrors of African slavery. It was the most stirring, energetic, and masterly speech on that matter which I ever heard.

“His income as a lawyer was enormous, and when he was removed to the bench it was £5000 : so that he was able to extend to all his friends the magnificent hospitality which was so much to his taste. His position was a splendid one, and he was a sort of Mæcenas to both literary men and lawyers. He was successful in each of those careers himself, and had not been obliged to bid farewell to his muse, like his great predecessor, Blackstone. In his early struggles, when his father's ruin had blighted his prospects, he had to rely upon his pen for support, and his literary reputation had kept pace with his legal advancement. Any writer might be proud of his works. He was one of the very few men in modern times who were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of ancient Greek poetry. He had a wonderfully delicate perception of its beauties, and in this respect his mind was touched to the finest issues. His tragedy of ‘*Ion*’ might almost have come from the hand of Euripides himself. Its author was perfectly infatuated with it, and used to attend whenever it was performed, though miles from London, if he could possibly find the time and means to reach the place. He would sometimes even take the express train to Liverpool, when ‘*Ion*’ was on the boards, and

return the same night, after the performance. He would invariably applaud profusely, even when the acting was bad, and never failed to show a demonstrative approval of every one of its noble sentiments. He deeply sympathized with the hardships of those less fortunate than he had been, and was always ready to tender both purse and brain for their benefit. Haydon, the painter, once applied to him to relieve his impecuniosity with the loan of twenty pounds. This was in Talfourd's early days, when he had only toiled up the first few steps of professional success. He himself needed the money for hard-earned and well-deserved recreation, and had just laid aside that amount, in order to take a pleasant trip with some friends to Margate. However, his charitable heart could not withstand Haydon's appeal, and he gave up his proposed excursion and loaned him the sum he asked. The next day he went to the steamboat on which he was to have abandoned for the moment his arduous labors, in order to take leave of his friends, when he was surprised to find there Haydon and his family, who were going on the same excursion he had relinquished, and probably with the aid of the very money he had sacrificed to aid what the painter fancifully styled his pressing necessities. Many men would have experienced a feeling of disgust to see the pertinacious advocate of 'high art' stoop so low; but Talfourd's was a noble nature, and he was perfectly willing to regard it as merely an idiosyncrasy of genius."

These few pages may serve as an example of the chatty and agreeable form in which the conversation at the hotel tables sometimes appears. Of course it is generally very different from this, but it seldom is so tame as to be utterly uninteresting and profitless. I can conscientiously add that I never was present when at least some little improvement might not be derived from it.

CHAPTER VIII.

ZERMATT.

EVERYBODY of late, who has travelled in Switzerland, has at least heard of Zermatt. Hundreds of our countrymen have been there, and those who have not will never cease to regret it. It is only within fifteen years that it has become known, and this is chiefly owing to the efforts of Professor Forbes, whose enthusiastic love of natural scenery and science led him to bring its claims before the world. The discovery somewhat resembled that of Pompeii, for its inhabitants were nearly as much lost to the world as those of that city of the dead. Deep in the heart of a secluded valley thirty miles long and six thousand feet above the level of the sea, they were nearly as barbarous as the ancient Rhæti. Their village was merely a collection of squalid huts, blackened by age and smoke, and without chimneys or windows. They ate black bread, and cheese of an odor by no means fragrant; hunted the chamois occasionally, went to church with great regularity, and once a year in a body made a pilgrimage to "Our Lady of the Snow," whose chapel is perched high on a cliff above her worshippers.

All this they may have done, for aught any one knows, since the days of the Roman Empire. They do it now, in fact, but are beginning to be tintured with civilization. Their bread is a little whiter, their cheese a shade less demonstrative; they hunt the chamois a great deal more than they used to; they stay away from church once in a while, and the eagle eye of "Our Lady of the Snow" now and then misses a pilgrim who ought to be in his place, but is kept at home, perchance by neuralgia, or some other complaint disastrous to Peter and Paul. The villagers are no longer frightened at the sight of a modern bonnet or a silk umbrella. Handkerchiefs and wash-basins are making their appearance here and there, and altogether one can distinguish considerable progress in the right direction.

This is as it should be. It is the direct result of modern travel, and those tourists who take trouble to reflect upon it, are quite convinced that they are missionaries, only slightly disguised, and spend a large part of their time going about doing good. Their head-quarters are two gigantic hotels, which tower like great factories — of philanthropy — above the huts around them, and a third on the Riffelberg, several thousand feet higher. These are well supported, and since Zermatt has become the rival of Chamonix, there is no lack of strangers from all quarters of the earth to fill them. As a central point, from which to make excursions, Zermatt is

unsurpassed. In its vicinity are many of the most glorious mountain summits, the most lofty and difficult passes, and the grandest glaciers. The sublimity of its scenery no pen can describe, and it seems like a great temple where all nations and all sects can come and worship with unanimity. Few can resist the temptation to climb at least one of these almost inaccessible heights, where the reward is so great, even for the most arduous exertions; and men and women, who call themselves invalids at home, here are surprised to find themselves capable of feats of daring that their wildest ideas never before conceived. Most of these are done by English and Americans. They flock here in multitudes, and give a tone to everything that is done. At evening they crowd the *table d'hôte*, and at the same time discuss their dinner and the events of the day. Conversation flows full and free, the last great ascent is talked over, preparations are made for the next day's work, and every one contributes his share to that which is of interest to all. Good breeding almost invariably prevails, and it is pleasing to notice how the quiet refinement of Paris, or London, has been transported to even this remote locality. In truth, but for the surroundings, one might well believe himself at a reunion of polite and cultivated people in his own land. Much good results from these cheerful meetings; and this displays itself in the interchange of many courtesies, and the tender of information which is

often of great value, especially to the inexperienced. This is by no means one of the slightest benefits of travel, which, in our day, has so vastly increased with the progress of mental culture and improvement.

The Church of England, which always provides well for the spiritual interests of its more prominent and respectable members, by no means neglects those who travel on the continent. At Interlaken, Lucerne, and many other places in Switzerland, handsome chapels have been provided, where they can, on Sunday, hear their own service in their own tongue. Resident ministers are stationed at all these villages, and even in such remote localities as Ragatz and Zermatt. Heretofore there has been no chapel at the latter place, and the weekly worship has been performed in a room of one of the hotels. It is now proposed to build an elegant edifice for this object. The site has already been chosen, and those of my readers who have been there will perhaps call it to mind. It is a little elevation opposite to, and some little distance from, the door of the *Hôtel Mont Cervin*. It overlooks the valley, and from its entrance can be seen the lofty and magnificent form of the Matterhorn, which is the great feature of the scenery in this part of Switzerland. Since the sad accident of two years ago, in which four persons lost their lives, it has a terrible significance to every one who looks upon it, and to Englishmen more than any others. For this reason it

is designed to make the new building a memorial church, and consecrate it to the memory of the unfortunate sufferers who died within sight of its walls. A monumental tablet will bear their names, and recall to every one that reads them the fearful lesson which their fate conveys.

It is impossible to think of the hard lot of the youngest of these men without feelings of the deepest compassion. Though only eighteen years of age, Lord Francis Douglas was one of the most promising among the rising nobility of England. Athletic and vigorous in body, his mental acquirements were by no means small, and he had just passed the best examination out of a large number of candidates for military promotion in the British army. He had already distinguished himself among Alpine climbers by many exploits, requiring great strength, judgment, and endurance. A few days before his death, he had mounted to the top of one of the most precipitous and lonely mountains in this vicinity, and come down in safety. Almost the last words he wrote were the following, just before leaving on his trip to the Matterhorn. I copied them from the stranger's book of the hotel where he stopped, in which it is the custom of those who have done anything unusual in mountain ascents to record a short memorandum thereof:—

“1865, July 10. Lord F. Douglas, England. Ascended the Gabelhorn from Zinal, and descended to Zermatt. Time 18½. I believe this to be the

first or second ascent. This makes a truly magnificent pass, and the highest anywhere about here. Guides, Peter Taugwald, Joseph Viennin, of Zinal."

This is certainly a modest account of an expedition whose dangers none can appreciate but those who have been through them. Of the four who died on the Matterhorn, his body alone has never been found. The sleeve of a coat and a single boot, were shown me as the sole relics of one who had been thus hurled from the warmth of ruddy youth to the cold obstruction of an icy grave. The former was mangled and gashed, while from the latter had been hewn a shapeless fragment on either side of the heel. It was otherwise uninjured by the fall, and its appearance indicated that, catching in a cleft of rock, the foot had been violently wrenched from it. Of the others, the disjointed members, or a portion thereof, were collected here and there at the base of the precipice. They bore no mark of their once comely humanity; and the swift descent of four thousand feet, had not only divorced them from life, but effaced nearly every sign of recognition. Brought together with difficulty, they received an honored burial. Why no remains of Lord Francis Douglas were ever detected will probably be unknown, till the day when nothing shall be concealed. A hundred rumors were started; a hundred theories intimated. They were all unsupported by facts, and are too painful

for repetition. It is only known that his body mysteriously vanished, though there seems to be no reason why it should not have been found with those of his companions. It is, perchance, as well so. Dismembered like theirs, its discovery could have given but little gratification, and it is better that it should thus partake of the covenant of the grave in its own solitary integrity. If, as is probable, it be interred deep in the eternal snows of the Matterhorn, none will deny that the place of sepulture is peculiarly fitting. His funeral pile is glorious beyond that of the most exalted of his species. The stupendous obelisk upon whose virgin and glittering summit he stood, casts its protecting shadow over his repose, and will long testify of his courage, his manly vigor, and the pluck that was daunted by no opposition. It was his own chivalrous kindness that insured his death; for had he not interceded in behalf of him whose inexperience was the cause of their destruction, his mortal ruin would have been avoided. Even in that last crushing moment, unappalled, he struggled manfully for life, and with almost superhuman coolness, strove to stay the swift approach of doom. The Bayard of the Matterhorn, the Maximilian of its forlorn hope, he wrested victory from disaster, and his name has become a symbol in the mouths of men. Nowhere better can he sleep than on the field of battle. Upon his bones "the dust of old oblivion" shall not lie.

The Alps are giant tombs, and many a snow-

covered mausoleum has been sanctified by the consecration of death. But in all the sad suggestions of this mighty necropolis, we meet with none that appeals more strongly to our sympathy, than the fate of him who perished so worthily in the bloom of an early manhood. For many an age will the Alpine wanderer recall his memory.

"Each lonely place shall him restore,
For him the tear be duly shed;
Beloved, till life can charm no more;
And mourned till Pity's self be dead."

In the church-yard at Zermatt were laid the remains of those who perished with Lord Francis Douglas. Near them are the bodies of two other travellers who have, within a few years, lost their lives in this neighborhood. Nothing marks the site, as yet, but a plain black cross, on which all their names are inscribed. Their dust is not mingled with that of the villagers who have died heretofore, but reposes apart and close under the walls of the church. At the foot of the sacred emblem, some kind hand has planted a rose-bush and a few simple flowers. *Requiescant in pace.*

"It is of little profit for the most part to moralize, but standing over the graves of men, so manly, so intelligent, so able as these, one can hardly help asking himself what was the real attraction that led them to their death? What has man to do upon these lofty summits? Is there not some mysterious, inexplicable charm that allures him to tempt

the mortal dangers which lurk on all sides, to transport his warm frail being over miles of glacier deserts; often to shelter himself with difficulty against raging storms and deadly frosts, in miserable huts raised by himself; hanging between life and death, for the sake of gaining with short breath and shivering limbs the narrow footing of some majestic pinnacle of snow? Is it merely the glory of having ascended so high that tempts him? Is this the pitiful reward for which he looks? We can hardly believe it. Surely it is the consciousness of intellectual power which burns within him, and impels him to overcome the dead terrors of material Nature; it is the fascination of measuring man's intelligent will against the dull resistance of mere dust; the desire of exploring in the holy cause of science the nature and structure of the earth, and the mysterious inter-connection of all created things; more than this, it is often perhaps a vague longing to realize on earth's remotest heights man's own profound relation with the infinite Creator."

It has been the lot of but few to realize this mental grandeur, and in fact, there are not many whose bodily endurance would be equal to the test. Only those who have tried it can appreciate the muscular tenacity and pluck needed to scale a height of 15,000 feet. The strain upon all the faculties continues for hours without intermission, and the exhaustion is such as few can bear. In these long and fearful expeditions through wilder-

nesses of ice and rocks, chasms and precipices, one must have the eye of the eagle, the foot of the chamois, and the nervous gripe of the sailor when aloft in the frozen rigging.

To most people, this labor and exposure appear both profitless and unnecessary. My own experience, however, teaches me a far different result. There are some, like Professor Tyndall, who resort to the loftiest peaks in pursuit of their scientific researches, and these are worthy of all praise. They deservedly receive from the world the well-earned fame that follows from unsparing risks and sacrifices in a noble cause, the advancement of the real interests of mankind. Others mount from a longing, and certainly it seems to many cultivated minds a pardonable one, to indulge their gratification at the sight of a glorious prospect. In our age, this passion has been developed to a degree that has never before been seen. Unknown in ancient times, it is the natural result of the mental improvement of our race. To many of the most cultivated intellects of this generation the love of Nature has proved, no less than fame, —

"The spur that the clear spirit doth raise
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

Their sympathy with her passions and her changeful moods, her peaceful and varied beauty, and the majesty of her grander features, have served to elevate and inspire their souls with a fresh and purer life. These ever lead them to that higher

and holier source whence springs eternal truth. In them, Poetry often finds her bright original, and from them, like the Ausonian king from the wood-nymph, does she often receive that wisdom, and that vital energy, which the tainted breath of cities can never give. From this fountain-head, Byron and Shelley, Wordsworth and Bryant, drew breathing thoughts and burning words, and transmuted into language which will be eternal that inner life of Nature which none could so well appreciate as they. To faculties like theirs, a view from a lofty mountain-top is full of the deepest and most profitable enjoyment, and who would blame them for incurring some risk to life and limb that they might attain it.

There are those that prefer the dreamy and seductive delights of Italy to this barren home of the mountaineer. But fascinating as are the charms which rise like an exhalation on every side in that land of the sun, one is ere long cloyed with such a Capuan existence. Repletion soon recalls purer and more profitable enjoyments. It is pleasing for the moment to yield to temptation, and wander from Elysium to Elysium; but the vigorous and healthy intellect, with natural sympathy and earnest longing, rises from the enervating plains of Italy to the rocky and toilsome heights of Switzerland, and sees them ever spanned with the bow of promise. Yet even that power which cometh from the hills is not all-satisfying, and those who have penetrated

most deeply into the grand and mysterious temples that adorn this Forum of Nature, have found even them but the vestibules that led to greater splendors of the mind. They then were conscious of a broader grasp of vital truths, and could expatiate with a wider range o'er all the field of man. Plato resorted to Egypt to study the wisdom of its people. He saw above and beyond it, and made it but the stepping-stone for his own lofty and transcendent genius. The philosophers of our day frequent the Alps, and there find an inspiration of which they never dreamed. Not only have they discovered the living fountains of beauteous and sublime, but the results of all-embracing mental power. How greatly have they been thus aided in that wide and successful study of natural science which is the controlling influence on our age! And not the naturalist alone, but the historian, the poet, the artist, the man of letters, all have here vivified their genius, and hence drawn new truths for our learning. Gibbon, Byron, De Saussure, Agassiz, Tyndall, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Coleridge, Davy, De Staël, Sismondi, De Candalle, Forbes, and a host of others, — what of spiritual life and far-reaching wisdom have they not derived from this source! In what eloquent, what majestic language, have they imparted it to the world! Conscious of new faculties, they learned from the inner mysteries unfolded to them that "the strength of the hills is His also." Knowing that their discoveries of hid-

den law, compared with the illimitable deeps of Nature, were but as bubbles on the ocean's surface, they yet might well glory in their expanding life, and increased sympathy with her workings. Exalted by the glimpses vouchsafed to them of the splendors to come, they might well rejoice that they could find fitting words in which to confide them to their fellow-men.

The "various language" which Nature speaks has, in modern times, found many interpreters. How infinitely do our poets gain in this respect over those of ancient Greece and Rome. To them, the voices of Nature were ever mute and her varied features unsuggestive. To them, "great Pan" was, in reality, always dead, and the fantastic creations of rough satyrs and fauns with cloven heel, of nymphs and dryads, with which they sought to people the forests and enliven the waste places of the earth, were merely the fruit of a morbid imagination that craved it knew not what. They thus showed rather the shallowness and sterility of their minds, than the rich abundance of an intellect refined and vivified by communion with Nature. Notwithstanding their assumptions and lofty aspirations, they were merely the equals in this respect of the humblest peasant.

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him, —
And it was nothing more."

And it was only this to them.

When the fullness of time was come and "the oracles were dumb;" when the Son of God revealed himself to the eyes of men, and before the brightness of His presence the whole multitude of deified ghosts — those "flocking shadows pale" — "trooped to the infernal jail," He was not only the Apostle of Religion but of Nature. He availed Himself of her inexhaustible resources in a spirit of the deepest poetry, and ever presented her myriad forms to those who waited upon His words, from the lilies of the field to the cedars of Lebanon. Like our own great minister of truth and friend of Nature, He, too, found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," and of their large utterance, He, also, was Lord. And this feature of itself, is no mean recommendation of the Christian religion, that it contains within its bosom those sympathies which ever broaden and deepen more and more with the progress of humanity, and which at the day of revelation, as well as in our own, were the invisible chains by which the whole earth every way is "bound about the feet of God;" they shall yet draw us by influences, slow yet sure, into the presence of the great Soul of Nature Himself, and in His light shall we see that light which infinite wisdom has concealed from our feeble vision.

CHAPTER IX.

MONT BLANC.

LITERARY men have done much for Switzerland, and this seems but natural to those who reflect how great is the gain they have derived from it. The evidences thereof abound on every side. At Ferney Voltaire lived and wrote ; at Lausanne they still take pride in pointing out the garden and the site of the arbor in which Gibbon completed the work that immortalized his name ; Chillon, the home of ancient splendor, the scene of long continued and undeserved suffering, the centre of one of the fairest prospects that Nature ever offered to the eye of man, derives a further lustre from the great name of Byron, whose stirring lines excite anew our sympathy for human woe. What Childe Harold was to Chillon, that in his way was Albert Smith to Chamonix. Most of my readers have heard of this author ; many of them have read his works ; some of them, perhaps, have attended his entertainments in London, and still call to mind with interest the irresistibly laughable and humorous air with which he portrayed the attractions of Chamonix and Mont Blanc. These “ evenings ” were immensely popu-

lar, and the result was very beneficial both to the speaker's pockets and those of the villagers whose peculiarities he so whimsically set forth. Thousands of people who heard him in the winter and laughed till they cried, betook themselves with their families to Chamonix in the summer, and it was, in many cases, entirely owing to Albert Smith that they did so. The inhabitants were not ungrateful, and in the course of time almost looked upon him as their patron saint. This feeling arose not merely from his exhibitions and writings in their behalf, but from their acquaintance with the man. Every year he went among them, and fairly won their hearts by his genial temperament and the many kindnesses which his natural benevolence led him to do for them. Now that he has passed away, they still display the most affectionate regard for his memory, and I was really surprised to find how strong had been his hold upon them. Every one speaks of him with respect, and the many who knew him, regret his loss as that of a friend. The rooms which he used to occupy at the *Hôtel de Londres* are still adorned with the words, "Apartments of Mr. Albert Smidt." In the bureau of the same house is his portrait, as he appeared when giving his "one thousandth representation" of the merits of Chamonix and its vicinity at Egyptian Hall. The likeness is quite good, and portrays him "in his habit as he lived," portly, stout, and jolly, with that expression of infinite *bonhomie* which used to give such a finish-

ing touch to those delineations of character in which he was so felicitous.

Near this picture was another. It represented a man of middle age, in a voluminous cloak with a somewhat imposing aspect. He was bolt upright as if he never sat down, and his attitude suggested all the great men who *stood* for their portraits from Demosthenes down to Daniel O'Connell. I asked the landlord who it was. He said, "Mr. Smith's brother." I then begged to know why it was there. "*Because* it is Mr. Smith's brother." And this was the whole thing in a nutshell. It was simply a case of reflected glory. Mr. B. Smith was sunning himself in the rays of Mr. A. Smith's splendor, merely because he was "a man and a brother." He beamed from the wall, as who should say, "Look at what my brother has done for the world, and then admire me." It was after all an excusable bit of vanity, at least in that latitude. The Smith family is rather large, and heretofore their fame has not been very great, except as a family. It was quite natural, therefore, that in this case the survivors should jump at the chance of making as handsome a dividend as possible out of their illustrious relative's remains.

All the world has read, heard, or sung, —

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago."

This was universally acknowledged to be true when the poet wrote it, but of late years the tend-

ency has been to dispute the supremacy of this potentate. While Mr. Smith was living and acted as his prime minister, and puffed him and his policy before crowds of people in the metropolis, all went well with him, and he was sure of his throne. Every year or two this corpulent Bismark, being rather too stout to climb, was pushed and pulled by brawny guides into his sovereign's presence, and told everybody about it in the most winning and agreeable way when he came back. But now he and his lively tongue are no more. The Alpine Club have gained the popular ear, and, under their guidance, the fickle crowd have transferred their allegiance to Zermatt and the Matterhorn. Most of the club have ascended Mont Blanc; some of them two or three times; and after mature investigation have decided that there is in his realm a fatal deficiency of perpendicular precipices and bottomless crevasses. To be sure, these are to be found there, and a few lives have been lost in consequence; but there are not enough of them to prevent everybody that don't belong to "our club" from returning alive, and therefore the whole thing has been voted "stale, flat, and unprofitable." All the Alpists who have any regard for their reputation, have rushed off to the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn. There one can be tolerably certain of breaking his own neck, or somebody else's, or, at least, of shortening his life by a few years, while "the outside barbarians" are cautioned for the most part to stand still and admire from a distance.

If the only object in climbing lofty mountains were to show what suicidal heights might be attained without actual death, perhaps the world might afford to be disturbed at the sneers of the Alpine Club. But there is, I claim, a higher end than that, which some of these gentlemen fail to comprehend. As I have before remarked, the love of scenery is elevating and ennobling to many minds. To a certain class, it offers a fascination which is almost irresistible. If these can satisfy their desire without mortal danger, it is so much the better, though it is not strange that they are often tempted to risk their lives, that they may enjoy the magnificence of those regions "where Alpine solitudes extend." The prize to be won is glorious, and worthy of the greatest sacrifices and exertions. It is grand indeed, compared with the mere ambition of mounting higher than any one else has ever been. The view from the top of Mont Blanc, when the air is clear, is sublime beyond all that the tongue can describe, and no one can see it without feeling in his inmost soul an appreciation of the transcendent beauty which has been bestowed upon man for his enjoyment, and a determination to make himself more worthy of it in future. And yet, in spite of the disdain of the Alpine Club, this crowning glory is by no means easy to secure. The ascent of Mont Blanc is still sufficiently difficult, dangerous, and exhausting for the majority of aspirants. It should not be undertaken by any one who has not a vigorous

constitution, a clear head, and strong powers of endurance. The perils actually undergone are great; the possible ones, much greater and more numerous. The elements here work their will uncontrolled, and the pedestrian is never safe from the hazard of avalanches, mists, snow-storms, winds, and thick clouds. Those who have succeeded in reaching the top are very conscious of the risks they run, so much so, that few care to encounter them a second time.

The path to Mont Blanc leads at first to a little chalet called *La Pierre Pointue*, which is situated at the head of a steep ascent overlooking the village of Chamonix. Though not unsafe, it is tedious from the infinite number of zigzags, so that to most climbers it would really be quite a relief, if a few precipices or crevasses were scattered along the route, if only for the sake of variety. Up to this *étape* our party consisted of but three, to wit, two young Englishmen and myself. We had three guides and two porters. The elder of my companions regarded himself as no end of a walker, and having concluded to reach the top long before any one else, had already arranged with his guide to descend by a different route. He was to cross from the highest point to the *Dome du Gouté*, the next peak; thence to another called the *Aiguille du Gouté*; and from thence he proposed to go down to the valley by the *Glacier du Taconay*. Whether he did it or not, remains to be seen. His friend, some-

what younger than he, said little, but walked very well and appeared quite equal to anything we intended to do. At *La Pierre Pointue* we found a Frenchman, who was awaiting our arrival with the idea of accompanying us. Considering what he was to go through, his costume was rather astounding. He wore a suit of blue cloth for summer wear and in the latest style. He was daintily got up as to his cravat and vest, and his hair was glossy "with thine incomparable oil, Macassar." His boots were of thin calf-skin, and had doubtless often cut a distinguished figure on the Boulevards. His upper extremities were tipped with a black hat and a pair of light-brown kid gloves. It was easy to see that he would be the *bête noire* of the whole expedition, and as soon as I perceived him I decided to keep as far from him as possible. The rest of the party had left their "store close" at the *Hôtel de Londres*, and were dressed in thick suits with plenty of under-clothing, heavy boots with sharp nails in the soles, and felt hats. We had also stout mittens, worsted helmets to cover our heads and necks, and the usual supply of veils and blue glasses for the protection of the eyes and face. Our legs were enveloped in leggins of coarse cloth which came up to the knee.

We left the chalet at two o'clock, and made our way towards the head of the *Glacier des Bossons*, over which our path ran. We reached it in an hour, and prepared to cross it by roping ourselves together at distances of ten feet. The sun shone

brightly upon the snow and ice, and the heat was intense. The reflected rays burnt the skin and dazzled the eyes, and we were glad to put on our veils and glasses. The surface of the glacier was broken and confused as the ice-floe of the polar seas. Giant piles of snow and ice were heaved up in tumultuous and chaotic disorder, as if by some tremendous explosion. Toppling over and leaning upon each other, were lofty and irregular columns, like the towers of a city after an earthquake. In their profound depths could be seen dark blue illimitable caverns, grand in their deceitful beauty, and hung with icicles, the last gift of the setting sun. At intervals the ice-mass was torn and rifted apart by enormous fissures far too broad to leap over, and occasionally spanned by the treacherous arch of a snow-bridge. Here and there, from these abysses where no eye could penetrate, arose a solitary pier of ice, partially covered with snow, and offering an uncertain and perilous footing. Over and through all these we slowly advanced. Now we wound with cautious step around the base of some icy crag; now leaped from one slippery edge to another; now threaded the verge of a glassy ravine, and again mounted or descended slowly over the soft and oily snow to another enormous rift and another dubious jump. To manage these glacier passages with success, demands no little skill and judgment. The veils make the eye-sight dim, the face hot, and the respiration uncomfortable. One can hardly see

where to place his feet. Often the alpenstock cannot be used, though generally it is the greatest aid an expert mountaineer can have. With a man tied ten feet behind you, and a second the same distance before, it is not a little difficult in many places to decide how far one can leap with safety. One goes slowly down a slippery buttress in which his guide has cut steps, and which projects part way across a huge rift. At the end is a jump of several feet, over which the guide has passed. If you spring too soon, you wrench the man behind off his footing into the chasm, or perchance miss the leap, and are pulled in yourself. If you fail to advance quickly enough, you are jerked off your standing by your predecessor, who must, of course, throw himself upon the opposite ledge sufficiently far for his own security.

After about two and a half hours of this progress we reached the *Grands-Mulets*. This name is applied to a long ridge of sharp peaks that rise perpendicularly from the snow some distance beyond the farther side of the glacier. Formerly there was to be found here a hut of stone, containing one apartment, where the first night was spent by those ascending Mont Blanc. This year a new edifice has been erected just below the old one, which is of wood and more commodious. It embraces two rooms, and that the world may be suitably impressed with the increased grandeur of the establishment, it has been endowed with the proud

name of *Le Grand Hôtel Impérial des Grands-Mulets*, which title I took great pains to copy *verbatim*. The resources of this great *caravansérai* are not so stupendous as its name. The furniture consisted of three bedsteads and four mattresses, a table to let down from the wall, a rusty stove, five pine stools, and some straw. The plate was composed of ten iron cups, ingeniously tinned to imitate silver; the same number of iron spoons, also tinned; and six or seven earthen platters. There was also a huge tin pail. Mine host's larder contained nothing but a loaf of bread as large as the shield of Achilles, and about as hard, and several million tons of snow, which lay about loosely in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, and from which, with the aid of the tin pail and the stove, he manufactured the necessary water for his *cuisine*. Directly before the front door was a gap, as broad as the Red Sea and as difficult to cross, which made the hotel a bad lodging for somnambulists, that is, provided any one were so fortunate as to find sleep enough to walk in upon such a desolate height.

On reaching the hotel, the foreign auxiliary had already begun to suffer from the pangs of vaulting ambition. He was, as might have been expected, thoroughly used up. His face was of the color of one of H. B. M.'s grenadiers, and macassar and perspiration ran together in mingled streams over it. He threw himself upon a mattress completely ex-

hausted, and for fifteen minutes neither moved nor spoke. Being then asked if he would like something to eat, he said he proposed first to look at the sunset. We sat down, and he finally arose, and seizing a small copy of Rousseau's "*Émile*," elegantly bound in green and gold, which he carried wherever he went, took alternate bites at that and the sun for at least twenty minutes. He had it all to himself, for his own body and the remains of his favorite author entirely filled the only window in the room. Meanwhile the elder of the two Englishmen had been eager to show how fresh he was after his pull, and, on arriving at the cabin, had at once climbed up a steep spur of the *Grands-Mulets*. He had mounted about fifteen feet, when he missed his foothold and came down against our frail dormitory with a shock that threatened to plunge it, proud name and all, into the abyss before it. He was not much hurt, and only lacerated his wrists against the stones; but I could not help thinking that, as far as two of our party were concerned, the prospects for the morrow were not very encouraging. At eight o'clock we retired to bed, but not to sleep. There were three mattresses for four people, upon three bedsteads which were let down from the wall by hinges. They were all placed closely together, side by side, so as to form one grand plateau. Room was made upon them for four gentry and one guide. Another guide possessed himself of a corner, vacant, though not much so, while the landlord en-

camped on some straw under the table, and snored away mellifluously, though it struck me that the sound was too artificial, and made by him designedly, for the same reason that Voltaire said the unfortunate Admiral Byng was shot, — “*pour encourager les autres.*” In the next room the rest of the guides and porters, as they lay on the floor, chatted and sang, and sang and chatted, with an occasional burst of silence. Nobody did any sleep, though everybody talked and asked everybody else why he did n't keep quiet and go to rest. The novelty of the situation, the exhilarating qualities of the atmosphere at that elevation, and the natural excitement of possible dangers prevented all repose, and at two o'clock there was a general uprising. For so short a night, it seemed to me the longest I ever passed.

The landlord bustled about with a thousand cares preying upon his mind, and prepared some refreshment with the air of one conscious of great resources. A little tea was heated in a bottle, the fearful taste of which I shall not soon forget; and a “*Potage au naturel*” was made by melting a quantity of snow in the tin pail and soaking thin chips of bread therein, till they were quite warm. The Frenchman was slow to come to time, but as we threatened to go off and leave him, he finally emerged from the tomb where we had been so long immured. He had obviously decided that he must take care of his complexion, but otherwise had got

himself up as if for a morning call. He was drawing on his kids as he came out. He wore a mask of white linen, with holes for the mouth and nose, and apertures for the goggles, as large as tea-cups, which concealed his eyes. Over his head he had drawn a black worsted helmet that fitted tightly round the mask. As he stood in the doorway in the light of a dim candle, he said nothing, but looked all about in deathly silence. His aspect was precisely that of a skeleton ; and all the ghosts that I had ever heard of, from "the sheeted dead" in the Roman streets down to Dion Bourcicault in "the Phantom," from Lazarus to "Alonzo the Brave," passed before me in a horrid panorama. The guides said it was indispensable that we should proceed in two bodies, and of course it was my fortune to be yoked to this French hobgoblin.

At half past two we started. Nothing could be grander than the spectacle before us. The air was clear and cold. Not a breath stirred, and the stars powdered the sky in myriads. I never before saw them so numerous, so vividly near, or so brightly golden. The thin crescent of the waning moon was just visible over the sharp peaks of the *Grands-Mulets*. Her radiance did not equal that of the morning-star, and was hardly greater than that of the rest of her orb, which could be plainly seen by the earth-light. At our feet was the black gulf with its unfathomable depths, and beyond, the broad and boundless wastes of snow that mounted steeply

towards the summit. High above towered the rocky and snow-draped walls which surrounded them. They were already lit up with a strange glow from the glittering expanse beneath, and seemed to marshal us the way that we were going. The first guide bore a lantern, and so did the last. These shed a weird and fantastic light over our path, and were the only features wanting to complete the romantic and startling aspect of the scene. The brush of Rembrandt, or the pencil of Gustave Doré, alone could have done it justice. In solemn silence we moved on, while our host waved us a salute from the door. The candle behind him cast his giant shadow far over the broad opening on to the white slope beyond, and as he raised his arm, the cloudy figure seemed to beckon us on to a mysterious and uncertain doom. We strode forward into the night. We were sands on the sea-shore, mere atoms in the immensity of space, waifs of humanity cast upon the lonely spaces of an immeasurable desert.

Slowly, and at first toilsomely, we advanced over the zigzags cut in the frozen snow. The Frenchman soon gave out. First he removed his helmet to obtain more air, and then tore off his mask. Finally he sat down and panted for breath. He was utterly used up already, and finding that he would probably be unable to make the ascent, I required my guide, who did it very unwillingly, to loosen the rope and go on with me. At half

past five we reached the Grand Plateau, after mounting slope after slope of icy crust that stretched out before as in almost interminable vista. Here the way was more level, and we advanced with greater rapidity. Part of our route had lain over the *débris* of enormous avalanches which had been hurled from the heights above, great masses of snow and blocks of ice that would overwhelm an army. They still threatened to fall, and the guides hurried us on at the best of our speed. The growing light had now rendered our lanterns useless, and the sun was casting a broad band of yellow over the giant dome that rose before us. One by one the other summits were gladdened by his bright effulgence, and their glory irradiated our path. For an hour we moved slowly on over that vast steppe, and then approached the Corridor. This is a frozen wall springing suddenly from the top of a rapid incline of snow that leads to a wide and deep *crevasse*. Here great care was needed, for the way was almost perpendicular, and the dripping ooze from above, melted by the sun's rays, had consolidated into hard ice, and every step had to be cut in its compact and glassy mass. One guide went cautiously forward with his axe, and all followed. I had already united my rope to that of my companions. For a hundred paces we crept up foot by foot till a gentler ascent was reached, where we could move with increased safety. Here the older Englishman, who had before showed signs of

exhaustion, was entirely prostrated, and could go no further. He looked like death, and could hardly sit up from faintness. We decided to wait a little, in hopes that rest would enable him to proceed. He was plucky and anxious to go on, and greatly mortified at his failure. In five minutes he made another attempt, but was now obliged to give it up. He had been able to reach this spot only by the aid of a span of guides, who had pulled him forward, like a yoke of oxen, by the ropes attached to his waist. At his last effort he had not strength enough to keep his feet in the path, but reeled to and fro like a drunken man. We could do nothing for him, and the guides had already dosed him to the best of their ability. They had given him bits of chocolate to dissolve in his mouth; peppermint-lozenges, which they called *pastilles*; dried prunes, bread, cold tea, cold coffee, brandy, red wine, and a few other trifles that I can't recollect. It was impossible to avoid admiring the courage that had sustained him so long in spite of such numerous obstacles. He at length saw the folly of further exertions, and begged his friend and myself to leave him. We did so, though deeply pitying him, and confided him to the care of his own guide and porter, after they had tried to carry him forward in their arms and failed.

By reason of this and other detentions, it was eight o'clock when we arrived at the *Mur de la Côte*. This is the most dangerous part of the way.

It is a precipice of ice nearly perpendicular and four hundred feet high. The surface is rough, and here and there covered with ridges or projections of hard snow, which afford a precarious footing to those who have the temerity to climb it. At the bottom are the sharp and jagged rocks which bristle up from the top of a second precipice, and render the ascent tenfold more perilous. Wearily and tediously we now advanced, my guide going first and laboriously cutting track upon track in zigzag after zigzag. It seemed as if it would never cease, this standing between heaven and earth, life and death, tenaciously clutching my alpenstock and pressing it firmly into the ice, while I rested against the cliff and supported myself on one foot, till a step was hewn out for the other. My life, too, did not depend solely on my own vigilance, for if either of the four made a slip, nothing could avert destruction. One could only be patient, cautious about looking down, and take especial pains not to follow with his eyes the lumps of ice and snow which rolled from the axe of our pioneer. For three quarters of an hour this went on. It seemed an age. The higher we mounted, the steeper grew the path, and it was not till our position became absolutely fearful, that we reached the top and came out into a safer route. It was here that we first began to notice the effects of the extreme rarity of the air. Mont Blanc is fifteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-four feet in height, and at such an elevation the atmosphere is much less dense than at

the level of the sea. I found my respiration somewhat impeded and much quicker than before, far more so than on Monte Rosa. My companion was quite distressed by this difficulty of breathing, and for the last few hundred steps was obliged to sit down repeatedly and recover himself before going on. My porter here was unable to go further, and sat down and stayed where he was till my return.

The crown of Mont Blanc is a gigantic dome of ice called *La Calotte*, and our last and most fatiguing pull was over its slope to the summit. Fortunately for us, it was largely covered with snow, and not many steps were needed to insure our safety. It was intensely cold, and a bitter stinging blast swept relentlessly over and seemingly through us. With ever increasing lassitude we slowly drew ourselves forward. It was not without apprehension that I passed near the spot where, thirteen days before, Mr. Bulkley Young had made the fatal misstep that caused his death. Since that time till now, no one had succeeded in reaching the top, though two attempts had been made. It had been the solitary abode of clouds, and storm, and darkness, and the winds of heaven had mournfully sung the requiem of the parted spirit. At ten o'clock I stood upon the final crest, and the rich reward of my exertions lay outspread before me. Surely the world cannot show a more magnificent prospect than this. The sky was cloudless, and the view in every direction seemed almost unlimited. All Swit-

zerland lay like a map at my feet. I could look down upon her highest mountains. Monte Rosa, the Breithorn, the Mischabelhorner, the Jungfrau, the Matterhorn, the Finster-Aarhorn, and the other resplendent peaks of the Bernese Oberland, — I predominated over them all. Deeply framed among them were the myriad waters of this glorious country, the lakes of Geneva and Lucerne, of Thun and Wallenstadt, and a thousand others. Towards the south the eye ranged over Italy, from the Gulf of Genoa and the dark blue of the Mediterranean, to the green meadows and fertile plains of Lombardy and the Lago Maggiore. To the west extended the vine-clad fields and valleys of France; while towards the north and east I could see, far beyond the thickly clustering mountains, the hills of Baden and the gloomy drapery of the Black Forest. At my feet the stupendous masses of snow steeply descended to the valley of Chamonix, while to the right lay the village of La Saxe on the Italian side. It seemed almost exactly beneath us, so abrupt are the southern bluffs of the mountain. As the landmarks of this vast panorama gradually unfolded themselves to our minds and we could comprehend it in all its scope, it was impossible to avoid a feeling of exultation that our ascent had been thus triumphantly successful, and had secured us an intellectual delight which few are permitted to enjoy.

As we placed our feet on the loftiest ridge, we heard faintly the thunder of the cannon with which

they are accustomed at Chamonix to announce the safe arrival of those who reach the top. In the distance I could see the stragglers painfully toiling on, in the hope of one day arriving at their destination. A dim speck denoted the Frenchman, still clinging to his light-colored kids and black hat. Why his hands were not frozen stiff, I could never understand. A guide was pulling him before and another pushed behind. His pangs were evidently unutterable, but he still kept *en route* as if, like the Wandering Jew, he was fated to go incessantly forward. A little nearer was the Englishman with his team of bipeds, who certainly earned their wages on this occasion, if any men ever did. He was pluckily swaying to and fro in his efforts to scale the peak in time to climb his other two peaks before sunset. On a rock at the base of the dome was my porter, evidently regarding himself safer and more at his ease where he was than farther up. There was no romance to him, poor fellow, in the ascent of Mont Blanc! Considering the amount of brag with which the rest of the party had started, this portion of the view was to me but little less attractive than the other features.

In a short time, the Arctic cold and the piercing wind made our situation extremely uncomfortable. The bleak air seemed to whistle through our very bones. No clothing could keep it out. In twenty minutes we prepared to descend, first, however, drinking the health of the glorious old potentate in

a bottle of champagne which my attendant had brought up. Our throats were parched, and we could swallow but a few mouthfuls of solid food, and that with difficulty. The distressing effects that are often said to follow from a visit to the top of Mont Blanc, did not attend upon either my companion or myself. There was no bleeding at the nose or mouth, and no trouble in hearing anything that was said; though Dr. Pitschner, who went up in 1859, states that he could not understand a word from his guide, when fifteen paces off. I could distinguish the voices of my companion and *cicerone* apparently as clearly as when on lower ground. Even our breathing was unobstructed, while we remained quiet and made no exertion.

Our progress down was much more hazardous and disagreeable, though more rapid, than the ascent. The *Mur de la Côte* and the *Corridor* were extremely dangerous and slippery, and we, of course, had not the strength of body with which we started. Half way down the latter, my guide lost the spike from his alpenstock, and was forced to lower himself by clutching step after step, as if with eagle's claws. The sun was now some hours high, and the snow soon became very soft and deep. For miles it was over our knees, and its effect was enervating in the extreme. The ardent reflection of the blazing rays from the broad plains and glistening crags, scorched our skins and blinded our eyes, in spite of veils and goggles. The heat al-

most stifled us at times, as we plodded on drearily and laboriously. In some places it was safe to make a *glissade* down the more easy inclines, and seating ourselves one behind the other, and steering with our alpenstocks, we glided on at a rapid pace. It needed some dexterity, however, to avoid being overturned and drawn down head foremost. Though I succeeded in keeping my seat, the result was disastrous to my apparel, of which it would require a pretty stout suit to make more than a dozen such transits. Never were people more delighted than were we at the sight of the *Grand Hôtel Impérial des Grands-Mulets*, though we were too anxious to reach Chamonix to remain long. In half an hour, that is at one and a half, we left the house, and after a long and treacherous way across the glacier, which the soft snow rendered exceedingly perilous, reached *La Pierre Pointue*, and from thence descended to the village at five o'clock. We were received with the usual welcome of cannon, champagne, enthusiastic volleys of questions from our fair countrywomen, shaking of hands, and general congratulations, on our safe arrival. We were deeply thankful at the result of our expedition, but were unanimously of opinion that nothing whatever would tempt us to repeat it; though the next day my companion and myself were as well as usual, and suffered no ill effects from the climb except losing the skin from our faces.

CHAPTER X.

HOTEL BOOKS AND THEIR DROLLERIES.

I PRESUME most people have heard of the anecdote which Sir Walter Scott used to tell with so much zest of one of his tenants, to whom he had loaned a copy of Johnson's Dictionary. It was returned in a few days with the grave remark that "they were braw stories, but unco short." This observation, by the way, contains much more truth than most people think, as would doubtless be readily acknowledged by any one, even at the present day, who should devote an hour to that ponderous tome. It is full of the most admirable quotations, selected with wonderful tact and skill, and well repays perusal, from the impression it conveys of the resources of the English language. There is really very little "Johnsonese," compared with our own tongue, and the "words of learned length and thundering sound" with which the author used to smite the world, only appear now and then, like the sea-serpent or the phoenix. The farmer's remark applies with equal truth to another kind of literature, different in its style and origin, yet unique in its way, and that is the contents of the

books in which travellers enter their names and other scraps of information at the various hotels in Switzerland. These form quite an entertaining record of personal peculiarities and odd conceits, mixed with many bits of useful knowledge, though relating, for the most part, to mountain trips and the condition of the different inns.

I have sometimes devoted a leisure half hour to reading the entries for years back, and have invariably been amused. It is interesting to notice in what characteristic ways the national temperament of tourists is displayed. The Germans and Italians often break forth into song, and one sees whole rivers, or more properly canals, of poetry, "hateful to gods and men," spread over the pages. This is generally of poor quality, and only serves to show how vainly the enthusiasm of the writers has striven to give the essence of a fine view, or other natural attraction, in fitting language. It was an effusion of this kind that the late Albert Smith inscribed years ago in the travellers' book at Montanvert. This is a little mountain, or rather hill, of easy ascent, near Chamonix, and is famous for its imposing prospect of the *Mer de Glace*. Having mounted to the top, which is about two hours from the village, panting and puffing, "eying his watch and now his forehead mopping," Mr. Smith was suddenly struck with the grandeur of the scene, and sat down with the intention of letting the world know it in metrical heroics. What he actually

wrote no one can tell, for the book has disappeared, and I found on inquiry not the slightest trace of it ; but the verse could hardly have been of the sort that posterity does not willingly let die, for the bard, having signed it merely with his initials, discovered on a subsequent visit that the next comer had added as a commentary on the text, "Only two-thirds of the truth," and with malicious railery placed it directly under his signature.

Albert Smith was one of the most cheerful-tempered men ever known, and used to tell this story with great satisfaction, though it was against himself. He appears to have subsequently changed his ideas as to the style of poesy suited to that locality, for in his "Christopher Tadpole" — which clever book, by the way, he dedicated to Judge Talfourd — he makes "Mrs. Hamper," on her visit to the same spot, attach the following lines to her autograph : —

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago;
But who they got to put it on
We don't exactly know."

The "A. S." story suggests to me another example of Albert Smith's ineffable good humor, which, while it rendered him an admirable, long-suffering, and inexhaustible butt for Douglass Jerrold, also made him a most entertaining and genial companion. I will venture to relate it, though it is a little beyond the range of my subject. When Mr. Smith

was giving his famous Alpine experiences and "Ascent of Mont Blanc" to crowded audiences in London, Buckstone, the lively comedian, travestied them on the stage of his theatre, and nightly gave the most laughable burlesque of the hero of Chamonix and his exploits. The latter was at the climax of his fame, and so was the former, and people enjoyed each entertainment. They flocked in multitudes from Egyptian Hall to the Haymarket, and were really in doubt which to admire most, the original or the imitation. One evening the latter was of more than the usual merit, and all the world came to the conclusion that there was no limit to the peculiar talents of the actor. The air, the expression, the features, the dress, the very voice of the unhappy model, were caricatured to perfection. In a few days, however, the bottom of this new well was reached and truth came out. It seemed that Mr. Smith, who had all along known what was taking place at the opposition house, had made an arrangement with his imitator for hoaxing the public.

"Let me perform one night at your place, Buckstone, and you may do the same for me at mine. Will you agree to it?"

"Done," said the latter, and this was the way it happened that the people were "done" too. It was Albert Smith's way of taking a little quiet revenge upon them for making fun of him, or at least for helping those who did so. It was entirely

in unison with his genial nature, and for Albert Smith to caricature Albert Smith was not at all remarkable.

Though English rhymes are frequently found in these travellers' books, they are not often of the rhapsodical sort. They are mostly jocose and not seldom quite laughable. At Bellagio is to be seen a quatrain by an American lady, who appears to have been so prostrated by the lovely scenery of the Lake of Como as to gush forth in these lines : —

Oh! that I had a *homo*
Upon the Lake of Como!
I'd laugh and play the live-long day,
And never wish to roam, Oh!"

Under this some gentleman has written : —

"Where'er we go, where'er we roam,
It is not good to be alone;
Yet pray take care, nor lightly dare
To tread the path of *Col Bon Homme*."

To this an observer had added the words, "Able, doubtless, but obscure;" and so most people would probably regard it.

In the album on the top of the Brevent, near Chamonix, — which is eight thousand five hundred feet high, and offers a noble view of Mont Blanc, — where a neat little inn is kept for the "rectification of the frontiers" of dilapidated tourists, I saw a very spirited drawing intended to illustrate the misfortunes of one of a party who had found the ascent disagree with him. The sufferings of the exhausted victim, the ministrations of his friends, and his final

recovery were portrayed very cleverly in a series of expressive figures, and under the whole were these lines : —

“ There was a young man of Geneva
That was took very bad with a fever;
When they brought him a pill,
He said, I 'm not ill,
This mendacious young man of Geneva.”

The faculty of interpreting any striking feature by a graphic and spirited sketch, that enables one with a few strokes of the pen to present the whole affair to the eye, belongs especially to the Italians. They have a wonderful talent for caricature, as indeed might be inferred from the numberless comic papers one meets with everywhere in their country. They are always glad of an opportunity to show it, and quickly seize upon the humorous and satirical elements of any incident. I have seen whole pages in the hotel books at out-of-the-way inns covered with designs of this nature, that Leech or Doyle would have been glad to acknowledge. They were full of character and life, and evidently gave a sort of synopsis of what their authors had just experienced. These were almost invariably done by Italians. Comic portraits of the landlord, or perhaps some waiter, whose absurdities had struck their fancy; the face of a pretty girl and her odd country head-dress, wildly exaggerated, yet at first glance seen to be accurate; the figure and dress of an eccentric tourist; a queer incident on the road, perchance; horses in every attitude, dogs, groups of

old women washing, venerable beggars, and a thousand other subjects for a clever pen and a fertile brain, rambled over the leaves and left a lasting and irresistible impression on the mind of every one that saw them.

These transient records, when written, form a sort of secret communication between tourists, and especially those from England and America. With these they serve for a kind of free-masonry, or language in cipher, for at the larger number of places, no one can read the writing so as to understand it, and those who speak English can inscribe such opinion of matters and things as they please for the benefit of those who come after them, and there is no danger of an irascible landlord scratching them out. To be sure, one cannot always confide in the suggestions of other men as to the condition of any particular house. Great allowance must be made for peculiar temperaments. There is a vast discrepancy in the ideas of different persons concerning the same hotel, as in regard to everything else. What is one man's meat is another's poison, and what one considers extortionate and thievish, another looks upon as quite fair, and gives no thought to the matter. One traveller must always have beefsteak for breakfast, and makes a prodigious fuss because he can't obtain it at some rarely visited place, where they don't kill an ox or a cow oftener than once in six months, and then not until they have disposed of every morsel of the animal in

advance. Another is miserable and dyspeptic, and vents his spleen on every domicile he stops at. Tom Taylor journeyed two years ago over the same region that I lately passed through, and at all the inns I saw the following entry, no more, no less, "Tom Taylor, — Disgusted!" It was generally ill received by those that read it, and was often followed by a reflection somewhat like the ensuing, which I copied exactly from the book at Courmayeur: "This intolerable snob has made the same hopelessly idiotic entry in several other hotel books, with equally ludicrous stupidity and pointlessness." This is hitting the nail on the head with a sledge-hammer, and it might be well commended to Mr. Taylor for use in his next play. It would doubtless make an impression from the force of the language, if not otherwise.

Another man never goes to bed without a warming-pan, and puts it down in black and white as a solemn admonition to all the world, because he can't be accommodated with that luxury. A third always drinks sherry, and nothing else, for dinner; a fourth thinks the bread "vile," as he has taken the trouble to write, and the tea is always another prolific subject of complaint. The English are very fastidious in this matter, and generally style the continental herb "nasty," which, by the way, is a word they are in the habit of applying to everything that does not please them. Of course, one must depend upon circumstances in forming his judgment, and do his

best to extort the truth from many contradictions. In some cases, however, the tone of the various entries is invariably the same, and one inn was fairly extirpated in this way, greatly to the advantage of the travelling public. Every tourist gave it a black record, and, in a few years, it was shunned like a pest-house by all Americans and English. This was the *Hôtel de la Poste* at Baveno. Hints of this kind are abundant in the vicinity of the Italian Lakes :

“ At Baveno, beware of the *Hôtel de la Poste*.”

“ The word Rascal ! is written on the face of every one at Baveno.”

“ Avoid Baveno ; dear, dirty, detestable ; ” — and many others.

One unfortunate, who had been constrained to pass the night there, concludes his melancholy diatribe with the words, — which would be ludicrous were they not, alas ! too true, — “ And the pretty chamber-maid has left. She was the only article that made the inn bearable or pleasant.” The result of this deluge of abuse, richly deserved as it was, is seen in the disappearance of the object of it, and now one might as well try to find the Temple of Solomon as the *Hôtel de la Poste* at Baveno.

Many of these records are thoroughly personal and characteristic, like the following in the album at Montanvert : —

“ W. B. Banting, London. Try my system.”

“ *Mlle Amélie de G* ——. *Deuxième ascension du Montanvert.*”

This was the last one in the book at the time of my visit a year ago, and naturally excited the laughter of all who read it, for the "ascent of the Montanvert" is regarded at Chamonix very much as a climb to the top of Beacon Hill is at Boston.

In the *Albergo dell' Europa* at Ferrara, I met with many odd scribblings.

"The Mrs. Wood. From Florence to Venice, April 14, 1852."

Under this was the brief comment, —

"What a swell!"

"Sir William and Lady Symonds and servants, from Rome to Venice."

To this the same austere commentator had added, —

"Why not retinue at once?"

A few lines below appeared, in letters of imposing size, —

"Archdeacon Richard —, Priest of the Church of England. Very well satisfied with this hotel and charges."

After the word "hotel," some less assuming churchman had inserted the line, "And with himself;" while another party, apparently in a burst of indignation, had appended to the end of this specimen of High Church chirography the more pithy than complimentary expression, "D——d fool!"

I was greatly entertained by these unsophisticated confidences, which, like the rest, I give *verbatim*. They were probably written by some elderly female,

who had long ceased to place any hope in male protectors.

"My fellow-traveller and myself were exceedingly gratified for refreshing our exhausted energies by a comfortable breakfast at this hotel, after our fatiguing night's journey from Padua. We are now in anxious expectation of the comet, which people say is to pass in the course of the day. I am anxious to see it, but I am not in the slightest degree afraid.

CHARLOTTE M. E. O——."

Poor Carlotta! The next comer had mercilessly inscribed across her valiant profession of faith, —

"The brain was indeed soft that wrote this."

An annotation which most people would consider as unnecessary as it was cruel.

In many of these albums are to be found lively mementoes of the wordy warfare which is incessantly waged between our own country and England. At the end of a very long and ridiculous paragraph, full of bulls and penned by a wandering Irish "*avocat*," — as he signed himself, — who took this occasion to give the world a list of his various discomforts on the road, were these comments, in as many different hands. I offer them *in extenso* for the amusement of my readers: —

"A miserable specimen of American English."

"The gentleman is a great curiosity himself."

"I know you are an American, or you would not be such a fool."

"English fools are abroad as well, as evinced by our experience at Bologna, Hotel Brun."

"Usual style of compliments interchanged between these two enlightened nations. — L. K."

"America! with all thy faults I love thee *still*."

"An impartial observer would say that the daughter was an improvement upon the mother."

"Down with the snobbish Englishmen!"

Across all these was finally written by some lover of tranquillity, —

"Yankee and *Anglais*. Peace. Be still. — J. Le Place."

Upon the travellers' book at Bourneville, some American wag, for want of better material, had bestowed these two conundrums, which, though venerable, are not bad: —

"How does a hair-dresser die? He curls up and dies."

"How does a sculptor die? He makes faces and busts."

At Courmayeur I read, —

"July 25, 1865. Rev. J. Bromley, Son and Daughter, Leamington."

Under it a passing witling had relieved himself thus: —

"As the 'Son and Daughter' is part of the address, we presume this is the sign of a public house kept by the above gentleman."

Lower down, some practical and unappreciative genius had subjoined, —

“Not true, *vide* June 15th.”

This must have been done by the man that never joked ; perhaps a direct descendant of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.

Still another entry occurs to me, with which I will close this list of facetious brevities. It was at the inn of Gressoney : —

“Don’t go to the *Hôtel de la Poste* at Varallo, unless you wish to shorten your life.”

This was probably the work of some real philanthropist, of whose efforts I could well approve, since I spent two unwholesome days at that very establishment, and can safely recommend any one to resort to it who desires to die early and often.

There is one class of travellers that seem to examine hotel records, not for the purpose of adding anything to them, but to abstract what is already there. They are autograph-hunters, and are often as unscrupulous as the devotees of old books, coins, postage-stamps, and other worn-out *débris* of the past. Nothing is safe from their rapacity, and many a man who would walk all round Monte Rosa to restore a lost dime, will pounce upon an autograph by fair means or foul, and hold on to it with a tenacious grip that nothing can loosen. One often comes upon the traces of these pirates, and unsightly gaps here and there in the various albums remind him of the vacuum which exists in that part of the plunderer where there should have been a conscience. The name of the unfortunate Lord Francis Douglas has

been especially sought for of late, and at Zermatt the landlord of the hotel where he stopped has been obliged to lock up his book for fear of the mutilation it would suffer, if left unguarded. Not far from that village, in the valley of St. Nicholas, is a place called Randa. Here is an inn from which the Mischabelhorner, the highest peak in Switzerland, is sometimes ascended. In June, 1865, that nobleman spent the night there, just before making this expedition, and wrote his name in the album. Shortly after the accident that made the writer so widely known, some recreant cut this out. A cross has been marked at each end of the empty chasm, and the following words appear over against it. I know not who wrote them, but they are well merited : —

“The name of Lord Francis Douglas, who was killed on the Matterhorn, has been stolen from the opposite page by some autograph-hunter. Stranger, I pray you pity the bad taste and the weak conscience, and wish better manners to the no doubt amiable thief.”

To this a note has been appended by a subsequent visitor : —

“Tuft-hunter, who will frame it and hang it over his mantel-piece.”

If the perfidious robber has occasion to go again to Randa, it will be better for his peace of mind to “pass by on the other side.”

CHAPTER XI.

CHAMONIX.

DURING the past year travellers in Switzerland labored under great disadvantages. Those who succeeded in seeing anything deserve to be credited with many excellent qualities that their order often do not possess. In spite of their immense number Nature did not seem to be at all propitiated. She was invariably in the worst of humors, and drenched the whole of her followers without much regard for their feelings and with the strictest impartiality. Jupiter Pluvius appeared to be the ruling power, and for the whole season had everything pretty much his own way. He is by no means a beneficent deity for tourists, though he demands more sacrifices in the shape of boots and umbrellas than any now going. Between the snow on the mountain-tops, the rain in the valleys, and the dense mists and clouds that, like wet blankets, smothered all the finest views, the travelling community had little reason to be satisfied with their condition. The best they were able to do was to run out between two showers and pick up what they could. This is not at all profitable, besides being very trying to

one's temper. It does n't pay to go three thousand and odd miles, merely to shut one's self up in a large tavern with two hundred other people. Hotel life is the same everywhere, and one can dress in the latest style, and eat three meals a day, and smoke, and play billiards, and discuss the ladies, and the price of gold, and the Atlantic telegraph, and Mr. Peabody, and the war, and Louis Napoleon, and everybody and everything else, in short, without crossing the ocean for that expressly. Hence people who journey to this country for the purpose of enjoying the scenery, and who really meet with nothing but water in various forms of aggravating development, and hear nothing but bad French and small talk, think their time and money thrown away. Thus arise *ennui* and general disgust, and numerous harsh remarks by no means complimentary to the weather.

The only feature in the landscape that throve and prospered was the waterfalls. These were really superb, and the Giessbach, the Staubbach, the Mürrenbach, the Trümlenbach, the Reichenbach, and, in fact, the whole *bach* family, fairly outdid themselves. Their condition was however, in most cases, merely a vexation, and they could only be seen after a prolonged wade through the mud, followed by wet feet, a cold, rheumatism, or some other form of water-cure. Thus the majority of people staid at home and flattened their noses against the window-panes, while the various cataracts raged and surged, boiled and thundered, and tore themselves all to

tatters, like the tragedians of a country stage, without any spectators. One day I ventured to the other end of the Lake of Brienz in a violent rain, to visit the falls of the Giessbach ; and I must say I was repaid. Nothing short of the great Niagara itself could be more sublime, than the rush of this impetuous and swollen torrent. From a height of over a thousand feet, it plunges in a succession of mad leaps from fifty to a hundred feet each into the wide water at its base. Its channel is nearly straight, so that its whole course can be seen, as it flows between the tall evergreens that hang over its banks. It is broad and deep, and every drop of its stream is lashed into the whitest foam. Here and there clouds of spray arise, and feathery jets are thrown into the air from behind hidden rocks. In the sunshine rainbow-crowned mists are to be seen, and the rays of the full moon at night are given back in a thousand glittering coruscations. It casts away its watery wealth of precious drops and lacy foam and opal bubbles, with a "wasteful and ridiculous excess," as if it were the *largesse* of a prince. Gathering its cloudy drapery about it, it leaps into the lake, with one faint melodious chant ere it disappears forever. It is a cascade that none can see without being impressed with the exuberant beauty with which the All-giver has endowed it.

It is the custom of the proprietor of the hotel near this fall to illuminate it every evening at nine o'clock. The effect is wonderful in the extreme,

though the idea would at first strike most people as too theatrical and gaudy. It is not so in reality. As we stand near the foot, the whole cataract is seen white and clear, like the ghost of a torrent, in strong contrast with the darkness of the night and the deep gloom of the firs that fringe it. Suddenly a rocket is sent off as a signal, and the water is lit up with red and green and yellow lights. Under a projecting ledge, over which it falls in one broad sheet, is placed a Bengal-light of brilliant red, and the stream hangs in a floating veil of flame. This slowly changes to violet, and then to orange, and then to a dark, and again to a light green. At length it fades away. Now a ruddy glow is cast upon the fleecy mists, and they sparkle as they rise, like the smoke and fire from a burning building. Now the angry *élan* of the current is as deeply blue as that of the bay of Naples, and again its thousand jets leap aloft like emeralds. For a time the delusion is complete, and the Giessbach is a cascade of parti-colored and radiant streamlets, almost too brilliant to look upon. But like every earthly spectacle, its beauty soon dies away, and the cold reality comes back in all its force. Again the pure and ghostly waters impel themselves from crag to crag, untainted by the artifice of man, and forever as they flow, whether in the bright hues of the sunlight or the solitary blackness of night, they add their harmonious tones to the thousand voices of Nature.

For many reasons the Giessbach is one of the

most popular of all the Swiss sights. It is within an hour's sail from Interlaken over a beautiful lake. There is an excellent hotel near the foot, the grounds around are laid out with great taste, bridges lead across here and there, and paths not too difficult mount along its edge to the very summit, while in one spot a gallery ingeniously contrived passes under it, and one can safely and comfortably look through the whole volume of water. There never was a fall that could be more thoroughly examined than this, and consequently there never was one that was better known or more admired. Years ago, as many will remember, we used to read of another cataract in our school-books, and "How does the water come down at Lodore?" under the patronage of Mr. Southey, used to quite overpower our young minds, as it went "dashing and flashing and splashing and crashing" through the pages of "The National Reader" in a voluminous torrent of adjectives, like the author's own poetry. I recollect to have greatly wondered what a gigantic Niagara it must be, that needed such a *chute de mots* to describe it. And yet in spite of poetical fancy, what is this fall to Giessbach? I was not a little disappointed when I visited it, and saw a weak, attenuated stream of a consumptive tendency, dropping languidly from one pebble to another, as if it would be glad to stop and sit down every moment. But nowadays few people go to Lodore, and no one takes the trouble to write about it. It dribbles

away its existence into Derwent Water, and tinkles forth the praises of the man who did his best to immortalize it, as well as it can. It flits through the minds of us to whom its name used to be familiar, as a sort of dim dream, pleasantly suggesting that which once was, but can never be again. Such may be the fate of the Giessbach, but I doubt it.

From Interlaken and its inflated cataracts to Chamonix, its popular rival, was an aquatic, or, to say the least, an amphibious excursion. I reached the latter place over a pass called the *Col de Balme*. Ordinarily it is an affair of but nine hours, and the way is not at all arduous. Ladies often cross with comfort and ease. At the summit is an inn, 7096 feet high, which is situated in Switzerland; and just beyond it is another, 7095 feet high, which is in France. Since the acquisition of Savoy by Napoleon III., the boundary line of the two countries has run between them. From each of these hotels is a magnificent view of the valley of Chamonix, and the lofty range of snow-clad mountains which form the retinue of Mont Blanc. It is regarded as quite the correct thing to pass the night at one of these two houses, and get up early enough in the morning to see the rising sun tip the dome of that giant of the Alps. It needs a certain force of character, to be sure, in order to accomplish this, and most people have so little sympathy with sunshine, that they would much rather allow its donor to take care of himself and have his own way, even

in the Alps, than leave their beds at five o'clock to see him. However, I have known men, and even women, who were willing to sacrifice themselves so far, but few of them ever repeated the experiment, and nearly all afterwards expressed a decided preference for sunsets. Landlords, for the most part, don't like these ghosts with blue noses who trouble their establishments in ways too numerous to mention, and generally discourage them in their efforts to catch the monarch as he comes forth. They don't care to have their bedclothes dragged over the mud and snow by their shivering guests; and I call to mind the despair of mine host of the Righi, and also him of the Faulhorn,—8500 feet above the sea-level,—who posted up the following notice, which I copied to the letter as a warning to my readers who may be going that way: "It is requested that those persons who take the blankets off their beds in the morning, to the summit, will carefully fold them so that they may not get soiled. The blankets thus taken must be paid one franc each."

Fortunately for the *ménage* of the Boniface of the *Hôtel Suisse*, the guests, when I spent the night there, were not much tempted to go out very early, for we were greeted with a furious snow-storm, which offered a striking contrast to the hot air and blue sky we had just left at Martigny. At five o'clock in the morning an impetuous whirlwind was sweeping up from the valleys beneath, and dashing against the walls of our hotel with a violence

that shook every stone. We gathered in the *salle à manger* at breakfast with melancholy faces. There were three Americans, four Germans, an Englishman, and a trio of French, including one lady. Everybody condoled with everybody else in French, more or less bad, according to his accomplishments in that tongue, and remained at the breakfast-table as long as he could. Most of us thought of at least two or three fatal accidents to lonely travellers on remote and rocky heights, and told them with gusto. When we had thus come nearly to the weeping point, a pack of cards, the united *débris* of several sets, was found by somebody, and part proceeded to use them, while the rest pitched coppers into a tumbler. Madame sat by the fireside, for luckily we had wood enough to take the chill off, and amused herself with that last resort of the sex, when in trouble or vacuity, crochet-work. She knitted away, occasionally exclaiming "*Mon Dieu!*" as a more vehement wave than usual burst against the walls, or with a petulant "*Oh ciel!*" as she looked into the mouth of the black gorge at the bottom of which the wet fuel hissed and sizzled. Once, for a few moments, the varying maelstrom was heaved up from below, and we could see to quite a distance across the peaks around us. The subjects of *la belle France* decided to leave at once, but a difficulty arose: Madame was troubled with a crinoline skirt, which is a hard thing to manage on a mule's back even in fair weather, and in a storm is hardly a

graceful, or even practicable garment. Would she consent to sacrifice it for the good of the whole and reduce herself to her original elements like the Venus of Milo? "*Ah, quelle horreur!*" said she, and refused with a shudder. But how could one go down to Chamonix in the face of a tornado under full sail? The wind has no respect even for a Vestal Virgin's scanty habiliments, and Neptune himself, with all his "*Quos ego's*," could n't prevent his subjects from playing boisterous pranks with even Dido's robes. What would Auster or Boreas care for a modern *Française* on a mountain-top? Surely at the end of the first ten rods there'd be a wreck more complete than that of the *Royal George*. But Madame was proof against all the French babble, shrugs, and expostulations of her friends, and with some difficulty was hoisted upon her saddle. The cavalcade turned the corner of the hotel, came full into the face of the blast, and proceeded about fifty feet. But nothing mortal could stand it farther. She wavered a moment between heaven and earth, seemed about to soar aloft like an irrepressible balloon, then came down again and fled before the hurricane, like the Austrians before the needle-gun at Sadowa. She put into the inn with more experience, and, let us hope, with more wisdom, than when she left it, and sat down before the fire, a disheveled remnant of what was once a woman. "*Varium et mutabile femina*" is often true, but the change seldom comes all at once.

In the course of a few hours all became *ennuyés* of euchre and *blasés* of tossing coppers into a tumbler, though we had dignified the latter game with the ancient and classic name of "*cottabus*." We began to notice occasional lulls in the storm, and once in a while could catch a glimpse of the valley of Chamonix in the distance. This was quite aggravating, as Nature appeared to be smiling there, and moreover we had had an excellent breakfast, and were disposed to walk. At length the snow was whirled aloft, and the majestic panorama of Mont Blanc and his satellites unfolded itself. Far away, for a score of miles, they stretched their snowy pyramids, till they were lost in the blue sky beyond. They seemed, as it were, to mark the way to heaven. Their spotless drapery hung in massive folds down their sides; the clouds, like fair hair, were blown by the breeze, yet lingered around their pure foreheads; giant glaciers clustered about them, or in broad trains brightened their skirts to the very valleys; dark and green forests of sombre pines adorned them, and in striking contrast heightened the sublimity of their aspect. But it was only for a few moments that we were intoxicated by a scene so grand. The rain began to fall, and gathering vapors hid everything from the view. Yet after this we could stay no longer. We were irresistibly drawn on towards the glorious land that awaited us, and impatient to proceed in spite of wind and rain. The path was steep and muddy.

It was covered with loose stones that made our progress very uncomfortable. At times we took a short cut from zig to zag, making a *glissade* over the green sward with the aid of our alpenstocks. The sod was slippery and saturated with water, so that our dignity often came to grief. In fact one *can't* sit down decorously on the damp turf of a steep hill-side. It is quite impossible. An alpenstock is of great assistance in mitigating one's subsidence on such occasions, and yet that useful article is often of little account. To be sure it is merely a mountain staff, with an iron spike ; still one looks imposing — nay, almost royal — striding up Mont Blanc with it in his hand. But when it sticks in the deep sward, and the bearer can't pull it out, and tumbles over it, he looks like majesty in its cups and fallen from the throne, in spite of its sceptre. We feel, as we pick ourselves up, the striking contrast between Philip drunk and Philip sober.

The vale of Chamonix is wide and verdant, and, through its whole length of fifteen miles, forms a beautiful accompaniment to the colossal masses of snow and rocks that overhang it. Its most prominent features, next to these, are the glaciers, which perpetually stride down from above through the forests. These broad ice-torrents proudly swell over the precipices of Mont Blanc, and push forward into the very corn-fields. The largest of them is the *Mer de Glace*, from whose base, through a cavern of the ice, issues forth the Arveiron. This roman-

tic name, immortalized by Coleridge, whose poetical genius has crowned even Mont Blanc with an additional aurora of beauty that the sovereign of the Alps need not feel ashamed to wear, will suggest to many of your readers charms which it does not possess for those who have seen it. It is not sky-blue, nor limpid; nor does it flow over moss-covered rocks; nor do variously speckled trout go darting here and there to aggravate the angler. It is a boisterous and unruly stream, of no value to any one. At times it seems possessed by the very demon of destruction, and overflowing its banks bears tons and tons of rocks and sand in every direction over the fertile fields. Nothing will live in its waters, and these are — shall I say it? — of the color of soapsuds that have been used at least once. It is, in short, merely another illustration of the fact that poetical rivers which meander in graceful couplets through broad meadows of margin are quite different from the reality. If we lived on the banks of "Alph, the sacred river," or cultivated a farm near "Siloa's brook," or saw a little more of the picturesque and placid stream that flows through Mr. Cole's "Dream of Life," we should probably appreciate the truth of this better than we do now.

The *Mer de Glace*, like other glaciers, has within a few years retreated at least a hundred feet, in consequence, probably, of the intense and protracted heat of several summers ago. This is the case with
* nearly all I have visited this season, including those

of the Rhone, Rosenlaui, the two at Grindelwald, the *Unter-* and *Vorder-Aar*, and many others. The glaciers at Zermatt, on the contrary, have advanced, and the paths leading through the village pastures run up to the very base of the wall of ice which abruptly terminates them. They all push before them a little hill of small rocks which have been detached from the mountains above, and brought down in the lapse of time to their present position. These form what is called the moraine of the glacier, and are an interesting proof that even the Alps are slowly crumbling away, and losing daily a portion of their enormous height and size. This is very gradual, and probably few of this generation will live to see Switzerland a perfect plain, yet the causes that tend to this result are ever at work, and it must come. Some months since, I was upon the top of a spur of the Matterhorn, called the Hörnli. It is nine thousand feet high, and close to the side of this giant mountain. From its base to its summit, the whole expanse of that peak of terror could be taken in at one glance. Yet even here the frost was at work, and from time to time splintered off pieces of the solid mass, which fell upon the glacier that flowed downward from its base. And it was the same with the other summits that gradually retire from the Matterhorn in a sort of amphitheatre. From the foot of each the glacier slowly drew towards its central moraine the thousands of larger or smaller blocks that had fallen from their

sides. Few travellers have the opportunity of watching this action of the glaciers, which is extremely interesting, both from scientific and other points of view. The moraine of the *Mer de Glace* has, in the course of years, attained to enormous size, and proved very destructive to everything in its way.

I found Chamonix much improved since my last visit, yet with many of its old characteristics. Most of the houses have been burnt to the ground, and it has been rebuilt and annexed to France within ten years, any one of which events would have made a palpable revolution in most towns. Napoleon visited this new corner of his empire in 1861, and since that time there has been an evident development of imperial ideas. A broad avenue has been constructed through the centre of the village, which is of course called "*l'Avenue de l'Empereur*." The path leading to Montanvert and the *Mer de Glace* was greatly improved, that Napoleon and Eugenie might visit it with as few stumbling-blocks as possible, and is now wide and of easy ascent. A grand new *Hôtel Impérial* has soared aloft, with the French tricolor floating from the topmost cupola. There is a *Messagerie Impériale* occupying a room about fifteen feet square; a *Pont de Solferino* twenty feet long; a superb gendarme in cocked hat and gorgeous uniform, who strides in solemn procession along the grand avenue at regular intervals, and is several minutes passing a given

point, and many other imperial and magnificent things calculated to impress upon the mind the splendor of the French empire, and make the place generally more worthy to associate with Mont Blanc and his stately courtiers. Nevertheless the old village of dirty, black, and crowded houses still bubbles up here and there, and the rags can once in a while be seen under the new coat, though, as a whole, the place is much more respectable than before. When Victor Emanuel parted with Chamonix he did not give up all Mont Blanc with it. Both he and Napoleon now hold it in equal shares, and the boundary line of the two countries runs through its centre. The same is true of Monte Rosa, the next highest peak, except that the northerly half thereof lies in Switzerland. The loftiest mountain, which is situated entirely in the latter, is the Mischabelhorn, one of whose peaks attains an elevation of 14,032 feet.

CHAPTER XII.

AUTUMN IN PIEDMONT.

WITH the shortening days and lengthening evenings, the aspect of Piedmont gradually changes. The rich and luxuriant greenness of summer is already largely supplanted by the tawny, mellow tint that speaks of ripeness, decay, and their quick attendant, death. In Italy the dwindling months, the embers of the dying year, are not accompanied by the many-hued drapery of an American fall. Autumn no longer lays her fiery finger on the leaves. The livery of the dying dolphin, the gathering splendors of the setting sun, are not reflected in myriad tones from every tree and grove and thicket. The country wears the complexion of her own peasantry, and the various shades of brown that the sky has stamped upon their cheeks, are already apparent on the whole length and breadth of the landscape. They are now gathering in their abundant harvest, and the vintage is already waning towards its end. The Indian corn, from which they manufacture their eternal *polenta*, is giving up its last fruits. At this season it does not by any means resemble the same crop in our land. The econom-

ical rustics have long since stripped every leaf from its stalk for their cattle, and left only a small forest of white sticks, each bearing three or four ears. Among these goes a woman with a basket strapped upon her back. She is dirty and ragged, barefooted and barelegged, yet the red kerchief on her head gives her a picturesque air, as she moves to and fro. The basket is wide and deep, growing broader at the top. She takes each stalk with her left hand, wrenches off the ears with her right, and throws them over her shoulder. When she can bear no more, she trudges away with the burden to her cottage. There it is emptied upon the floor, and her children gather round to administer upon the results of her labors. Every husk is drawn back from its ear and tied to a long string. When this is full, it is stretched from window to window over the whole front of the house. And there the bright orange and yellow rows remain for weeks drying in the sun. It is thus that the peasantry gather in their corn harvest. Like everything else they do, it is unique and peculiar. Being done in the broad light of day, with an old world simplicity that has nothing to conceal, men look upon it as they pass, and bear with them to remote lands new and stirring impressions that time will not efface.

At this period, when the kindly fruits of the earth are broadly scattered over this favored land, the whole force of the country is in the fields. They teem with the crops around them, and from amidst

former solitudes appear to spring suddenly forth, like the animated life that at one stride peopled the new-born world. This is a peculiarity of these Italian valleys. The cultivated parts are in general far from the houses of those who till them. In the spring and fall these go forth to labor, either sowing or reaping, and return at night to the dark and dirty hovels under the walls of their church, round which they cluster. They still cling to the old traditions and stand fast by their ancient ways. The church is yet their ark of safety, and they draw near it with pious and simple confidence; kneeling with pregnant hope at its altars, they listen to its chimes with a cheerful uplifting of soul, and shudder with a long-inherited horror at the fate of those who are not within its protective walls. In the paleness of early morning they consecrate the laborious hours of the long day to the Madonna; with the blessed water they crucify Christ anew in their memories, upon their foreheads, and their hearts; with deep emotion they listen to the solemn and exalted words which ages have transmitted to them from pope to pope and priest to priest; excited by the music, soothed by the incense, awed by the bodily presence of the incarnate God, hallowed by the benediction of their spiritual guide, they leave the portals within which so large a part of life, both mental and bodily, is spent, and till they return to them again their existence is a dreary and joyless blank. Is it strange that their church is dear to them; that

having nought else, they cling to it with undying and unstinted affection; that having no pleasures in this world, and looking to it as the only means of reaching the happiness of the next, they are willing, aye eager, to sacrifice body and soul for it; that they look upon its white walls and heaven-directed spire as the symbols of the spotless perfections of the maid-mother, who is ever ready to pardon and anxious to embrace; that they regard them from a distance with rejoicing, and ever gladly return to sit under their shadow with great delight? To the Anglo-Saxon peasant the ultimate be-all and end-all of his earthly existence is his home. To the Italian this word has no meaning, and the place it should occupy is wholly absorbed by the church. Hence spring up many serious and many social woes which it were idle here to attempt to enumerate; and hence it happens that this goodly land flowing with milk and honey yields up its life-blood to evils worse than the plagues of Egypt.

I have lately walked through several of these valleys, and nothing can be more attractive or enduring than the impressions they have left upon my mind. Their sounds were fascinating to the ear, their sights charming to the eye. They offered an unclaying exposition, a long panorama, of that joyous, free, untrammelled rural life, whose external features the denizen of the city can never witness unimpressed; which always excite for the moment a feeling of envy and an uncontrollable longing to

share in them. This love of the country is the natural tendency of the sympathies of man. It is an instinct which is ever drawing us on towards a future befitting our ultimate end, when the sordid and clogging corruptions of the social world are all to disappear. It is the dictation of man's better part which the sin that ruined Eden left untainted ; the response, inaudible, perhaps, but still coming from the depths of his heart, to the low whispering voice of Nature, and " mickle is the powerful grace that lies " in its silent but earnest promptings. Kinglake has said with impressive truth, " The more man's affections are pure and holy, the more they seem to blend with the outward and visible world."

The Pariah, in the " Indian Cottage," when asked —

" In what part of India is your pagoda ? " replies :

" Everywhere ; my pagoda is Nature ; I adore her Author at the rising of the sun, and bless Him at the decline of day. In Nature herself, if we contemplate her with a simple heart, we shall there behold God in his power, his intelligence, his bounty."

Said the soldier, in "*Le Lépreux de la Cité d'Aoste*," —

" When trouble weighs heavily upon me, and I no longer find in the hearts of men that which my own desires, the aspect of Nature and inanimate things consoles me ; I turn with affection to the rocks and trees, and it seems to me that all created beings are friends which God has given me."

It is also true that the more closely one draws to "the outward and visible world," the more conscious he becomes of great capacities, grandeur of soul, and impulses never felt in the crowded and jarring cares of city life. A truly great mind is never less alone than when alone. As Guizot remarks, when speaking of his morning walks through the deserted fields of Hyde Park, "In complete solitude and in presence of Nature we forget isolation." Her creative power peoples the brain with "thick-coming fancies," that oft expel one's baser part, and in this fresh and purer sphere he for a few delightful minutes lives and moves and has his being. Like Wolsey, he "feels his heart new opened." In this clearer atmosphere it expands and fills out the measure of its existence. Nature is the Prospero of this strange, mysterious island, and the thronging shapes and beckoning shadows, the "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not," are the manifestations of her influence. The broader the intellect, the more powerful is she to heal, to strengthen, and to elevate. To her the greatest spirits resort with a steadfast and lusty joy, and from her presence they come forth ennobled and invigorated. Said the Duke of Wellington, when old age had come upon him, in his terse and laconic style, "I *need* the country." How magical were the effects of Nature upon Sir Walter Scott. He observed with emphasis to Irving, — "If I did not see my native hills once a year, I should die!"

How greatly has humanity benefited by this, in the increased vigor of his mighty intellect, and its moral elevation. It was a noble means to a glorious end. He, as much as any, mounted "through Nature up to Nature's God." When, in the stillness of his last moments, so tranquil that even the ripples of the softly-weeping Tweed,—the friend of his youth, the companion of his leisure hours, and sung in song and praised in heroic lay till he had made it the friend and companion of the world,—tendered their gentle lamentations through the open windows, he lay close to the gates of death and they knew not if his heart still beat, or no, then, when his last words ruffled the darkness of mourning hearts and from beyond the grave, as it were, came his message, "I feel as if I were myself again,"—then they knew that he had passed beyond, and in the courts of the all-bestowing and all-forgiving Father of Nature had perfected the matured richness of his well-spent life, and attained the full end and height of the aspirations he had derived from Nature's teachings below.

When remarking above that the Italian peasant had no home, I did not mean that he had no dwelling. He has a dwelling, and he styles it *la casa*. Here he exists, when the darkness compels him to retire to it, or the weather is so bad that it is more uncomfortable to remain out-of-doors than in, and to have this effect it must be very bad indeed. In truth, one often sees the rustics laboring in their

fields with sacks — I mean the coarse bags in which corn and meal are carried — thrown over their heads to protect them from the pitiless storm, which would drive any other people under the shelter of their own roofs. *La casa* is black and dingy in its interior, as the condensed essence of midnight. The windows, if any there be, are foul with dirt, the webs of spiders, and the corpses of the flies whose life-blood these have sucked out. The wooden beams of the ceiling are dark with smoke, and coated with the lamp-black that for ages has risen from the thick tallow candles and pine cones the people burn. The door is ever open to let in, not the refreshing air of heaven, but intrusive pigs and hens, who naturally feel that they have far more right to this sanctuary of domestic happiness, than those who tacitly occupy it. Goats hop in and out, leaving behind them long trails of fearful odors, that furrow deeply the nasal membrane of those in whom it has not been blunted by habit. Dogs loiter to and fro, or lie down and dream, till with a yelp and a jump they hurry out to worry the legs of some passing stranger. They are laden with “F sharps” and other forms of animalculæ, nimbly skipping on the slightest pretext, and prompt to evade the vindictive touch of exasperated man. The beds are such as few would care to recline upon. They are populous with every insect that “crawls, walks, skims, hops, jumps, or creeps, or flies.” The bedding is yellow,

or rather brown, with dirt and age. It is washed only once in six months, and that merely from some vestige of a tradition that their fathers used to practice the custom before them, and not from any feeling of necessity or decency. Hence the process has degenerated into a mere formality, and the clothing often returns from the bath with all its imperfections on its head. Their barbarous and clumsy cooking is done with the rudest and most uncleanly dishes, which are often used for other processes, the details of which would shock the feelings of every person that heard them. The people are dressed in the roughest and most soiled garments of worsted and cotton. They put them on, and seldom or never take them off, till they fall away in rags. Thus they live, thus they die. Here they experience what M. About so wittily, but in this case so truthfully, calls "*les joies austères de la famille.*" Father, mother, and children, all eating, drinking, and sleeping in the same filthy pen, and breathing the same "foul and pestilent congregation of vapors." Is it wonderful that their church, with its bright and cleanly walls, and all the adornments with which time, wealth, and religion have decorated it, should appear to them a heaven on earth, and draw them towards it with an influence that nothing earthly can destroy?

Among the thousand charms of this country, I have been deeply impressed with the beauty and grandeur of the groves of chestnut-trees. These

cover the green slopes of every valley and line the edges of every highway. Fortunately, from a sense of the value of their fruit, the people do not prune and crop them into the form of flag-staffs, but allow them to retain unimpaired their abundant beauties. Other trees are treated in a way to disgust any American; for the natives having no feeling of admiration for their shape and proportions, and regarding their shade as a deadly blight and loss to their fields, strip them of their branches and lacerate them into ugliness. The chestnut, however, resents such treatment, and refuses to bear, unless it can have ample room to send out its broad arms. When thus protected, it is not chary of its nuts, and to these villagers is almost what the date is to the Arab, or the bread-fruit to the South Sea Islander. It is extremely nutritious, and whether eaten raw, or disguised by cooking in one of the many ways invented by those who live upon it, is very palatable. This year the harvest is immense: the trees have borne with a prolific wealth that is unusual even for them, and wherever I go I find the ground covered with burs and the contents thereof. The chestnut is well protected, and its enormous envelope looks like a vegetable hedgehog. This is often nearly as large as the fist, and bristles with points infinitely numerous, exasperatingly sharp, and despairingly hard. The fruit is more than twice the size of our chestnut; and penetrating its thick, brown, leathery coat,

one finds a sort of shriveled skin, red and bitter, and looking like a counterfeit of the real hide. This must also be removed, if one wishes to enjoy the meat, and after all this trouble, with my fingers still tingling, I have not rarely found myself anticipated by a fat white worm, who had retired there, probably, to lead the life of a hermit, and repent him of his gluttonous antecedents.

Where examples are so abundant, it is superfluous to specify one in preference to another, but a few days ago I passed through a grove of chesnut-trees more imposing than anything of that nature which I have yet seen. It was on the way from Varallo to Orta, and for a long distance my road led through them. So vast, so ancient, so deeply scored by the envious share of time were they, and yet so green, so full of fruit, so running over with inexhaustible vitality. They stood widely separate, with a kind of imperial dignity, as if each were descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, and were conscious of the blood of ages coursing through his veins, and yet the broad space between them was entirely shaded by their green leaves and luxuriant boughs. I could think of nothing but those august and princely chieftains that went forth of old to conquer Troy. There they rested, in the eternal immunity which their great deeds had secured to them. There was Nestor, and Ajax, and Agamemnon, and Ulysses! Each one seemed to say, "Touch me not; I am a king and dwell apart: over me the

years have no power." One old bole, rugged and shattered, sinking and decayed, yet still sending out green shoots and bravely struggling for the future, was the fitting emblem of Italy now, hovering between life and death. I could no longer wonder that trees were worshipped in ancient times, and that the gods themselves were incorporated in forms so peerless and beautiful. These seemed the direct bequest of classic veneration, and under their arching limbs and sequestering shade it was easy to call back the mysterious shapes that once frequented them. The very depths of their unruffled calm carried the mind back into the past. The faint voices of oracles now dumb, stole from afar upon the listening ear; while nymphs and satyrs peeped, misty and blinking, as if newly waked, from behind the aged trunks. Silence appeared to descend like the snow, and deepened with every moment. From time to time a dropping chestnut alighted upon the turf, and rolled away with the agility of an insect with a thousand feet, or the gentle rustle of a falling leaf showed that it too had fulfilled its mission and sought a grave with its fellows. After these came a greater stillness than before. The cyclamen was there in myriads — the village beauty, ruddier than the cherry, with hat thrown back and blushing in unaffected loveliness. And there was the violet, the meek-eyed, perpetual mourner, watcher at the bed of the dying day, the orphan of the woods, a tear ever dropping from her half-shut eyes. All these and

more but seemed to kiss the robe of Harpocrates, as he swept slow and stately on. The retreating year sailed by with broad and tawny wings, "incumbent on the dusky air," and with him fled the thousand sorrows of the past. Grand is the antiquity of the woods, and pyramidal their quiet. Here centuries unnumbered ever minister at the altar of the Eternal, and a sweet smelling savor, "the smell of peace toward mankind," heaven-bestowed, mounts heavenward again. It rises with the breath of morning, and sweetens the toil of man at evening. There is melody in the song of earliest birds, and subduing harmony in the waving of the pine-tops, and music in the cadence of the waters, as they moan their moan on some far and lonely shore, or with nimble fingers draw strains from rocky harps that spring responsive to their touch, like Memnon's statue at the first rays of the rising sun. But deeper and fuller is the harmony of silence, when the imagination strikes the numberless chords of the soul, when life, love, and passion are fascinated with her strains, and yielding to her gentle touch, the whole diapason of the mind resounds with harmony that earth never knows.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRAVELLING ECCENTRICITIES.

IN spite of the oft-proved truth of Rosalind's remark, "A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad," the experience of every tourist at times assumes a bright and lively hue, and there are few who have not enjoyed many a hearty laugh over misfortunes and disasters, which at home would inevitably have thrown them into a rage sufficient to make their existence a chaos during at least the rest of the day. For the most part, those who journey, if they be wise, make a little allowance for the failings of humanity, especially for the conspicuous weaknesses of their intimate companions, and take on board a good stock of patience. Without this they are likely to find a superabundance of thorns and thistles, and are infinitely better off in their own country, where they are not quite so much at the mercy of their own frailties. A few months ago I met with a book, which one of these imperfect pilgrims was tortured by his own temper into publishing. It is entitled "Cautions for the First Tour. On the Annoyances, Short-comings, Indecencies, and Impositions incidental to Foreign

Travel. Addressed to Husbands, Fathers, Brothers, and all Gentlemen going with Female Relatives on Continental Excursions. By Viator Verax, M. A., M. R. I." These words in the biggest of capitals fill the first page, and it is pretty obvious that the author intended to write, as Paddy said, a loud letter. In fact, his wrath boiled over to that degree that this extract alone is an excellent epitome of the whole book, and he could not even contain himself long enough to complete the title, without cramming into it as much fury and vengeance as one ordinarily finds in an encyclopædia. The pamphlet is nicely got up and contains sixty-one pages. Who Mr. "Viator Verax" is I do not know, but if he had styled himself Viator Mendax he would have given a much better idea of the modicum of truth that flowed from his pen. It is a farrago of abuse, in the most violent language, of everything on the Continent which a traveller is likely to meet with, and is an admirable illustration of the way in which a weak and peevish mind can aggravate every little discomfort and distort each annoyance into an intolerable evil. At one hotel he was extremely shocked at the glaring deficiencies in the matter of chamber furniture; and declares that in his own room "there was actually no towel-horse, no gown-horse, no pegs for gowns, no *bidet*, no foot-bath, no chamber-pail for slops, no night-commode, no wardrobe, no hot-water can, no soap, no cheval-glass, no shutters or Venetian blinds to exclude the early morn-

ing sunlight." I rather think if this particular gentleman were to find all these articles in his room, in addition to those which are usually placed there in Continental hotels, he would be puzzled where to force an entrance himself, and the chamber would resemble more the ware-room of a firm prone to furnish houses, than a sleeping apartment. This extract will give an idea of the writer's common sense. It is probably the source of the sympathetic outburst that follows, as he pathetically exclaims, "When I have seen young and lovely maidens embarking at Dover and Folkestone, on their first trip to the Continent, my spirit has been stirred within me, while reflecting on the horrors my own eyes, nostrils, lungs, and stomach have encountered ; and it was distressing to think on what lay before them — *en chemin faisant*." To this let me add for the benefit of those of my readers who are not conversant with foreign tongues, that the three words of fear with which he has barbed his direful intimations, are after all quite innocent. If, resolutely overcoming our natural timidity, we take a dictionary in hand and coolly run our eyes over its columns to the proper place, we shall discover that the expression "*en chemin faisant*" is quite harmless, and means simply "on the way," than which nothing could be more unpretending, or less calculated to excite terror even in the weakest mind. It is probable that Mr. "Verax" added these words, unnecessary as they appear to most people,

for the same reason that he attached M. A. and M. R. I. to his name on the title-page, that they might cast a shadow of secrecy and dread, like the awful veil of the Prophet of Khorassan, and give tenfold force to his stern and relentless judgments.

I might give abundant extracts from this work, if they were likely to be of any use to my readers, but I will not impose upon their patience to that degree. I have quoted from its pages only to show the absurdities of a certain class of people. Such men are always an unmitigated torment to every one with whom they come in contact. Why they travel at all, we may well inquire. If one cannot leave his prejudices and delicate squeamishness at home, he should never quit his own country. He becomes a burden to himself and an aggravation to everybody else. He imagines every bug to be a centipede, and every fly a polypus. He believes all the ridiculous stories that any one has a mind to impose upon him, and puts himself into a fever over trifles that a more sensible man would laugh at and cast aside as unworthy of his notice. In short, he fills his bed with nettles, and takes a forlorn pleasure in rolling over and over in them.

Those travellers who really enjoy the most, are they of a cheerful temperament, and especially if they have a quick sense of the humorous. This is likely to become a source of infinite gratification, and it often happens that a great trouble is for the moment entirely swallowed up in a good laugh at

the ludicrousness of the situation. Men of the temperament of Dickens, for example, make excellent travellers, and his "American Notes" and "Italian Sketches," are both full of the amusing evidences of his appreciative humor and the zest with which he enjoyed an unlucky *contre-temps*, or prolonged annoyance. Witness his account of his journey from Washington to Richmond, which to most people would have been merely unmitigated misery, or his ascent of Mount Vesuvius with "Mr. Pickle, of Portici" and "the forty." Byron often gives evidences of this same nature in his letters; and his Italian experiences, in spite of some drawbacks arising from his morbid tone of mind and dislike of notoriety, not unfrequently afforded him the greatest entertainment, by reason of his keen sense of the ridiculous. I remember to have read, in one of his epistles to Tom Moore, a story that amused me extremely. It is such a good illustration of this phase of his character that I will venture to repeat it, and the more willingly that it is one of those anecdotes which, like good wine, improve with age, and even my oldest readers may have forgotten it, they having perchance stored it away in some dusty, cobweb-covered cell in their brains, where they keep their choicest things. Having thus flourished the corkscrew, I will now proceed to draw the cork.

At each end of the vestibule of St. Peter's at Rome is an equestrian statue; that on the right hand representing the Emperor Constantine, that

on the left Charlemagne. An English tourist, meandering about in a desultory way with Murray under his arm, stumbled upon these works, and finding himself unable to decide as to their identity, inquired which was St. Peter and which St. Paul. He thought he might safely presume thus far, taking it for granted that nothing less secular than an Apostle would ever be admitted within the walls of that cathedral. The party addressed, being willing to amuse himself and at the same time humor the questioner, replied by pointing out one of them as St. Paul. But he got no further than that name, for the tourist suddenly bethinking himself and berating his own dullness, interrupted him with, "Why, sir, that is impossible, for I have understood that St. Paul was never able to mount a horse *after his accident*."

I once told this anecdote to a travelling acquaintance from New England. He professed a taste for wit, and said he enjoyed a good story better than anything else. Feeling quite in the vein for that function, I went on successfully to the close. I paused for the reward of my labors. It came, but not in the shape I had expected. "I know what accident he meant," replied my friend with an air of serious triumph, as if I had just propounded a religious conundrum; "it was when St. Paul fell out of the window at Eutychus." What could I do but coalesce with such a brilliant climax, and compliment my companion on the depth of his biblical learning?

Whether the noble poet invented this story or not, I do not know. If he did, it certainly does great credit to his wit, besides bearing the stamp of truth. If he did not, it is an excellent example of a certain class of tourists who are very numerous at the present day, and far more so, I fear, than in Byron's time, in spite of the greater diffusion of knowledge. These are often encountered on the Continent, and would be exceedingly disagreeable through their ignorance and want of tact, did they not make comic almanacs of themselves by the absurdity of their blunders. Truth is not only stranger than fiction, but much more laughable than the capacity of most men's invention in the domain of the ludicrous. My own experience leads me to believe that the incident Byron relates really did happen. In fact I have not the slightest doubt of it. I have often met with such people in the course of my travels, and there were abundance of them in Rome during my stay. There is a large gallery of paintings in that city, called the Capitoline collection. Some of them are masterpieces, and well known among the best of their authors' works. One in particular attracts the attention of every visitor. It is of great size, and the figures are full of life and expression. The colors are also rich and varied. It is called "the Rape of Europa," and was painted by Paolo Veronese. From the shore of the Hellespont Jupiter, under the form of a milk-white bull, is about to bear his mistress to

the opposite bank. The god has knelt gently down, and is partly reclining on the turf. Europa has already seated herself upon his back, and is looking around radiant with grace and loveliness. Her feet hang down to the ground, and her lover, turning his neck and regarding her with amorous fondness, is licking one of them with his tongue. On one occasion I visited this painting with several acquaintances, male and female. After passing through the whole gallery I asked one of the gentlemen which of them all he liked the best. His answer was, "The one where that woman is milking that cow!" I must confess this reply took me aback, and thereafter when I went to study very high art I did not ask that person to accompany me.

At the church of *San Pietro in Vincoli* in Rome is a superb statue of Moses. It is the work of Michel Angelo, and into it the Dante of art has infused, with many an impetuous and characteristic stroke, the vigor of his own soul. The Hebrew Lawgiver is seated on a marble throne, and with one hand, in the intensity of his indignation at the folly of his people, he grasps with nervous clutch his long and flowing beard. This reaches below his waist, and is carved with great delicacy and expression. It hangs partly in thick masses, partly in slender locks. One morning on entering the church, I met a prominent clergyman, officiating at that time at one of the Protestant chapels in Rome. I inquired if he had been to pay a visit to the great statue. "What

statue?" was the reply. "That one of Moses, in the corner, by Michel Angelo."—"Is that Moses?" he rejoined. "Yes; who did you think it was?" "Well, I did n't know, but rather thought it was Neptune."—"Why did you suppose that?"—"Why, I thought that his beard was made so long and ropy to give it the appearance of having been dragged through the water, and I could n't think of anybody but Neptune to whom that description would apply." If Michel Angelo and Moses were merely dead, and had not already become dust and ashes, I can easily imagine that this remark would have made them both writhe in their graves.

I have noticed that some persons, generally well informed at home, seem to lose their self-possession and become strangely confused when abroad. Either from forgetfulness, or some other potent reason, they often display a superb disregard for historic or other conventionalities, and appear to imagine that the truths they have learned at school in their younger days are of no particular value in foreign lands. Not many months since a lady, residing not very far from that centre of our mental system from which radiate so many bright and abundant beams for the enlightenment of the rest of our country, asked me at what season of the year the Doge wedded the Adriatic, and if she and her husband would see the ceremony if they were at Venice in the time of the Carnival? I gladly informed her, that they would have to be very active

indeed to reach that city in time to see the show of which she spoke, the sudden and unexpected arrival of Victor Emanuel, to say nothing of that of the first Napoleon, having materially interfered with the celebration. This little bit of eccentricity reminded me of a remark made to me some years ago in Rome, by a lady whose delightful ignorance of everything whatever suggested to me a vessel starting on a voyage in ballast with the chance of picking up a cargo *en route*. To a question from me as to where she had been passing the day, she answered that she had been to visit the spot where "the decapitation of the head of St. Paul took place." This expression struck me not only as more intense than was necessary, but as being at variance with Webster and Doctor Johnson. Probably, however, she thought Rome a place where one could well be allowed to give full and forcible vent to her feelings, especially as a few moments after she debated upon the Catacombs, and said they were "splendid."

On my way to Rome, I stopped at Terni for a couple of days. This town is quaint, old, and dirty. The houses are dingy and the people squalid. The streets are as black as mud can make them, and not much wider than the passages through a good-sized brick-kiln. Altogether, the place gives one the impression of a large number of houses that have drifted into the same locality, perhaps as the result of a flood, and become immovably fixed. There is a hotel with a stupendous and over-

powering name on the outside, and general misery and annoyance within. No one should ever stay in Terni any longer than is necessary to see its famous waterfall. This is about four miles from its centre, and well repays a visit. Byron — who by the way, in his progress towards Rome, did up in a poetical way every prominent and attractive object on the road, just as he accused Scott of starting from Edinburgh to London with the design of “doing” in verse all the gentlemen’s country seats he met with — Byron speaks of Terni with great admiration, and in fact rather overpraises that cataract. But still it is worth a day’s detention, even when one is at the gates of Rome, and is certainly very beautiful. On my arrival I found one solitary stranger at the inn, and he was a Yankee. He was travelling with a small carpet-bag and a copy of Harper’s “Guide Book.” He spoke not a word of any language but his own, and could not even order bread and butter, except by signs. He had a happy faculty for murdering the simplest expressions, and could not call for a beef-steak, though this is nearly the same in every tongue in the world. His first salutation to me was peculiar, and might be called unique. “Much acquainted here in the city, stranger?” In spite of their oddity, these words bore a certain appearance of familiarity that reminded me of home. I informed him that my acquaintance in that elegant and refined metropolis was quite limited, and in fact I

should not have stopped there at all, except to see the waterfall. "Wall, I did see something in the guide book about a fall," was the reply, "but I thought I wouldn't foot it out there." I asked him why he had remained so long, then, in such an uncomfortable and disagreeable place. "Wall, I saw a large dot against it on the map, and thought there might be suthin' worth looking at." It appeared that this unsophisticated countryman of mine, "this model of a man quite fresh from Nature's world, this true-born child of a free hemisphere, verdant as the mountains of our country," — to use the language of Mr. Pogram, — had started from Florence to Rome with the deliberate design of stopping at every town that had a larger circle than the rest against its name on the map, and thus far had done so, and for no other reason than that. He had spent some days at Arezzo and other good-sized places, where there was nothing but a big dot to see, and had seen it. It was quite entertaining to watch his management with the waiter at the inn. Knowing perfectly well that the latter did not understand a word he was saying, he would nevertheless go to the head of the stairs and call very loudly, "Waiter! I want you to clean them boots of mine just as quick as you can and bring 'em up to my room, for I want to put 'em on right off." The waiter would look up in a helpless sort of way, and Uncle Sam's representative finally comprehending the real state of

the case, would thrust out one of his feet and tap it three or four times with his hand, each time exclaiming, "Boots, boots, boots! do you understand? I want them boots." And so it went on to the intense aggravation of all parties except myself, whom it greatly amused.

These instances are only a few among a multitude that have come under my notice, and are perpetually occurring. If one wishes to see crude human nature, let him travel, and he will be sure to meet with it under a thousand aspects. Few persons on their journeyings care to conceal their own peculiar temperaments. Many are unable to do so from their weakness and want of self-control. Many are too selfish; some have not sufficient tact or judgment. The great majority feel that they are for a time free and independent, and can safely cut loose from the ordinary social restraints of home, even though by so doing they seriously vex and incommode others. There should be a certain philosophy of travelling, as of everything else; a certain *savoir faire*, arising not only from knowledge of the world, but from a sense of what is due to ourselves as well as those around us. Yet in spite of all discomforts that we encounter, there is great strength in a cheerful frame of mind; and he is the wisest, and at the same time the most fortunate of travellers, who can enjoy to the full the humorous elements of every disaster, and shake off every lighter annoyance with a hearty laugh.

CHAPTER XIV.

RAVENNA.

IN this quaint, fantastic, incongruous old town, a sort of ancient ark among cities, cast upon the shores of the present from the vast ocean of the past, one finds himself brought into closer connection with antiquity than at almost any other place in Italy. It is now little frequented by strangers, though there are very few localities that offer a greater variety of attraction, at least to those voyagers who do not journey merely from a morbid desire to murder time. Historically, the name of Ravenna is deeply suggestive to every reader. It was the capital of the Western Empire in those days when the brutal inundation of northern barbarism swept over Italy, and Huns and Vandals bore fire, famine, and slaughter up to the walls of Rome. Subsequently it became the seat of the Gothic and Longobardic kings, and the capital of the Greek Exarchs. Within its walls repose the remains of the children of Theodosius, and here is the superb mausoleum of the Empress Galla Placidia, mother of Valentinian III. Here are richly carved sarcophagi still containing the faint, thin, mortal dust

of ancient Cæsars, the only ones of all Italy, from the first of that name to the last, who have been allowed to rest undisturbed in their graves. Just without the walls is the sepulchre of Theodoric, king of the Goths, a magnificent monument of the art of his day, and as well preserved as when his body was placed in it. Here the traveller finds churches hoary with antiquity, and still resplendent with the bright mosaics — madonnas and saints, martyrs and bishops, apostles and patriarchs — with which the piety of the builders covered their walls in the earliest ages of Christianity. Here are grand basilicas, part of them nearly fifteen centuries old, still preserving uninjured the elegantly carved marbles and lofty columns that adorned them, when some pope with a long train of archbishops consecrated them to the services of religion. The ramparts of Ravenna yet retain the marks of the breaches made in them by the fierce swarms from the northern hive that desolated the land in far distant ages, and crumbling brick-work and mounds of rubbish still show where Belisarius planted his engines in his famous siege and capture of the rebellious city.

To Ravenna came Dante, when banished from ungrateful Florence by intolerant faction. Here he died, and here his bones repose. "*Qui nunquam quievit, quiescit; tace,*" might well be his epitaph. In the suburbs of Ravenna begins that vast and venerable forest of mighty pines, which for centuries

supplied the "great ammirals" of Rome and Venice with masts and spars ; that "Pineta," replete with classic and poetic interest, whose praises were sung by Dante and Boccaccio, Dryden and Byron. In its secluded glades and far reaching gloomy vistas, "the world-worn Dante" communed with his own genius in sacred silence, and from these haunts of Nature drew a sombre comfort for the wrongs, many and undeserved, that he was suffering at the hands of his race. And even now, as we linger along these lonely and verdant aisles, the image of the sad poet still seems to attend us. We behold him walking with meditative stride ; standing statue-like and silent ; or perchance sitting with downcast eyes, as if pressed to earth by the heavy burden of his sorrow. So when in Florence was he wont to sit on the "*Sasso di Dante*," and look upon the masterpiece of Brunelleschi, fit symbol of his own genius, which was to go on conquering and to conquer, till, like that peerless dome, it was to tower aloft in its grandeur, and surpass the mightiness of emperors in its fame. In every thicket we see his furrowed face, — earnest in its rugged grief, and grimly confiding in the assured justice of future ages, — still vitalizing with its melancholy life those abodes of deathly stillness which he once frequented.

Disconsolate poet, thou art ever with us, and to thy genius there is no earthly bourn. Thy woes unnumbered are our own. We, too, have been the scorn of man, and yet think it well to suffer mar-

tyrdom with thee. We, too, have felt "the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely," and from thee have absorbed that vital strength which in thee was proof against the wrath of earth. In thy genius is still that lusty vigor which ever waxed more valiant in fight, and "turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Yea, "which through faith has subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, and stopped the mouths of lions." We, too, have entered the gates of hell through thy long-suffering, and mounted by its steep gradations to that heaven where thy own soul now enjoys its boundless inheritance. Thy people have become our people, and the creations of thy brain are the realities of our world. Ever vividly are with us "Farinata, lifting his haughty and tranquil brow from his couch of everlasting fire, the lion-like repose of Sordello, and the light which shone from the celestial smile of Beatrice." Under the dumb shadow of these mighty pines, they pass before us in long procession, and we linger, till the mild eye of the evening star draws them away far beyond the sunset. And now, though the nights darken about them, these ancient and trusty friends of thine, rough with abraded years, true to their glorious lineage, still stand "erect and tall, God-like erect." Proud, sturdy, unconciliating, they still press on into the future, as if inheriting from thee that indomitable soul which bore thee on to undying fame. May it long be our benefit by the austere lesson they teach.

This has not been lost in our day ; from the lips of these woody counselors Byron drew many an inspiration, and in their presence even he, caviler and skeptic though he was, was drawn inevitably from earth to heaven, and meditated deeply on the great hereafter.

In Ravenna Byron lived for more than two years, and here he wrote many of his most famous and ablest works. Under the walls of Ravenna in 1512 was fought the fearful battle of that name which left 20,000 men dead on the field ; in which Leo X., then Cardinal de Medici, Ariosto, Chevalier Bayard, the Constable de Montmorency, and many other distinguished characters participated, and in which fell the heroic De Foix in a bloody combat,—

“ Where perished in his fame the hero-boy
Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
For human vanity.”

The spot where he perished is commemorated by a sculptured column that yet stands by the side of the way. It is covered with inscriptions, and surrounded by cypress-trees. It is well preserved, and the space around it is neatly and cleanly kept. Whatever may have been its condition when Byron wrote his well-known lines, it is now regarded with reverence, or at least appears to be so, and the eye is no longer offended with the “human filth” that he speaks of as “defiling” the column in his day.

It will thus be seen how richly interesting is Ravenna to the antiquarian and the poet, to the his-

torian and the scholar. It is like a costly heir-loom, carefully handed down from generation to generation and from century to century, while each and every inheritor has done his utmost to adorn it with whatever could render it still more precious and significant to those who were to come after. And yet in spite of all these attractions, which ought, it would seem, to render it an object of the deepest interest to every voyager and a great centre of resort, but few modern travellers pass within its massive and rusty walls, and seldom do its solitary streets echo to the footfall of any but its own forlorn, scanty, and antiquated population. To be sure, the scenery around it is unattractive to the ordinary tourist, and those who care solely for the beauties of Nature will not find much to interest them. It lies in the midst of a broad and unbounded morass, extending, till it meets the horizon, in almost every direction. This is covered with a coarse tangle of worthless herbage and tall weeds, and intersected with ditches full of black mud. These are for months white with thousands upon thousands of the most spotless water-lilies; and yet, beautiful as they are, and suggestive of the graces of heaven springing from the grossness of earth, of life triumphant in death, of purity of soul soaring untainted above the dark corruption that would gladly draw it to its own unhallowed influences, even they fail to hide the dreary and lugubrious monotony of a scene in which they are the only

gracious and enlivening feature. A few years ago, Ravenna was yet more inaccessible than it is now, and consequently, if possible, more isolated from the world. Then there was no railroad, and those who visited it were drawn there, like prisoners on a hurdle to the place of execution, in slow, heavy, lumbering diligences, invariably instruments of torture ; in winter movable racks, in summer gridirons of St. Lawrence ; creaking, groaning, disjointed, "on fire within ;" ambulances on their way to purgatory, slow but fatally sure ; noisy, muddy, dirty ; drawn by pale horses with ribs like those of the phantom ship, and tied to the rack by knotted ropes, driven by a coarse and boorish hangman, who now searched out every raw and tender spot on their lean frames with stinging cracks, and then scorched the ears of his passengers with vindictive and piercing blasts from his horn that spoke of horrors to come more dreadful than any in the past. But now all these are supplanted by the pleasing comforts of the railway, and Mephistopheles has driven his gaunt and scraggy team into the Pope's dominions, where he and they will be enjoyed and appreciated, and only there in this age. The cars from Bologna glide swiftly past the cenotaph of Gaston de Foix, the mausoleum of Theodoric, and the queer, old-fashioned boats with many-colored sails covered with suns, stars, and images of the Madonna, that come up the canal from the Adriatic ; while the whistle of the locomotive sounds shrill and loud

over the city of tombs, startling the wild boar from his lair in the Pineta, and the gulls on the shore of the Adriatic. Thus strangely and prominently are the new and the old brought face to face in this land of antiquity.

But I fear that the mission of Ravenna, like that of many other ancient cities of renown, is forever ended. The fresh young blood of the new world can now no longer be infused into the clogged and curdled veins of the old. It will no more vitalize the sluggish flow of antiquity. The dry bones yet rattle, and the dust of Cæsars and Popes, exarchs and patriarchs, emperors and prætors, still hamper the current. There is no business, no energy, no ambition, and the life of its sparse population, if life it can be called, is merely a vegetable existence. They are born, grow old, and die, and this is the sum of their life. There is but one hotel in the place, and that has but scanty patronage. It is a poor specimen of an inn, and those who resort to Ravenna to enjoy its antiquities must consent to undergo many sacrifices. There have been so few of my countrymen within its walls that on my bill at the *Spada d' Oro* I was designated as "*il Signore Americano*," *par excellence*. I was really somewhat annoyed at the vagrant curiosity with which the people regarded me and watched every motion, as if I belonged to some strange and hitherto undiscovered race, whose habits it was a matter of interest to study, like those of a mastodon or "histrionic

kraken." Lord Byron chose Ravenna for a residence, because he liked to be quiet and unharassed by "pestilent English ; a parcel of staring boobies, who go about gaping and wishing to be at once cheap and magnificent ;" for such was the light in which, as he informs us, he looked upon his admiring and officiously attentive countrymen. I don't doubt that the poet found what he sought, for judging of the past by the present, the city must in his day have been as quiet as the top of the Great Pyramid, and as undisturbed as the summit of Olympus. He remained here over two years, from 1819, and resided partly in a large house near the tomb of Dante, where he spent eight months, and partly at the Palazzo Guiccioli. He lived here more decently and with less scandal than at Venice. He liked its society, its retirement, its climate, and the long drives in the Pineta, which were so gratifying to one of his lonely and at times morose temperament. Over the entrance to his residence was placed, many years ago, a tablet commemorating the fact. This simple slab was replaced in 1860 by one larger and bearing a more pompous inscription. It is interesting as an illustration of that vanity which leads unknown and weak-minded men to set their names before the world by the aid of those whom genius has rendered illustrious. There are many instances of this kind to be found in Europe. The present marble block bears the following words in Italian: "Lord Byron, the splendor of the nine-

teenth century and poet of our glories in the unsurpassable "Childe Harold," on the 10th of June, 1819, chose this house for his residence because of its vicinity to the tomb of Dante Alighieri. He dwelt here eight months, unable to separate himself from the immortal founder of Italian independence, and the beautiful and unique Pineta. *Giuseppe Zirardin* from Paris, having been conducted to the envied seat of the Exarchs, rejoicing to touch the walls within which he first saw the light, and proud of the caresses lavished on him, when a boy, by the great friend of Italy and of liberty, lovingly placed here this memorial on the 20th of October, 1860." Of all which the object of the writer doubtless was to let the world know as far as possible that M. Giuseppe Zirardin, whose name is placed conspicuously between the two paragraphs into which the inscription is divided, was born in the house where Byron lived, had been patted on the head by the noble and famous poet, and had left the distinguished position in Paris to which he had been exalted, and come all the way back to Ravenna to post these facts up in big gilt letters on the front of the edifice.

There are yet quite a number of people in Italy who remember Lord Byron, several of whom I met at Ravenna. At Venice I saw an Englishman who was at school with him at Harrow; and in the Armenian Convent near Venice, where Byron was in the habit of going to study the Armenian lan-

guage, I had some conversation with an aged monk who was there when the poet frequented it. He seems to have left an agreeable impression upon all Italians with whom he came in contact. They admired both his beauty and his fascinating manners, and to judge from their language in regard to him now, no one could be more winning in his address, when he chose to be so. They all spoke of his eyes as possessing peculiar power and depth of expression. But of all those with whom I have lately conversed in regard to him, none pleased me more than a friend of his, of whom he speaks in one of his letters printed in Moore's "Life" of the poet. "June 6, 1819, I stayed two days at Ferrara, and was much pleased with the Count Mosti, and the little the shortness of the time permitted me to see of his family. I went to his *conversazione*, which is very far superior to anything of the kind at Venice, — the women almost all young, several pretty — and the men courteous and cleanly. The lady of the mansion, who is young and lately married, appeared very pretty by candle-light — I did not see her by day, — pleasing in her manners, and very lady-like, or thorough-bred, as we call it in England — a kind of thing which reminds one of a racer, an antelope, or an Italian greyhound. She seems very fond of her husband, who is amiable and accomplished." There is more in Byron's letter to the same purport, but I have quoted enough to designate the lady of whom I write. She is now living

at Ferrara, and having a letter of introduction I called upon her, when in that town. I was received with great kindness and hospitality. She is a charming person, and though now somewhat past three-score, still lives to show the truth of Byron's description, as pleasing, lady-like, and thorough-bred. She was married at the early age of sixteen, and was not yet seventeen when the poet saw her. She is extremely well preserved, and though so much in debt to years, could easily lay claim to a deduction of at least one decade, were it not for the poet's ungallant record. Somewhat *petite* in size, with bright eyes that seem to flash with the fire of intelligence, and a lively gayety of manner, her air is extremely attractive. The traces of former beauty are yet conspicuous, and in conversation are heightened by a *piquant* and animated style that is very entertaining. She has been much in fashionable society, both in and out of Italy, and is still fitted to adorn it, both from her own graces of person and that knowledge of the world, that thorough *savoir faire*, which tact and long experience alone can give.

The Count Mosti has been many years dead, but the Countess yet resides at the family chateau in elegance and comfort. She had much to say of Lord Byron, and remembered him with great clearness. He was twice at her receptions in 1819, having brought letters from Count Mengaldo of Venice. The impression he made upon her was

very strong, and she spoke especially of his fascinating and meaning eyes, which, like Napoleon's, appeared to those upon whom they rested to convey a world of expression. His lips were full and somewhat gross, much more so, she said, than his portraits represent him. His nose was of classic form and finely outlined. His hair was a little curled and brushed far back from his forehead. He was fastidious in his dress, which was in the height of the style of that day. His cravat was low and displayed a white and beautiful neck, of which he seemed proud. He talked with fluency in excellent Italian, with that Venetian pronunciation which he praises so highly in Beppo. His voice was low and musical, and the tones sweet and soft. His words were spoken with a sort of languishing air that was very attractive, and especially so to women. The flow of thought was full and free, though he never spoke in a poetical vein, but appeared to prefer ordinary subjects. As to his lameness, he was extremely sensitive. When he sat, he covered the unfortunate limb with his well one; and when he was obliged to rise from his chair for any purpose, he would go all round the room, though really at a very short distance from the point he wished to reach, in order to keep his defective leg always turned from those present. He was quite attentive to his hostess, and evidently felt a deep and permanent interest in her; for though she never saw him again after he left Ferrara, yet he tendered to her

many kind civilities, and the Countess showed me a copy of Moore's "Lalla Rookh" with his autograph on the fly-leaf, which Byron afterwards sent her with a note expressing his regard. Among other matters of interest, she informed me that the cross of the Legion of Honor which Byron took from the breast of a dead officer on the field of Waterloo, he afterwards gave to Count Mengaldo, his friend above mentioned, to whom she was indebted for his acquaintance. The Count, when afterwards presented at the Court of Louis XVIII., offered it to that monarch, relating to him the circumstances through which it came into his hands. The King at once returned it with the complimentary remark that he was worthy to wear it. Count Mengaldo still retains the poet's gift. Upon my asking the Countess if she knew Byron's friend, La Guiccioli, with whom he passed so many happy years, she replied that she did, and I was amused at her true woman's answer to my inquiry as to her beauty and fascination and what she thought of them: "*Oh così così!*" — "Oh, so so." She informed me, which I presume most of my readers know, that the Countess Guiccioli is now living at Paris in advanced years, having just lost her second husband, the Imperial Senator and Marquis de Boissy, who was so well known for his aggravating wit and exaggerated and amusing Anglophobia. The Guiccioli family still inhabit the old palace in which Byron dwelt. At my visit I found but few relics of the poet,

though it seemed still to bear the marks of his presence in its neatness, the comfort of its interior, the large size of its windows, which let in a flood of sunlight, its blinds and curtains, and the clean, well-painted front. It appeared like an English house, a grand substantial country mansion, the luxurious residence of "a prosperous gentleman," and more so than anything else I have yet seen in Italy.

The tomb of Dante, the Mecca of so many devoted pilgrims from distant lands, still continues to be frequented by all who resort to Ravenna, and by some as the only great attraction of the place. The union of Italy lately consummated in Venetia, of which Dante, prophet as well as poet, was the ardent advocate, has greatly increased the number of his devotees of late, and so has the discovery in the month of May, 1865, for the first time since his death, of the actual resting-place of his mortal part. His ashes were discovered, after a vigorous search, in a wall at one corner of the church of San Francesco, near which his monument, built by Cardinal Gonzago, has heretofore existed. They were in a rough chest of wood in which they had been concealed by one Fra Antonio Santi at the time when his fanatical persecutors, unwilling that even his remains should rest in the grave, had ordered them to be burnt at the same place with his works. They were identified, not only by two inscriptions on the inside of the box stating that they were the bones

of the poet, — “*Dantis ossa*” — but from the fact that one foot and a few fingers which had been formerly preserved were missing from those now found. These sacred relics, thus fortunately preserved by pious and thoughtful care from the profane desecration of malignant spirits, were exposed to public view for one day in Ravenna, and then solemnly and with reverent tenderness placed in the tomb that had so long been prepared for them. It was an omen of good import. The bones of “the Poet-Sire of Italy,” dissevered for ages, were finally reunited to await the great resurrection. The scattered fragments of the noble land for whose union he yearned and labored, prayed and wrote, have now within a few months from that consummation, been again linked together. Were not the fortunes of the poet and his country indissolubly joined, and was it not the decree of Heaven that so long as a great injustice was unrepaid and a giant wrong unatoned for; that so long as the consecrated ashes of the most deserving of her sons were denied the repose of which bigotry and wickedness had deprived them, so long should the tranquil blessings of union be refused to the whole land? As the magnificent and solemn ceremonial that attended the King of Italy on his entrance into Venice swept slow and stately by with almost supernatural splendor, I could not help thinking of Dante; and as the well known line, “*Per me si va nella città dolente,*” — “Through me they pass into the grieving city,”

—came into my mind, it struck me as oracular in its meaning, and capable of a significance deeper and far different from that which it now bears; and that the poet, with that genius which is merely the mouth-piece of heavenly and exalted truth, had been inspired to write a noble prophecy which only ages should reveal; and that it was largely through him, whose genius working in a thousand forms was to draw a divided nation into one common fate, that, as the crowning glory of all, a final entrance was to be made into that which has so long been emphatically “the grieving city.”

CHAPTER XV.¹

NICE.

HAVING remained in Italy for the space of six months during the past year, and seen much of its people and the working of its institutions, I desire to put on record and bring before my readers, with such impressiveness as I may, my opinion of its inhabitants and their future prospects. When I entered their country, my hope in their behalf rose strong and buoyant, as was natural to one coming from a land where liberal opinions had waxed powerful and flourished in their integrity, till the seed sown on stony soil by the Pilgrims had brought forth a thousand-fold. The hope I then felt has now become a tenacious faith, and it is impossible to repress the conviction that another nation has been born, and already is moving on in the broad stream of prosperity. The truth that was yesterday a restless problem, has to-day grown a

¹ The necessity of devoting a considerable portion of this book to the Great Exhibition, constrained me to omit most of the letters from Italy which formed a portion of my European correspondence. I have, however, ventured to retain, though with apparent want of connection, that result of my southern travels which is embraced in the first two paragraphs of this chapter.

belief burning to be uttered. Italy is no longer a mere crackling infinitude of discrepancies, a broken wreck laden with noble souls scattered over the waves of a tumultuous ocean, confused, aimless, entangled, struggling for an empty life, but a mighty whole, borne on by favoring breezes and already great in its coming strength. Italian unity is hard to realize. But a few years ago it was a diplomatic Will-o'-the-wisp, a theoretic possibility, fascinating, vague, wild, reasoned out in the brains of philosophers and the cabinets of statesmen; it was the prophetic longing of poets, relying upon the future with God-given trust, the despair of patriots, the derision of the world. At the present moment, however weak and inefficient it may thus far have appeared to some, it is an unchangeable fact. I have learned to confide in those truths which great poets have been inspired by Nature to utter for our learning; and I have noticed that those, from Dante to Byron, from Shelley to Mrs. Browning, who have dwelt longest in Italy, who have the most deeply and impartially studied her people and their capacities, have ever expressed themselves the most strongly in their favor. Dante, sad yet hopeful, from the Pisgah-height to which his own genius on untiring wings had borne him, saw the promised land of Italy with a clearness of vision that years did not abate, but rather strengthened; and the fire-words he uttered were flashing from the fever that consumed his soul, while he thought that he was not

in his own life to enjoy that full fruition which he already realized in the eye of the mind. In our own day, or only a half a century ago, Byron mourned in the country of his adoption over glories long decayed, but was hopeful of new triumphs to come. Over her past he cast with abundant profusion the affluence of his genius, and with the fervid sympathy of a true poet consecrated anew to our age those relics of her greatness which time has spared. More than this, in earnest language he expressed his confidence in the Italians of his day, and his trust in their future. "That man," he says, "must be willfully blind or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capabilities*, — the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, — and amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched 'longing after immortality,' — the immortality of independence."

These be brave words, but they are warranted by what has been already done, and my own observation teaches me to believe that they will be matched by brave deeds in the future. Roughly has Italy been scathed, and the iron of misfortune, tyranny, and divided counsels has been driven into her very vitals; but the soil is rich, and the deeper the furrow the more plentiful will be the harvest.

In spite of a thousand distractions, the clash of conflicting interests, the clangor of opposing voices, and the curdling poison of political intrigue, which even now seems to threaten her existence, let America believe that Italy will act well her part, that she has chosen her course, that she will follow it, until she rises above the present difficulties, which are really as naught now that the great victory is gained, and that she deserves our affection, our sympathy, and such aid as one nation of freemen should and may well and honorably tender to another.

At Nice, situated as it is on the confines of Italy, and so lately forming an attractive portion of it, there is naturally much feeling for the mother country still remaining. In spite of the glory of the imperial reign and the protection of "*le grand monarque*," the people have not yet by any means become thoroughly French. It will remain for another generation to effect this, and identify immutably the interests of France and Savoy. And still the Emperor has done much for the spot in a short time, and *les idées Napoléoniennes* are pervading it and cropping out in every direction, as at Chamonix and other towns in this part of his empire. One who had not been here for five years past, would hardly recognize the place. Since that date it has been almost entirely renovated, and is now the very Paris among watering-places. Long ranks of new houses have been erected, and

broad and handsome streets extend towards every point of the compass. The residences are large, and in many instances magnificent. They are villas and palaces on wide and never-ending boulevards. They are not thrust close up to the line of the street, but are approached by a goodly breadth of garden spot, where everything that will grow on any part of the earth's surface flourishes in the most profuse luxuriance. In this delicious climate, the Eden of the vegetable kingdom, the Paradise of the botanist, where "earth consummate lovely smiles," the eye roves unsated over every floral attraction. There the Mexican aloe makes itself a prolific home, and even in the dead of winter sends up its tall candelabrum of blossoms. Orange groves, bending under the weight of their fruit, ornament every garden, slope, and valley. The hills that shelter the town on every side are covered with olive and lemon trees. Palms, in long rows or stately clumps, no more overshadowed by the forty centuries of Egypt, — no longer like crested sentinels guarding the ruins of Palmyra among the many-pillared, wind-driven sand palaces of the desert, — offer their picturesque forms wherever one turns. Now they are splashed by the foam of the loud-resounding sea, and the echo of the waves dies among their leaves; now fashion and frivolity revel round their trunks, and, proud of their ancient lineage, they sigh over the levity of this trifling modern world.

It is natural that a place so full of every sensual charm should every year wax more and more popular, as its varied delights become known. Its situation on a broad bay of the Mediterranean, which on either side in a graceful curve retires towards rocky and distant headlands; its wide beach, with the waves ever rolling in and casting their surges upon the shore; the elegant villas that bound the various promenades, and the magnificent hotels which tower above it; the genial climate, where one hardly sees a rainy day, or feels a chilling blast for a month at a time, and where those woful winds, the *scirocco* and *tramontana*, are alike unknown, all unite to give it an enviable reputation with both sick and well. Invalids are here in numbers, and many prolong their lives for years, who in their own lands would hold them by a short and feeble tenure. The temperature of Nice is the most equable in the world, and the atmosphere combines, in a remarkable degree, the vitalizing energy of a more northerly air with the gentle warmth of a tropical winter. It is dry and bracing, and the sun's rays seem to penetrate the atmosphere through a more subtle medium, than in any other place I have ever visited. This is the only discomfort of the place, for at midday, though the heat is not intense, the sun is really burning to those who are exposed to its direct rays, and it is essential both for health and comfort to carry some protection for the head in the shape of a parasol or

umbrella. Of late years the resort of foreigners to Nice has been great, and many persons of wealth and position have built villas, where they come to spend the winter. The Russians come here in multitudes, and it has always been a favorite residence with the family of their Emperor. Here the heir to the throne met his sad end last winter. Baron Adolphe de Rothschild resides here during the colder months, and many noblemen and wealthy gentlemen from England and France, from Germany and Italy, are always to be met with. It is a sort of universal exchange of nations, the Newport of the world, where the travelling community congregate from every quarter of the habitable globe. During the past season the number of Americans here has been extraordinary, and of the 12,000 strangers who are said to have visited it, they have formed a good portion. As might have been expected it has been very gay, and not only that, but Saratoga-ish and Babylonish. Our fair countrywomen have quite taken the lead in the fashionable riot, and carried everything before them. Such extravagant toilets, showy balls, and dinner parties have never been known here before, and it is said that New York has entirely supported Nice for the last three months.

Many came here merely with the design of passing a week or so on their way to Florence and Rome, but gradually drawn into the vortex of fashionable dissipation, remained during the whole

winter. The maelstrom was by no means quieted by the arrival of our war vessels, the *Colorado*, *Frolic*, *Ticonderoga*, and *Swatara*, which, either separately or together, have visited the neighboring harbor of Villa Franca, and let loose swarms of blue envelopes with attractive contents, naval valentines direct from home, to ravage the hearts of the fair sex. Ball followed ball, and entertainment capped entertainment aship and ashore, until the very spirit of revelry seemed to have broken loose. The officers of the *Colorado* made themselves well known for their liberal hospitality, and the courteous politeness with which they placed themselves and their frigate at the disposal of visitors from every land. From their profuse convivialities, one would infer that they had captured the El Dorado on their passage. Though their kindness was sometimes abused, yet they have the satisfaction of knowing that it was appreciated at its true value, and enjoyed in a gentlemanly way by the more conscientious among their guests. The "Coloradi" were well entertained on land, and I think the countrymen of Farragut and Davis had no reason to be dissatisfied with their reception by their fellow-citizens and *citoyennes* whom they found here. They enjoyed themselves with a zest that only a long voyage can give, and experienced many "a little touch of Harry in the night," that will probably live long in their memories, and the ginger whereof for many a day shall be "hot i' the mouth."

The weekly paper of the place, bearing the seductive title, *La Bien-venue aux Étrangers*," was by no means slow to extend the welcome which its name indicates. It fairly bubbled over with every form of hospitable verbosity, and each stranger of position drew after him a train of epithets as long and glittering as the Milky Way. Its editor, high in the ranks of man-millinery and fashionable giggery, evidently regarded the more imposing adjectives as so many orders with which he was at full liberty to decorate every visitor according to his merits or assumptions. He bestowed them with the same profusion as the Czar and the Sultan at the Great Exhibition, when the "stars in their courses" seemed to rain down upon the Parisians; and Britannia, old, stiff, and seedy as she has become in these days, was constrained to rush forward with her shield and interpose it for the protection of her subjects.

This editorial Jenkins was particularly attentive to the ladies, and whenever a fair *Américaine* appeared in a ravishing toilet, he took infinite pleasure in adorning it still farther with such poetical and odoriferous flowers of rhetoric as he could cull from his well-thumbed dictionary. Perchance my readers may be pleased to see a piece of this celestial *modisterie*, *et le voilà!* rising like Venus from the sea:—

"A Nice bal encore et toujours. Le cercle Masséna donnait sa deuxième grande soirée dansante le lundi 21 février.

Elle était plus brillante encore que la première. Les mêmes noms aristocratiques, qui brillent comme une constellation dans tous les bals d'hiver, figuraient sur la liste des invitées. Ma plume, éreintée comme un cheval de fiacre à trois francs l'heure, ne demande qu'à rentrer à l'écurie. Je ne puis toutefois passer sous silence une toilette unique et divine, que portait l'une des plus charmantes danseuses ; robe en soie rose, avec une queue longue comme un poème épique, garnie de valenciennes, riche et littéralement constellée de cristaux de roche, en festons, en larmes, en arabesques. C'était l'aurore se levant dans une cascade."

As might be expected, this Vanity Fair of the fashionable ranks high in matrimonial strategy, and on a field day brigadier dowagers manœuvre whole regiments of glittering platoons and hollow squares in light marching order, "in perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders." Gamesome youths, *bien gantés*, the *jeunesse dorée*, the Apollo butterflies of Nice, look on applausive and show their mealy wings. There are plumes and epaulettes, flowers and diamonds, feathers and laces, and all the frisky frilligigs of captivating femininity in profusion. There is eye-blackening and face-whitening, powder of gold and powder of glass. There are high-heeled boots and slippers of satin, and still the glittering spectacle goes flashing on in bewitching variety. There are mammas with eligible daughters seeking an available title. There are younger brothers trying to restore exhausted fortunes, or acquire new ones by a lucky marriage. There are *passé* maidens still in Pandora's box cling-

ing fast to Hope, who will surely never abandon them, and scornful old beaux, still waving the standard and crying, "Come and take it." "Sanguine mothers take sweet counsel together, tender alliances are made and broken, hearts are trumps one moment and pass into nameless forgetfulness forevermore the next, and flirtations innumerable crackle, flare up, and vanish like heat lightning. The bachelors of Nice, knights of St. Nicholas, hardened and elderly sinners, rejoicing in their own degradation, and careless of Mrs. Grundy and the verdict of posterity and inflexible Minos, give a ball to spite the world, and all the spinster devotees of St. Catherine rush in a body to heap foul scorn upon the shameless ones. The latter are right, and do well to assert their privileges. The world thinks the better of them for it. Mr. Sprott, the tinker, spoke the truth, — "Stick by your horder, then you 'll be 'spected when you gets into trouble, and not be 'varsally 'espised." They have a good cause and the law on their side. It is better to be an autumn pear than not to pair at all. "Sinful mankind, they were all struck for thee." Shakespeare was correct. "Earthlier happy is the rose distilled," than a prickly old maid forever in the bud, "her true perfection" totally eclipsed by the black clouds of adverse fate, or even as yet a myth, never making his appearance to warm, redden, and expand *avec effusion*. Delays are dangerous. The older the pie, the harder and more indigestible the crust

and the less the heat. The pastry which was tender at twenty, may be hard to assimilate at forty. A lark is very nice in a pie, a buzzard is n't; and when the latter is opened, the birds don't begin to sing. The competition is fearful. Look at the scores of eligible and gushing maidens who wait for some Curtius to leap into the yawning gulf of their affections! The longer they tarry, the wider the chasm. Soon shall come the fated thirty, Erebus, darkness, and a gulf without shore.

Yet forget not the ancient proverb.

"Hasten slowly," said the ancient Roman, and even the victorious African himself may yield. Rush on impetuously, conscious of an aching void, and see how it will turn out. Thus did Dido, Cleopatra, Desdemona, Ophelia, Elizabeth, Corinne, and other unquenchable ones; with what result the Muse of History, grimly smiling, records. There will be doubtless a final victory for the prudent, and the time may come when the longest waiter, cautiously advancing, shall be led by tenacious instinct to the enjoyment of her rights. The vinegar of the great Carthaginian was mighty, even to the rending of giant cliffs; yet truth compels us to admit that more blessed were they who drank it in the less potent form of gentle wine. It is an amiable weakness, this longing after — immortality. In union is strength, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness. The virgin thorn is attractive only when some nightingale sings with his breast against

it. So the world reasons, and even the lightest of all light skirmishers are true to their interests. "Marriage is honorable in all," said the Apostle, and not being married himself he must have known: "for ground in yonder social mill, we rub each other's angles down." It mitigates many an incongruity of temperament, and blunts many a fretful quill, just as boiling mollifies the vindictive claws of the lobster.

"Marriages are made in heaven," says the popular dictum. Of these, however, I know nothing, unless they are referred to by Milton under the form of stars "communicating male and female light,"—and they do say that Mr. Clark, the astronomer, has lately discovered that Sirius has taken unto himself a wife, and has not hesitated even to accuse him of "duplicity" in keeping it so long concealed from the world. Those made in Nice, however, are largely affected by pecuniary considerations, and to that extent have an earthly taint. In her opinions on this subject my friend, Mrs. Worldlywiseman, is perfectly correct. Love was created for Byron and Tennyson to write about, and not for a moment to be practically tested. Social considerations have clipped his wings, and nowadays when asked to fly he replies, "*Il n'y a pas de quoi.*" The French philosopher sagaciously remarked, "*La femme est un puits dont l'homme est le seau.*" He had married a lady with a *dot* of 500,000 francs, and therefore his opinion was worth having, as valu-

able, in fact, as that of Diogenes on tubs. What he said was emphatically true as far as he was concerned; but what comes of lowering an empty bucket into a dry well? Children of the whirlwind; social desolation and mutual reproach, domestic fermentations, heart-burnings, and "inward leaven of all uncharitableness." Said the Preacher, "Marriage without money is as a potato-sprout in a damp cellar; but in an auriferous soil it flourishes like a green bay genealogical tree, and birds of paradise come and dwell in the branches thereof, —

"And there securely build, and there
Securely hatch their young."

Solomon his Song.

Hence Mrs. Worldlywiseman, queening it here in Nice, has obstinately refused to allow her daughter even to speak to the twelfth son of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, though he is descended from Prince Bolofusticalibus, and has the privilege of writing *Hoch Geboren* before his name, and after it too, if he likes. And how could a countrywoman of the practical Franklin have acted more wisely? Said she, as it were through the special inspiration of that great utilitarian, "If you say another word to that young T. and T., I'll take you home to America forthwith. Don't you know he has n't a cent and never will have? I've been looking in the '*Almanac de Gotha*,' and his father has fifteen children." Noble woman! to deny herself the proud honor of a *Hoch Geboren* in her family! Her children shall be

like olive plants around her table — and that for an indefinite period.

Such is the Nicene creed as applied to matrimonial matters, and great have been the complications that arose therefrom during the past winter. Such masculine and feminine scheming and wire-pulling as are the offspring of this earthy philosophy, this Yankee thrift, surely never were visible to mortal eyes before. It has not been without result. A few isolated blocks, drifting about in the social sea, were drawn into a warmer latitude and melted into one liquid union; very cold, very unproductive, but still that union, so gratifying to those enterprising mammas who are anxious for the uncertain future.

CHAPTER XVI.

A YANKEE ALL ABROAD.

AMONG the numerous stately monuments which the ancient Romans left behind them to bear evidence to the world of the magnificence of their reign, the amphitheatres occupy a high rank. Most of the large cities of Italy have one, or the remains thereof, and not a few towns in other parts of the empire are distinguished in the same way. The great size and solidity of these have aided in their preservation to a remarkable degree, and many still keep the greater part of their characteristic features and general form. Had they not been built in the most massive and durable manner, they would not have survived the deadly assaults of the last score of centuries. The plundering raids of remorseless Huns and Visigoths, fire, flood, earthquake, and the rapacity of modern nobles, have all passed over without annihilating them; and any reflecting mind will readily admit that in our degenerate days very few buildings are erected that would have endured one half of what they have, and yet retained one stone upon another. At Nismes and Verona, at Pompeii and Pozzuoli, these structures are wonder-

fully preserved, and excite the admiration of every traveller. The outline of their graceful oval remains entire, and many of their inner decorations are much as they were of old, while not a few of the terraced seats even still retain their integrity, and in some cases the white marble slabs that once covered them. It is easy for the faintest imagination to fill them with a crowd of cruel and applausive Romans, eagerly looking down upon the dying agonies of Christian martyrs, or the fierce howlings and bloody struggles of murdered and starving wild beasts. Of these graphic memorials of Roman character, a small representative is now to be found at Nice. Though not so much unimpaired as some, the walls still exist in their ancient circuit, and from its present state one can have a very fair idea of what it was in its prime. It is at some little distance from the centre of the town, though not too far for a comfortable walk. All classes find it an agreeable resort, and as it is accessible by a good carriage road, even invalids can visit it with but little inconvenience. The views from it are fine, and there are few who do not enjoy a great satisfaction from the sight of its lofty walls and the shade of the refreshing olive and orange groves which surround it, and are even in midwinter bent down by the weight of their abundant fruit.

A few evenings since I was strolling through this ruin with my head full of consuls and purple senators, gladiators and famishing tigers, when I was

suddenly conscious of a voice which was not quite unfamiliar to me. It had a nasal twang, and it came o'er my ear like the raw East upon the Banks of Newfoundland, and savored much of bagpipes. It was *in linguâ vernaculâ*, and thus spoke : —

“ Really, now, you don't mean to say that the old Romans used to set on them seats, do you ? They must have had mighty stout pants ! ”

I turned, and lo ! my Yankee friend who had come abroad for his health, and whom I had met at Terni, Rome, Pompeii, and numerous other places with big circles against their names on the map. He had found a pretty good sized dot against Nice, and accordingly put in here to pass a few days. He was rejoiced to meet me again, for people generally gave him the cold shoulder and made him digest it alone. At Rome some wag, with a remorseless soul and little respect for the abstract merits of the Yankee character, had called him Sir Nasal Twang, the Japanese Ambassador, and by reason of his unfortunate utterance the name had clung to him. He had found few travellers to converse with, and in truth not every one even from Anglo-Saxondom, could understand his remarks. He was delighted to meet with one with whom he could break his enforced silence, and from the copiousness of his conversation, or rather monologue, that followed, I inferred that he had not enjoyed much opportunity of practice for at least a month, which is a long time for one of his race to keep still.

When he had begun, I let him run on without interruption, for the same reason that I should not have tried to dam up the Nile with bulrushes.

“Yes, those old Romans must have found it mighty hard lines when they set down. Why, the seats are as rough as a ploughed field, and as cold as an axehelve on a mornin’ in January. It reminds me of the time when I was a youngster and mother used to maniperlate me. I wa’n’t many years out of the egg, and when she caught me dip-pin’ the cat’s tail in the merlasses jug, or any of them other innocent little amusements of my infancy, she used to try the layin’ on o’ hands, as she said, for my good, without any stint. She used to say it was necessary to strike at the root of the evil, and when she had done so, she used to set me down rather suddenly on a big stone in the back yard, ‘not to get up again till I felt better,’ as she remarked. It was where Sam and me used to crack nuts; it was darned cold and darned rough, and the longer I set, the better I did n’t feel, for there was allers some of the shucks left lyin’ about. By mighty, I don’t believe that stone would ever ha’ hatched, if I had set there till the new meetin’ house was done. Now, mind you, I don’t want to say a word agin mother. She was a good woman, and finished her mission long ago. She always thought she was doin’ her duty, and said it was a outward means of grace. I know she believed so, for she and all the women in our town thought a sight of Parson Pennybeck, and he was

all the time tellin' them they'd orter. He never had any children himself, and so it was natral, I s'pose, that he should like to stir up other peoples'. I heard him say one Sunday in the pulpit, 'Mothers in Israel, you must mould your children with your plastic hands; you must, you mothers, if you would bring them up in the right way.' Perhaps he did n't think there'd be sich a sudden application of his remarks; perhaps he did; but sich a whalin' and a wailin' as there was when them mothers went home! I don't s'pose there ever was sich a outpourin' of the spirit since old New Testament times, or the first days of the Maine liquor law. I don't think there was half sich a screechin' when the innocents was slewed. Solomon said, 'Spare the rod and spile the child.' He was a great gun in our parish, an' they was always a lettin' on him off, cos' he was so heavily loaded that he made a thunderin' big noise, an' there wa'n't no danger of his bustin' neither. I know how I hollered, an' it wa'n't for joy neither, when mother took it into her head to put any of his precepts in practice. I take it, he ought to have had some experience in this matter too, if his children was any way proportioned to the number of his wives, &c. I don't s'pose there ever was a man who had a chance to spile on sich a large scale as he had, except Brigham Young. And my old grandmother used to say the same thing that he did. In the matter o' rods she wa'n't a teetotaller by any means. She went in

for the broadest system o' license you ever see. She belonged to the old school, 'fore the temperance pledge was started, and the more titillation there was inside and out, the better. She got that 'ere sentiment out of his proverbs, and always remembered it, I s'pose, because it was easier than any of the rest of them nuggets o' wisdom to operate with. She 'd look over her horn specs at me in a ogeress way, no matter if I had n't done anythin' more 'n put a toad in the milk-pan to see him swim, and say, 'Tildy, you 're a spilin' that child.' She said that a dozen times a day, if she did once, and jest as often as she said it, I was sure to feel mother layin' on it on in sich a aggravatin' way. I never felt really spilt, though, till she had got done and I was a settin' on them nut-shucks. I did n't know then, however, that I was got up in the style of the ancient Romans. I did n't s'pose they used to set on that sort of stile."

Here he paused to draw breath, and I took advantage of the lull to give him some of my ideas in regard to ancient amphitheatres: the manner in which their seats were covered with white marble, and otherwise elegantly and luxuriously decorated, according to the means of their occupants to pay for them; the awning of rich silk that was spread over the whole broad area to protect the spectators from the rays of the sun; their classification corresponding to their social rank, and many other things relevant to the issue, yet too numerous to

mention on this occasion. To all these he listened with great patience, occasionally interrupting with a look of wonder, and a commentary which often quite disconcerted me by its originality and want of agreement with the place and subject. At length, having said my say, I asked him where he was stopping. He could not pronounce the name of the place, but I finally made out that he was at a neighboring boarding-house, or *pension*, as it is called in French, and did n't much like it. "They call it a *pension*," said he, "but I don't see where it comes in. I've been here a week, and I'd sell my share of it for a squirrel's dinner. There's every sort of thing I don't want, and nothin' I do. If I could only get a dish of baked beans, or a loaf of brown bread, I'd be willin' to fight the sea-serpent. Just look at the sort of bread they have here. The loaves are as long and big, and as dirty too, by Jemima, as the beams in father's barn to home, and when I try to eat 'em, I think they *are* beams. When the pension folks don't want to use 'em, they stand 'em on end in the entry, to kill the boarders I s'pose. When I came down this mornin', I ran against one on 'em and upset it, and that and all the rest fell over onto me, and knocked me flat. Fust time I was ever knocked down by a loaf of bread. I wonder where they bake 'em. In some bowlin' alley, or the bed of a canal, I s'pose. Yesterday we had a meetin' in the parlor of our house. The minister was a Englishman and be-

longed to the Queen's church. It was some kind of Sunday, that I did n't understand. It's very different here from what it is to home. Every Sunday ain't like every other Sunday, but it has some sort of name, and the whole of 'em are a darned sight different from any Sunday I ever saw in America.

"The preachin' wa'n't very powerful because it was read out of a book, and there wa'n't many folks there. I heard some one say afterwards it was for fear of offendin' the prejudices of the natives hereabouts. After the exercises was over the parson came and spoke to me, and asked me where I was from. I told him, and he said he always felt a great interest in our country, especially since the war. He said he and all his friends had been Union men at heart from the beginning, but had n't wanted to speak out 'cos they did n't like to excite the illiberal feelin's of their neighbors. He remarked also that he had heard thousands of Englishmen say the same since the rebellion was put down. 'You know we always hoped you 'd succeed, and did n't doubt you would. You 're our cousins, and came out of the same lines originally, and so of course you orter.' He said this in a smilin' sort of way, and I did n't want to offend him, so I only said I thought our lines had been a great deal harder lately than any his folks had been through. 'You belong to our church, don't you?' said he. 'No, I don't,' said I; 'I belong to the standin' order.' — 'What is that?' said

he. 'Why, don't you know? It's the church that Captain Standish and General Knox belonged to, and that fit so well in the Revolution. It was own cousin to the one that cut King Charles's head off.' — 'I never heard of it,' said he, 'but I s'pose you're familiar with the principles of our creed; you know the Thirty-nine Articles?' — 'When I went to school,' said I, 'there was only two of 'em, and they were taught in Murray's Grammar. I did n't know they had discovered any more. I think it's jest as likely as not, tho', for I never look in the papers without readin' about some new planet they've bin rootin' up, and I think they found enough of 'em already, and if they've set to work on articles, why, I'm glad of it. Which are they,' said I, 'definite or indefinite?' He laughed shortly at first, and seemed to choke. At first I did n't know but he would, and then I did n't know *but* he would. Then he smiled, as if a new idea had slid across his face and polished it, and replied that since the decision in Colenso's case, — at least I believe that was what he said, — he could n't tell.

"'Well,' said I, 'I never knew anything about that man. He ain't in the Bible, and I hain't seen his name among the Presidents of the United States. So it ain't probable that he amounts to much anyway. But,' said I, 'I know one thing' — I was gittin' a little riled talkin' with a Englisher — 'it's jest the way it happens all the time; there's allers somethin' new turnin' up nowadays that I never

heard on. The world's changin' jest like the moon ; 't ain't neither bread nor dough ; it's half possum and half kangaroo, and a man can't tell, when he gets up in the mornin', what 'll turn up afore night. In old times the world was n't always gettin' off the track. It was the same all the year long. Things went on in a highly respectable old way, jest as the earth goes round and round in her orbit now. It was like my old cow Molly. When I am at home and go to fetch her at milkin' time, she is sure as eggs is eggs to be at the bars, switchin' her tail and lookin' down the lane and chewin' her cud like Nebuchadnezzar. But s'posin' every now and then she should stick her tail straight up in the air like a crowbar, and put, peltin' here and there through the bushes and over the rocks like wild-fire, as if the Old Scratch was after her. What should *I* think of *her* ? And s'posin' the earth should spill over the rim some day and go off on a lark with Mars or Neptune, and not come home till mornin' ? What would *you* think of *that* ? But it's jest what they're doin' nowadays all over Christendom. Why, I'd as lieve's live in a balloon !

“ Here I was obliged to stop, and the parson said my views was original and interestin', but this was an age of progress. ‘ Yes,’ said I, ‘ and that's jest it. We're a goin' ahead like a comet, that goes a billion miles a day and then busts. And what does it all come to ? It don't amount to shucks.’ The parson said that man was made to labor, and must

find a proper field for the development, I think he said, of his power. — 'T would n't take more 'n one of his words to make a line of rather stiff poetry, and some on 'em sounded as if they come from the Indian Bible. — 'Work while it is day, for the wise man said, *Vita brevis est.*' I'll take my 'davy he said that, and I remembered it because I used to write it at school for copy. I've written them words forty thousand times, and they ain't always true nuther. I thought I'd let him see that I had had a classical education as well as some other folks. So I added in a austere way, 'Yes, Xerxes the great did die, and so must you and I.' He smiled and said, 'Fine, my friend, though it ain't classic.' — "'T is in my country,' said I, 'though some of this generation say it ain't. It come from the "New England Primer," and that's jest as good classics as a man would want to hail from any day. 'T was fust-rate primin' for the Pilgrims, and the way they fit King Philip shows it. They gave him a fit that he never got over, though p'r'aps you never heard of him. We sacked his Troy and sent him on a mission to t' other world to convert his brethren, if it wa'n't too late. That 'ere book,' said I, growin' big and raisin' my voice like Patrick Henry, 'had a good deal to do with the makin' o' us; more 'n you 'd think, I dare say, or most folks at home either. You English are always talkin' about Plato, and Virgil, and Horace, and all them classics, but they never did as much for you as the authors of the "New England Primer" did for us.'

“I had got so excited,” said he, “that I had to leave off to recover my voice. Whereupon the parson took out a little book. It was bound in black morocco and with his initials in gilt on the cover. Some Dorcas in the Church had made it for him, I’ll bet you. He remarked, ‘I have here a list of subscribers to our church. We are greatly in need of money, and the expenses thus far have been paid by a few kind friends who have been very liberal. What shall I set you down for,’ added he, taking out a pencil with an ivory tip. ‘You may set me down for a darned fool, if I give anything,’ said I. ’Twas mighty rough, I know, and I’ve wished since that I had n’t said so, but I was bilin’ over with rage and didn’t care what I did say. Here he was cooin’ round, to make me support his church, when I don’t belong to it and don’t know nuthin about it. S’posin’ ’t was only another form of the papacy, and Queen Victoria the pope on ’t, perhaps the woman in the Apocalypse, for aught I know. S’posin’ this was so, and I had given him twenty-five cents in currency, what could I ha’ said to the ’postle John, and them that writ the ‘New England Primer,’ if I had ever met either of ’em? An’ how could I ha’ had the face to say anythin’ to Solomon about the good effects o’ his rod, if I’d ever happened to come across him? An’ that ’ere parson a pretendin’ that he was and always had been a Union man at heart! I’d rather by a darned sight ha’ given the money to Queen Victoria, to

help her buy a portrait of Prince Albert, — an' they say she hain't got a good one yet, — than waste it on this feller with his thirty-seven new articles an' his soft sodder."

My friend was proceeding to give further expression to his sentiments in regard to the Church of England and her followers, when he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and went ashore with all sails set. I saw him safely home and then returned to my own quarters, much reflecting on the unique phases of Yankee character in foreign lands. Perhaps the narrative of his woes has bored my readers, but I thought they might possibly endure to the end by reason of the profitable moral to be drawn from them by those who read in the right spirit. If they learn nothing else, they will benefit by a knowledge of the miseries arising from complete ignorance of any language but one's mother tongue, and can at least extract the moral that Theodore Hook brought home from Paris, and which might be carved over the door posts of our Yankee friend: —

"If you go to France,
Be sure and learn the lingo;
If you don't, like me,
You'll repent, by Jingo."

CHAPTER XVII.

MISCHIANZA DI NIZZA.

A FRENCH poetaster, skipping nimbly up to the zenith over a ladder of hexameters, in one of his sputtering fire-works calls Nice "The pearl of watering-places." Very pretty and very Frenchy, doubtless, and correct, as far as it goes. He would have come nearer the truth, however, if he had called it a collection of all kinds of gems. In addition to its other attractions, there is no form of society that is not represented among those who resort to it, from the highest to the lowest. There is wealth and poverty, aristocracy and commonalty, beauty and homeliness, and every other phase and condition, both of mind and body, that human nature assumes on this planet. Kings and princes, poets and divines, generals and statesmen are to be seen in abundance ; and one finds plenty of Mrs. Leo Hunters, Miss Lydia Whites, and other blue belles not yet gone to seed, that are prone to feed them and stroke their sensitive fur the right way : for it is a fact that even Serene Majesties, in their hours of ease, have been known to submit to the blandishments of the fair, and epic poets have at

times displayed a weakness for the poor creature, small beer. One lady, in particular, who comes from our own country, has taken a high stand in this respect, and at least once a week entertains in a queenly way quite a menagerie of lions. She occupies the whole of the first floor of one of the largest hotels, and devotes herself principally to kings, empresses, authors that have reached a second edition, and generals who have gained a great victory. The kings and poets are asked to dinner, the rest are invited to an intellectual feast, more or less Barmecide, in the evening, and make their appearance after the dessert. It will be obvious that her receptions are quite select, and every one will see that too much shrewdness and *savoir faire* cannot be employed in managing such independent and eccentric guests. All the world will at once call to mind the results that followed from letting loose upon society a great traveller, fresh from the Upper Cataracts of the Nile, with no one to mitigate him. And yet our fair countrywoman — I call her this out of regard to the republican simplicity in which my readers have been brought up; she is here called the Queen of the United States — presides over her *salons* with grace and dignity. She rules with despotic grandeur, like a feminine Batty, and has no hesitation in using the veto power guaranteed her by the female constitution. This saves a world of social red-tapeism and circumlocution. “Do you know Mr. —, Madam?” — “No, I do

not ; who is he ? ” comes down like a towering and irresistible extinguisher, and another night’s candle is snuffed out ; such husbandry is apparent in the lofty region where she dwells.

Among other notabilities there has lately been residing at Nice a great poet from the United States. I am sure he must be a great poet, because a friend of mine told me so, who had his information from the imperishable himself ; moreover, I heard a Frenchman speak of him as “ *un célèbre poète Américain.* ” He is not here now, having lately dawned upon another community. I had never heard of him until I came to Nice, and a short time since fell into disgrace from that fact. I will give my readers an account of the matter, that it may be unto them for a portent and a caution to get up their literature, before they frequent this home of the Muses. I was passing along the street “ in a permiscuous way,” one fine winter afternoon, when I met an acquaintance. The weather was delightful, and Nature had nothing the matter with her. She seemed to have adorned herself, as if perfectly reckless in regard to the pecuniary results of her investment. So delicate was the temperature, that a horse was standing up to his neck at the spot where the *cloaca maxima* of Nice empties into the sea ; around him were jocund women, doing the tri-weekly washing of themselves and their able-bodied relatives, while the latter, availing themselves of the situation, were drawing in a net with

only a faint *souppçon* of drapery upon their persons. Everything suggested Paradise and the Homeric age, and I thought of our first "parients" with regret. My friend was in perfect unison with the scene around, and wore lemon-colored gloves and a large bouquet, radiant as if cut from a solar spectre.

"Balm of a thousand flowers," said I in my festive mood, "whither away?"

He smole a smile slightly clouded with contempt, and said, —

"Are you not aware that this is the reception day of B——k, the distinguished American poet?"

"No," said I, "I did not aware it."

"Don't you know him?" added he, slightly backing water.

"I know him not. Good God, betimes remove the means that makes us strangers!" rejoined I in italics, with a tragic air and quoting from the works of "Paradise Lost" by John Milton, that he might see I was not the egregious reptile he took me for.

"You don't mean it, though!" re-rejoined he with a big point of admiration in each eye.

"I never felt meaner in my life," I joined with another re. I was willing to let him know that I could pull up a joke, like the author of the "Last Rose of Summer," on the scaffold, even though my heart was at the root.

"Did you ever read his 'Ode on the Death of Sardanapalus?'" said he.

"No," said I, "never."

“ Or his ‘ Epithalamium on the Last Notes of a Dying Swan ’ ? ”

“ No,” said I, “ never ; and what’s more I never heard of them, or anything else that he ever wrote,” subjoined I, waxing desperate.

“ Well,” suggested he, “ you ought to know him, and it’s a shame you don’t. To-day he is one of our greatest poets. You claim to be a literary man and not know B——k ! Whew ! ”

Here he opened a safety-valve, and let off a cloud of steam. I took advantage of the lull to bring all my guns to bear upon him and fire a whole Dunderberg broadside at once.

“ Now I’ll tell you what it is,” said I : “ I have read from beginning to end the great ‘ Encyclopædia ’ by Mr. Duychinck, the Boanerges of American literature. It contains the names of all the writers that ever flourished on the liberal side of the Atlantic, from Pocahontas down to Phillis Wheatley and the Bloomingdale contributors to the ‘ New York Herald,’ together with a genealogy of each, as complete as that in the first chapter of Matthew. It includes everything they ever wrote, their articles in the newspapers of the period, the sermons they preached, the answers they sent to their invitations to dinner, and the hymns they composed for the funerals of deacons, and other members of sister churches in good standing, whose friends — some people are never satisfied — thought that death was not enough, but wanted to run the thing into the

ground. This list embraces all the stars of the literary heavens, from the largest planet down to the smallest sidereal animalcule visible to the naked eye, and some that can hardly be made out at the present day, even by the great Cambridge reflector. Your friend's name is not among them," concluded I, planting a shot from my heaviest Dahlgren in his vitals. Thereupon I exited, leaving him in possession of the field and the one thousand dewy odors of his bouquet. Was I entitled to the victory, and have the beauty and chivalry of Nice been entertaining a fallen angel unawares? or has the indefatigable and all-embracing Duychinck left out of his Pantheon one name belonging to the sort called immortal?

Nice is often visited by one dignitary of high rank who, in his day, was about as well known in Europe as Bacchus, or Don Juan. I refer to Louis, ex-King of Bavaria, and grandfather of the present *roi fainéant* and *dilettanti* sovereign of that country. He is a venerable sinner, and the snows of eighty winters have done little towards chilling his blood, or leading him to the gates of repentance. This is probably the reason of that deep interest in his welfare which led the Pope to visit him so often during his winter residence in Rome. This veteran Lothario, once not unfamiliar to America as the next friend of Lola Montez, is still as devoted to the fair sex as he ever was, and as fond of dancing, as if he were descended from Terpsichore on the mother's

side. In spite of his age, his love of pleasure is undiminished, and he still accepts every invitation that he receives, which is consistent with ex-royal etiquette, whether to ball, dinner, or supper, nor is he by any means the first to leave. The vigorous old age that comes as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly, one may well admire and reverence; but gray hairs crowned with the faded flowers of fashionable dissipation can only excite contempt. If anything were needed to fill up the measure of an American's disdain of royalty, it is, or should be, the sight of this battered old beau, this decrepit Anacreon, stooping with the weight of fourscore, already feeling his breath thickened and his pulses clogged by the surges that flow from the broad wings of the angel of death, his face sunken and scarred by the exploded craters of a thousand passions, whose fiery lava has eaten out deep wrinkles; and yet, on the verge of the grave, still clinging tenaciously to the muddy dregs of a wasted life, battenning on the foul flesh-pots which remorse ought long ago to have driven him to loathe, haunting ball-rooms like a ghoul, and presenting his withered form at fashionable dinner-parties like the spectre of life-in-death—a spectacle truly hateful to gods and men! And yet I regret to say that there is no lack of people of social distinction here, and Americans too, who gladly give a welcome to this royal excrescence, who bow down to it, kiss the hem of its garment with humble prostration, and bestow upon it a reverence that the well deserving rarely receive.

The King was always rather hard of hearing, and with the progress of years his tympana have not become by any means more sensitive. Now he might "wear a percussion-cap, and be knocked on the head without hearing it snap." This is a great annoyance, as he always had a weakness for talking, and was never known to listen to any one for two consecutive minutes, except upon compulsion. Probably it was this want of practice that made him deaf, as Rogers once kindly remarked of a friend of similar temperament, who suffered from the same defect. When the King was at Munich before his constrained abdication in 1848, he used to walk among his subjects at times, and chat with them in the public gardens and concert rooms. What he said was known to all present, and no one needed to ask his neighbor with bated breath, for his voice was loud, and he scattered his words as liberally as the Sibyl's leaves. One day he spoke to a beautiful Jewess. After a few questions he asked, — "Are you married?"

"*Nein, euer Majestat,*" — "No, your Majesty," was the reply.

Majesty did not hear, but acted as if it did, and pursued its investigations.

"Have you any children?"

"*Nein, euer Majestat,*" was the emphatic response of the ruffled and indignant Susannah.

Unluckily for her the words *nein* — no, and *neun* — nine, have very nearly the same pronounci-

ation. Royalty having heard the last answer, naturally assumed the latter meaning, and looked in majestic wonderment at the lady, who was young and fair. After a moment's pause, it shook its head, and emphatically ejaculating, — "Too many, too many, altogether!" passed on amid the suppressed enthusiasm of the spectators.

This matter of deafness recalls to me a little extract from Dumas' *Mémoires*, though as far as concerns any connection with the subject, it might well be placed on the Committee of Foreign Relations. "'Do you know, Madam, that Chateaubriand is becoming deaf?' said I one day to Madam O'Donnel, a woman of wit. 'Yes,' replied she; 'it is because they have ceased to talk about him.' This was true; during the latter years of Chateaubriand's life there was against him a terrible conspiracy, that of silence." These words come with increased power from their writer's pen, for if any one can speak *ex cathedra* on this subject, it is Dumas. And yet he is only *une idée* more vain than all the rest of his tribe. It is not in their nature to withstand that "terrible conspiracy of silence." The Gallic cock is a spirited bird, but he takes every hour for dawn and crows incessantly. He can rarely discern, for the most part, the difference between sunrise and moonrise, and yet he is continually flapping his wings and piping a childish treble to proclaim to the world that he knows everything. Silence is to him an unfruitful *blague*, and rather than endure it he will

sit on a fence and make a din, just to hear his own voice. This applies especially to modern French authors. They are egotistic to the last degree, and yet their works are often as empty as the whistling wind. Compared with the best writings of other countries, the great majority of them are as an *omelette soufflée* to light and nutritious bread; and though lively and *spirituelle*, they are as ill calculated to satisfy the cravings of a healthy mind as *café au lait*, with the *café* left out, the demands of a tired stomach. Alphonse Karr is residing at Nice now. He has written over thirty books of various sorts, but none of any depth, except of that kind which Christian waded through in the Slough of Despond. One of his earliest and most successful works was entitled "*Ce qu'il y a dans une Bouteille d'Encre.*" This was published many years ago, and M. Karr has been giving the world the sediment of his "ink-bottle" ever since. Lately, having found the Parisian market overstocked, he has turned his attention to gardening. This was a shrewd contrivance on his part, and shows that he understands thoroughly the sort of people that read his works.

The French like novelty, and when Jasmin, the barber-poet, came out of his lathery chrysalis, all the world applauded. "*C'est tout-à-fait français,*" every one cried out with enthusiasm. "What other nation ever produced a barber that could do up one's hair in poetical curl-papers and improvisate an ode

to the glory of *la grande nation*, while he shampooed you?" No one took the trouble to contradict the question, and all humanity rushed to his shop to be frizzled and curled *à l'Apollo*, and buy shaving-paper and trunk-linings of his own composition. Gold crowns and wreaths came rushing in, and busts and statues were voted by a grateful people. And where is he now, and where are his soapy heroics? Ask yesterday's cloud, and it will tell you as well as any one. With this prospect of present grace and great prediction before him, M. Karr very naturally thought that "the gardener-author" was as fair a name as "the barber-poet," and would start a spirit as soon. So he went to Nice, bought a lot of ground, built a house "*d'une simplicité touchante*," and hung up a sign, "Alphonse Karr, *Jardinier*," visible even at the present day to those curious in such matters. The spot is laid out with much taste, and great attention has been paid to the cultivation of rare exotics of every species. In this delicate air almost any product of the vegetable world will grow with luxuriance, and hence along the shady avenues of the *Jardin Karr*, one is not surprised to see the cyclamen flowering profusely in the dead of winter under the palm, or roses and violets springing up at the root of the fragile bamboo. M. Karr soon found that he had not reckoned in vain in his literary speculation, and his mercenary muse is now winning the race in a canter. All the spectators look on with applause and admire the clever-

ness of the victor, except, perhaps, M. Lamartine, who regrets that his talents are not of the same practical cast. Every one goes to visit this thrifty genius in retirement, and most of the visitors buy bouquets at twenty francs a piece to offer to their friends. Many also are sent to Paris, and all pay a handsome profit. It does not often happen that the muse holds so full a *cornucopia* as this, and often it is entirely empty. M. Karr has a shop on the *Rue Masséna*, and there he sets his floral traps in profusion. Lately he has been goading on the appetites of the *blasé* Parisians by an additional stimulus. He has adopted the plan of attaching to his nosegays sundry ribbons of various colors, on which are printed in gold letters divers sententious epigrams, composed by himself. These are styled *guêpes*, or wasps, and are generally taken from a work by this author published some years ago. They certainly deserve this name for their significance and uselessness, if not for their stings. I append a few, to gratify the curiosity of my readers:—

“Tout le monde veut un ami, mais personne ne s'occupe d'en être un.

“De notre temps, après de longues et sanglantes luttes, on a acquis une seule égalité; l'égalité des besoins et des dépenses.

“Il y a deux sortes de passions, — les passions que nous avons, et les passions qui nous ont. On triomphe quelquefois des premières.

“Il n'y a pas beaucoup de riches qui auraient le moyen d'être pauvres.”

These are very concise, and quite in the style

of Rochefoucauld ; in fact, they would be quite perfect if they had any meaning. Notwithstanding, the conceit has proved a success on the banks of the Seine, and it is now considered quite the thing when one is very much in love, to express his infatuation by the offer of a bouquet from Nice, with one of the confectionery squibs of this frothy Solomon dangling from it, like a tipsy Cupid hung up by the heels. I dare say, though, that *la future*, however much she might like to be in the fashion, would quite as soon have the flowers alone, and thus be spared bothering her brains in trying to pick out the stings of M. Karr's wasps. The recipients of his pithy inanities are almost as much to be commiserated as the guests of Warren Hastings. After his return from India, this great statesman maintained a splendid hospitality at Daylesford, and being anxious to show the world how completely the lamb had absorbed the tiger, devoted a large part of his wealthy leisure to literature and the entertainment of literary men. We are informed that at breakfast, every person found at the side of his plate a copy of original verses, composed by his host during the early morning hours, and bearing weighty evidence of his industry, if not of his poetical talent. The muses came in with the mutton, and rhymes with the rolls, but it may be well doubted if the digestion of the guests was improved thereby.

It would be quite useless to give a complete list

of the notabilities who make their home at Nice for a large part of the year. It would be as long as Homer's catalogue of ships. There is Dr. Pascale, who is a practicing physician, fattening both in purse and reputation through the fame that Ruffini gave him years ago as Dr. Antonio. The English are particularly devoted to him, but hardly find him the equal of the novelist's creation. Here is the Duke of Parma, own cousin to the Queen of Spain, who, forced to abdicate his throne like his illustrious ancestor, Charles the Fifth, like him has employed his enforced idleness in the acquisition of time-keepers and watches. Of these he has an enormous number, and spends a large part of the day in the profitable and brilliant occupation of winding them up. If he is led by the results of their movements to the same sagacious reflection that was made by the great Emperor under similar circumstances, it may do some good to posterity, though too late to restore him to his old dominions. Baron Adolphe Rothschild has a villa here and so has Prince Schleswig-Holstein, Sonderbourg-Glucksbourg—it is not true, by the way, that the latter is the bright original of Wilkie Collins' "No Name"—and many other lofty grandees from foreign countries with stunning titles take up their residence here for six months in the year. As a natural consequence, the society of Nice is more aristocratic than that of any other European watering-place, and is considered in the matter of elegance and high breeding to

rank next to that of Paris. Hence admission into its inner circles is eagerly sought by all visitors, and hence comes that general medley, that *Mischianza di Nizza*, which was selected as the title to this chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NICE TO PARIS.

THE distance from Nice to Paris is about 675 miles. Thanks to the excellent management of the French railways, one can do the whole of this long and somewhat tedious journey in twenty-seven hours without interruption. The country through which the route passes after leaving Marseilles, is not by any means interesting, and at the time of my trip was less so than ever, from the fact that a large part was under water, owing to the heavy rains, and the people of many of the villages were living like Egyptian Fellahs during the rise of the Nile. Their existence was frog-ish, hippopotamus-like, and generally amphibious, yet they stood fast by the ancient ways, and did not abandon their houses till the onward march of the gallant Rhone compelled them to retreat to the highlands. This stream is a most obstreperous power, from its source in the Valais to the mouth through which it discharges its dirty and pestilent waters into the Mediterranean. It incessantly maintains an irrepressible conflict with everything and everybody on its shores, and seems animated with a demon of destruction.

Its river-god must be Pluto, and it has done more towards peopling his kingdom than any other river of its size in the world. It has not even the recommendation of picturesque features to offset its ruinous spirit, and does not possess the least attractiveness throughout its whole course. Its banks are low, its waters muddy, and, though they move with rapidity, yet the only image they suggest is that of a drunken canal. They go reeling along on a general smash, like the captain of the *Polly Ann*. The interior of this country ordinarily is not very agreeable to travellers; and after having spent several years in looking for "the sunny vales of France" without success, I have come to the conclusion that they were invented by Lord Macaulay, as a sort of lively image to adorn his captivating poem of Henry IV., spirited and enticing as the snow-white plume of its hero, that flashed over the embattled ranks at Ivry. The only sunny vales I have met with are in the *Bois de Boulogne*, and these possess a suspicious air of having been made to order, to supply a sudden demand for that article in the Parisian market.

Those who have a knack at figures can easily calculate without much exertion, that the time made by the through trains from Nice is excellent, the average being 25 miles an hour, including stoppages. This would be regarded as very fair speed in any country, especially when one takes into the remoteness of the two cities, and the

possibility of delays over so great a space. It would not, perhaps, satisfy the American idea, which is gratified with being hurled on, as if one were drawn by a comet, so that the telegraph poles look like a comb a thousand miles long; but still, it contents the people of this benighted land, who have never heard of anything better. The train consists of only first-class cars, and the price of a ticket is 125 francs, or about \$25 in gold. This amounts to nearly four cents per mile, and is somewhat more than would be paid for a similar trip in the United States. The number of cars was twelve, and it was certainly not a little interesting to notice how they were classified and arranged, in order to provide for the needs and claims of modern travellers. Ten years ago such demands as are now made and granted without a murmur, would have been scouted as extravagant and unreasonable; to-day they are no longer refused, but tacitly acknowledged to be indispensable. Here again American and English gold has exacted from railway officials luxuries which its possessors cannot obtain on any terms in their own countries, and these are even demanded as *sine qua non's* by those who can afford to pay for them. Most of my readers know that the French cars are so constructed that the passengers sit opposite each other, — half riding with their faces, half with their backs, to the engine. Each has three compartments, and in each of these are seats for eight persons. All the decorations and appoint-

ments are comfortable and elegant, and every traveler has a handsome arm-chair, so thickly stuffed and springed, that a roll down an embankment would hardly disconcert him. The forward end of most of the carriages has only one row of seats and is called the *coupé*. The whole front is of plate glass, and offers an unobstructed view in every direction. This apartment is often fitted up with beds for two persons and is then styled a *coupé lit*. It offers as pleasurable a mode of journeying as the most exacting Sybarite could desire, and yet it has many a time been enjoyed by the descendants of the travelers who landed on Plymouth Rock in the dead of winter. I fear, alas! that Nice may prove the Capua of Cape Cod. And yet I don't know why even a pilgrim going in the wrong direction may not empty every possible pea, boiled or not, out of his shoes, and take such comfort as he can snatch on the wing. The arrangement that I have spoken of *supra* is infinitely more healthy and agreeable than our sleeping-cars, those vans of misery, perambulating sardine-boxes, sarcophagi full of nightmare ridden mummies, where after one passenger has done with his breath he passes it over to his next neighbor to be used again, till everybody is breathing great "gouts" of carbonic acid gas, like "a commodity of warm slaves" in a Black Hole. It is of little use, however, to call up the agonies of a night on one of those infernal machines, the more so that the *coupé lit* can hardly be expected to be

used in America, on account of the great space required by each brace of travelling epicures who should wish to use it.

But that is not the only fastidious refinement of modern travel displayed on this exemplary road. There is also a saloon-car, which is really a drawing-room on wheels. It is elegantly furnished with sofas at the sides and a table in the centre, and is frequently engaged by families, or parties, who wish to be together without intrusion from strangers. Another carriage is devoted to the mails, and forms a perambulating post-office, in which the letters are assorted and the bags made up with as much security, as if the whole establishment were anchored to the Pont Neuf. Some cars are provided with smoking facilities, and in others sensitive and unprotected females are allowed to ride without inhaling the tainted breath of that dreadful weed. In fact, so great is the variety of these vehicles that no two are exactly alike in their arrangements, or the uses to which they are devoted. It is both fortunate and necessary that this should be so: fortunate for those who from any cause are constrained to take so long a journey; necessary for the sick, who are forced to resort to southern climates to prolong their lives, and who in many cases would be entirely unable to endure the fatigues of the trip if these comforts were not provided. The number of invalids that pass their winters on the shores of the Mediterranean is very great, and increases every

year. Early as it was at this time for the delicate in health to go north, there were several of those thus afflicted on the train to Paris, and two were brought to the car doors on litters. Later in the season one of these trains must resemble a moving hospital.

Those who have read "Mugby Junction," and luxuriated in the graphic description of the aggravations, mental and bodily, that are caused by railway restaurantism in England ; ruining the constitutions of luckless tourists, and throwing the department of the interior into convulsions, shortening their lives, and scattering the lavish seeds of incurable dyspepsia, and all at a frightful expenditure of money and patience ; those that have done all this will be pleased to learn that the contrast with continental railroads, which Dickens so forcibly presents, is emphatically borne out by the facts as they now exist. On the way from Nicé to Paris the neat and well arranged *buffets* are quite seductive. They are like mile-stones marking the road to the Grand Hotel, as the avenue of amiable sphinxes used to intimate somewhat grimly the way to the Great Pyramid. Mrs. Sniff and her regiment of bandolining young ladies are afar. One finds no "sawdust sandwiches," stinging with mustard, pungently realizing the apples of Sodom, and ravaging the stomach like a lighted fire-work ; no rasping sherry, or port excoriating the vitals ; no "foaming public," no "disdaineous females." The refreshmenting de-

partment is not "a delightful lark," but a fat turkey stuffed with truffles, so that he that runs may cut and come again, and with intense satisfaction. The food is invariably good, and not exorbitant in price; while the liquids, from coffee to wine, are generally what they pretend to be. Their influence is soothing to the stomach and philosophic in its effect upon the mind, and this is saying a great deal in their commendation; for a tour by night is a prolonged torture at best, and one ought to possess a wonderful temper and rude health to endure it with any degree of equanimity. "It is the stomach that rules the world," said Napoleon, — or at least some one said that he said so, which amounts to pretty much the same thing, — and 700 miles of railway strongly incline a man to believe in its truth, whether it is an *idée Napoléonienne* or not. If merit had its reward in this world, the physicians of England would erect a handsome memorial to the proprietress of "the Down Refreshment Room at Mugby Junction," and her bandolining young ladies; but as it is, they have thus far only been gibbeted into a sort of dubious immortality by the pen of a ready writer.

One finds a great difference in various ways between Nice and Paris, and in the matter of climate the March madness of the latter is brought home with great force. It no more rains green pease mingled with showers of roses and orange-blossoms. One can no longer satisfy his craving for dates by

halting under the first palm-tree with his mouth open, till the honeyed nuggets drop upon his palate. Laurel crowns can no more be seen on the tree-tops, and century-plants have ceased to send up their superb candelabra of cream-colored flowers. Paris is in a state of mud. The streets drip with liquid macadam; the sky is covered with clouds, and looks like a huge dun-colored and fearfully leaky umbrella; the trees in the *Champs Elysées* and the boulevards all bear the aspect of gaunt and disheveled nakedness. The sycamores are dangling in the wind the long strings of last year's balls, — the only tribute they can offer to Parisian gayety; while here and there a slight tremor is visible on the ends of the chestnut sprays, or modest and almost imperceptible flower-buds form the *avant-couriers* of the spring graces of the elms. Yet in spite of the blustering lunacy of this natal month, the Exhibition is getting on bravely. Let us take a retrospective view, like Milton of the dawning earth, and briefly chronicle its first estate. It is springing out of the ground, like the beasts when first created, and if they were all made at once and on the same spot, they would have hardly found a more heterogeneous and incongruous menagerie, than that now developing itself in the *Champ de Mars*. Rain and wind, mud and water, offer no obstacle worthy of consideration, when opposed to the imperial will. The irrepressible navy bursts forth on every side, like the swarm of Milton's bees on "their straw-built

citadel," and picks, and pounds, and pegs away, with an industry that would have excited the admiration of Dr. Watts, and which it is a pity he is not here to chronicle. Night and day they never cease, while their "sore task does not divide the Sunday from the week." The rain runs down their backs, and makes a reservoir of each pocket and shoe, but still on they battle, and their efforts will make the Exposition a success. Already the people, who are now deprived of the privilege of admission at a franc a head, which until lately they have enjoyed, cluster round the gates of entrance, like the women at the doors of the Mohammedan Paradise, to snatch such transient glimpses as they may of the glories within. The *badauds* of Paris, "minims of Nature," who wander up and down, to seek a dinner through the town, or like the wife of Bath, "to see, be seen, to tell and gather tales;" incapables in search of a situation; strangers, with a quantity of time on their hands, which they have no means of washing off; and a hundred other classes of idlers, gather and cling here like the ill-fated flies on a "catch 'em alive, O!" and elbow each other, tread on their neighbors' boots, and distribute general and vivacious discomfort all round in pretty much the same style. Gapers are they, and mere ballast to fill the chinks in the great ship of state, and yet they all aid in keeping up the excitement.

We are now just on the verge of the great event of the season, and yet an unprejudiced spectator

can hardly imagine how any degree of order is to be brought, within forty-eight hours, out of the huge confusion that now predominates at the *Champ de Mars*. The general aspect is what I take to have been that of the cemetery at Gettysburg after the battle. The present condition of the Roman forum, or the moon's surface as seen through the Cambridge telescope, is a mere *bagatelle* in comparison. Of course, this is caused by driving every operation up to the highest possible degree of impetus at the last moment. Around the principal entrance is a general maelstrom, and enormous carts, locomotives, carriages, heaps of paving-stones, vast timbers, scaffoldings, iron railings, piles of gravel, *gendarmérie* in cocked hats, swelling officials, lofty dignitaries on horseback, loungers military and civil, all go whirling round and round, distracted and distracting. In front, the bridge of Jena extends across the Seine. All the stones, both in the centre and on the sidewalk, have been taken up in order to repave it for the Emperor's passage at the coming ceremonial. Its appearance now suggests the condition to which the Prussians wished to reduce it, when the allied armies had entered Paris, though the Duke of Wellington saved it for this day. Beyond it rise the slopes of the new and magnificent square, just laid out on the site of the *Trocadéro* and styled the *Place du Roi de Rome*. This they are just clearing from the accumulated heaps of rubbish, the off-spring of the late excavations and mining explosions.

Around the *Champ de Mars* the streets are all being repaved and regraded, and here general confusion reigns supreme. From the entrance of the Park to the door of the great preposterous oval itself, a superb canopy has been nearly completed for the Emperor's *entrée*. It overhangs a broad avenue about 600 feet long, and is supported by tall masts of green and gold. These are crowned with crimson tassels and gilt spear-heads. The cloth forming the awning is of green, liberally sprinkled with gold bees, — the colors being those of the imperial livery, — and looped up at regular intervals by golden cords. From the top of each mast hangs a brilliant pennant, while on either side of the entrance, and terminating each line, is a still more lofty pole, capped with the imperial coat of arms and the eagle of France. The effect of this is both rich and pleasing, and forms an imposing adjunct to the approaching splendors.

They have already begun to place the streamers on the various masts, large and small, that rise from the outer edge of the great building. This adornment is greatly needed, and will add immensely to the effect of the edifice, for it is now heavy and uncouth to the last degree, the very Dagon of buildings, and its dingy coloring increases its ugliness. It consists of five ovals with a common centre, which is occupied as a garden, and reminds one of those eggs which Shanghai hens elaborated in the days of the fowl mania ; when, not having laid anything during

the week, they used to deposit the whole deficit one within another on Sundays, as a peace-offering to outraged and indignant nature. Around the edifice is an architectural *mélange*, calculated to excite the intense admiration of all the groundlings, while it would probably have driven mad Michel Angelo or Sir Christopher Wren. On a rocky promontory in the midst of a sheet of water, each arranged expressly for this purpose, stands a light-house a hundred feet high. It is not made of plaster and painted shingles, but is the real beacon of iron, which is, after the end of the Exhibition, to be erected at some point on the French coast, to show all the world the way to Paris. Opposite this is a handsome Gothic church moderate in size, built substantially of stone, with windows of colored glass, and altogether having the air of intending to stay there for a thousand years. A short distance beyond is the model of a new laundry on a large scale, designed to regenerate all the *blanchisseuses* of France, so comprehensive is its object. Let us hope it may succeed. A little to the left is a military bakery, where crumpets *à la gloire française* are to be cooked and dispensed during the Exhibition. To the right is a stunning windmill with a huge brick tower, and beyond is a building consecrated to *Électro-métallurgie*, probably some new French deity like the image that Nebuchadnezzar, the king, set up for all the world to fall down and worship. The strange and unfamiliar forms peering out of the obscurity, or at times

standing in the full blaze of light, are most peculiar. Egyptian temples and sphinxes, summer-houses and rustic bridges, rushing water and bronze statues, gloomily grand in the dimness; the palace of the Bey of Tunis at the side of a cracker-bakery from Boston; the enormous copper dome of the new opera house next to the building of the missionary society of the Church of England; a gigantic filtering machine in friendly rivalry with a towering column crowned with an angel; bronze lions and lofty light-houses; a row of peasants' cottages from Russia in pleasing harmony with a school-house from Chicago, both of nice white pine, — these are some of the peculiar contrasts offered to the visitor, and they are certainly unique; they are especially so at night, when they are scattered about in great mysterious masses of light and shade, and the eye embracing only a small portion at a time is thus unable to prepare itself for the different phases of this strange panorama, as it peeps out at every turn of the various meandering paths. From every direction, of course, appears the great edifice itself; the upper part a massive wall of iron, far-reaching till its curve vanishes on either hand in the distance, and at its summit shutting out the stars like the earth's horizon; the lower defined by an interminable line of large glittering glass globes, pendent, as if "by subtle magic."

The Park is acquiring a great degree of beauty, and that really artistic and tasteful. The water has

not yet been let on, to be sure, and the meandering streams and picturesque lakes stand out in all their barren nakedness. The craggy rock-work seems to scowl at the empty basins beneath it, black and covered with bitumen, and even the light-house looks indignant, as though it felt itself to be out of its element, rising, as it does, from a crag, obviously artificial, and with base humankind, navvies, and such, digging around it, where they ought not to be, if it had its rights. The rest of the Park scenery, and especially in the reserved garden, however, is making magnificent progress. The green turf slopes and spreads luxuriantly in every direction. Clumps of trees and shrubs, of all ages and sizes, have been carefully transplanted with their roots unclipped, and arranged in the most attractive forms. On the shores of the ponds and streams, springing from nooks and crannies in the rock-work, lining the curves of circling paths with the thickness of their dense foliage and already gay flowers, holly and arbor-vitæ, rhododendrons and magnolias, and hundreds of others are everywhere conspicuous, adding the resistless charms of Nature to the grosser handiwork of man. This is invariably one great merit of every French exhibition, that they never think it to be complete, unless they increase its charms by the employment of all the attractions which they can obtain from the vegetable world. And their taste in the arrangement of trees and flowers is so universally acknowledged, that every one yields to it without

dispute. Even a cattle-show is adorned with the elegance and taste of a ball-room, and the very animals seem to be elevated into a sort of human aspect by one's sympathy with their surroundings. Thus much does the retrospective eye perceive on this 28th day of March, 1867. Who can tell what shall befall? The newspaperial Cassandra of that day felt constrained to prophesy, and confided ink to paper in the following characters. Let my readers decide for themselves how far they have proved true.

“Grand as is this whole project, however, in its original inception, and magnificent as were the pretensions to rejuvenate and reform all humanity set forth in the bulletins that announced it to the world, these seem to be to a certain extent shorn of their proportions, as the reality begins to dawn out of the fog and verbiage that always nowadays precede great undertakings. There is much now apparent which is quite obviously ‘of the earth, earthy,’ and totally inconsistent with the broad and magnanimous plans laid down in the Napoleonic programme. The Imperial Commission have shown but little tendency toward liberality in money matters, and in fact have demeaned themselves like perfect Shylocks in this respect. Many people who have been drawn into this great French whirlpool, and are now swimming round and round in hopeless confusion, vainly attempting to extricate themselves with profit or advantage, are indignant. They do not

hesitate, in short, to denounce the whole thing as a vast job, conceived in rapacity and brought forth in avarice ; that instead of ameliorating the entire human race from Nova Zembla to Patagonia, it will only, as it now would seem to have been originally designed, bring money into the national coffers, fill the pockets of the grasping Parisians, and demoralize the exhibitors. It now appears that nothing is to be had for nothing. I do not speak of various petty meannesses : such as compelling the exhibitors to pay for their privileges ; farming out everything in the building, even the chairs and tables, at so much per head ; granting all the advertising to contractors at enormous profits, or of their illiberality towards the press, but I will merely specify one instance. My readers may have heard of a grand and stupendous club, or *Cercle National*, in the *Champ de Mars*, which the Imperial Commission, in the greatness of their magnanimity, had provided for the use of the commissioners and exhibitors from other countries. In this philanthropic edifice men were to concentrate from the ends of the earth, and argue, expatiate, and confer upon all sorts of plans for the advantage of the race ; China was to shake hands with Peru ; Japan, oblivious of the woes of her first ambassadors at the hands of the New Yorkers, was to *kow-tow* to America ; and London bulls and bears were to discuss political economy and financial reforms with Australian kangaroos and Egyptian crocodiles. Such an imperial love-

feast and huge mosaic of terrestrial beneficence was this to be. It now appears that the Imperial Commission saw through and beyond all this, and designed the whole thing under a sort of greedy hypothesis as to future gains. One hundred francs is the price now demanded for taking an effective part in this world's display of love and good will, this universal fraternization of conflicting interests, this polyglot Babel of mutual philanthropy. Perhaps the spectacle will be worth it, perhaps it won't, but now the prospect looks cranky. There has been in past times some pretty tall swearing on and around the *Champ de Mars*, notably in the year 1790, when 400,000 Frenchmen, under the delusion that they had secured a permanent Constitution, capered here and there, each showering upon the other a tender and piquant "*je le jure*" sandwiched between two kisses of peace, as if they had been bitten by a swearing tarantula, and the Star of Bethlehem seemed about to send down its beneficent rays again; but all this was nothing to the swearing which can be heard in that vicinity nowadays. Is this prophetic of a repetition of the old performance? In 1790 everything was shiny, like Mr. Pecksniff's forehead, with the prospect of peace, from Boulogne to Marseilles; and yet in spite of their fraternal oaths, within a year they were cutting each other's throats in every direction. Swearing don't amount to much in the end, and it is more profitable to keep the third commandment inviolate.

Though one hears a deal of it in Anglo-Saxondom, and Figaro says, '*Avec God-dam, en Angleterre, on ne manque de rien nulle part,*' yet there is a healthy doubt in certain quarters as to its profit. With all thy gettings get wisdom, but it is n't 'got with swearing,' like Prince Hal's purse of gold. At this moment, while the buss of peace is perambulating this city, and all the world are preparing to sing Hallelujah in fifty different languages, outside the sacred precincts, they are beginning to cry, 'To your tents, O Israel!' and all over Europe the nations are manufacturing needle-guns and every other means for shortening the lives of the surplus population that human ingenuity can devise. Since 1851 we have had six or seven great exhibitions and as many wars, and people very naturally begin to ask whether they stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. Many express a hope that this will be the last, the more so that it appears to be the forerunner of a general European military deluge. '*Quousque tandem, Catilina!*'

"The Temple of Janus is never closed nowadays. Its doors always stand ajar to let Mars creep out. The god looks on with forward and reverted eyes, and adapts himself to circumstances. In one hand he holds a gushing cornucopia, in the other the vial of the seventh angel, and he shakes the last with as much *aplomb* as the first, just as of old. Mr. Facing-both-ways has not yet reached the Heavenly City, and let the earth have peace or war, is still

looking out. The world is yet a very Caliban, 'a most delicate monster,' with two voices. His forward voice is to chant Melibœan bucolics and georgics never so babbling o' green fields; his backward voice is to sound a fierce strain of *arma virumque* and *renovare dolorem*. This seems the inevitable fate of man. Emperors may proclaim '*L'empire, c'est la paix*;' but matter-of-fact History, carefully recording the suggestive words, has written against them in the margin, with many dubious shakes of the head, Sebastopol, Solferino, Mexico, and other equally pregnant comments. There will probably be more to come. This, I suppose, however, is the state of man, and we must strive therewith to be content. 'Whatsoever is sold in the shambles, that eat, asking no questions for conscience' sake.' To-day we play with mamnets and tilt with lips; to-morrow we must have bloody noses and cracked crowns. To-day we flirt with foreign commissioners with much lofty fol-de-rol, profound salaaming, and distinguished consideration; to-morrow, after a little diplomatic telegraphing and hypocrisy of skirmishing, we pick out a suitable spot, meet thereon, *con* anything but *amore*, slaughter, gash, and butcher each other like Mohawks and gladiators, from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, with shouts that tear hell's concave. It is not much more than ten years since the English broadbrims sent their condensed wisdom to the Emperor of all the Russias, and they were introduced to 'my wife,' amid much soft melodious tweedledeeing and swearing of the

high contracting parties that there should be war no more. And here again, what did this imperial and promising *juramentum* amount to? On his part it was a morganatic arrangement altogether, and the consequences thereof have never been acknowledged. It was taken with a reservation to be subsequently extended. Nicholas knew as well as ancient Pistol that 'oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes, and holdfast is the only dog, my duck.' And if he did n't hold fast, as Cerberus himself, no one ever did. I may perhaps be mistaken, and the world may since that time merely have been settling a few outstanding differences preparatory to gravitating into a universal millennium, but I have my doubts. At this moment, though one survey the whole political horizon never so carefully, he cannot distinguish a single locality where the lion and the lamb are likely to lie down together. 'Let us hope for the best,' is a very useful platitude, and quite a convenient relief for one who has no other response to make. It certainly is not likely to grow rusty from want of use. Everybody can say it now with a certain relief, and then relapse into apathetic fatalism, although not without tremor, in face of the facts that Prussia has now eight hundred thousand needle-guns, those unfailing *argumenta ad hominem* of Count Bismark, and France and the rest of Europe over a million more. 'But for these vile guns,' there might be a chance of peace; but one can hardly expect that two millions of them will long remain idle."

CHAPTER XIX.

LA CUISINE RUSSE.

I DO not know whether all the caterers who are in the habit of providing for the public stomach have been reading "Mugby Junction," or not, but certainly the "refreshment department" of every nation, as exhibited at the *Champ de Mars*, seems to be a success. It may be personal interest, it may be pride, it may be the abundant competition that appears in every direction, but the outer circle of the Palace, in which all the restaurants are located, the digestive zone of this new world, is extremely popular and well patronized. A broad belt of eaters and drinkers extends all round the building, and here, at almost every hour in the day, from ten in the morning till six at night, can be seen any number of gayly-dressed, chatty, and, withal, rather tired people, drinking beer in various styles, according to their preferences, eating sandwiches or more elaborate dishes, and preparing their forces for a fresh attack on the great museum around them. Some of these establishments are most elegantly and showily got up, and the English and Australian restaurants really dazzle the eye with their display of mirrors,

paintings, gilding, flags, and glass ware. Others are less pretentious, but all manage to have some attraction that secures the public support. In front of each is a walk of solid bitumen twenty feet wide. Over this is the veranda, or outer roof of glass and iron, that surrounds the structure and forms a projecting edge of that width. On days decently pleasant the customers generally prefer to sit outside, and plenty of chairs and tables are placed for their accommodation.

Since his arrival in Paris, the Prince of Wales has been devoting himself to this department of the Exhibition with a conscientious thoroughness worthy of his father. There are many precedents for this course in his family, and in England, as in law, everything goes by that. Monday he dined at one of the English establishments; a day or two after he meditated over a national beverage in the American restaurant; day before yesterday he breakfasted for two hours in the Russian with the Grand Duchess Marie, sister of the Czar; and yesterday, coming to a model house belonging to the Austrian department, I saw a great crowd before it and asked the cause; the reply given was that the *Kronprinz* of England was feeding there. These all succeed each other in nearly regular order, and it is probable that H. R. H. is designing to make the round of the whole building if he has sufficient time during his stay here. While passing our section a short time since, I saw the gallant Prince in the act of sucking

the life-blood out of a sherry-cobbler. He looked seedy, — *blasé*, “the wise it call,” — had the vacant and pensive air of an empty pocket, and was doubtless thinking he saw his father, or at least his “aunt.” I called to mind his heroic predecessor before the walls of Harfleur, and made a mental note of the change that has taken place since the fifteenth century in the royal style of advancing “once more unto the breach.” Evidently, in spite of his high lineage, the beneficent influence of the republican institutions of our country was not altogether lost upon this promising heir to a limited monarchy, and it would not be strange if, under his government, it would become more “limited” than ever before. The “nest of consecrated cobblers” have added another convert to their principles. H. R. H. looked as if he felt cordially disposed towards the liquid radical; in fact, warm-blooded animals like him often have that sensation. His benignity seemed to extend even to “the oaten flute” through which the spirit-stirring melody was absorbed into his royal system. There was only one feeling among our countrymen and countrywomen who stood admiringly around while he thus sacrificed himself on the altar of freedom; it was “Let me kiss him for his mother.” Young England is much more portly than when in America, and both in shape and features grows every day more and more like his ancestral Georges. He is spending a fortnight here to recruit his health, which has been somewhat

shattered by his unwearied devotion to his sick wife. If princes will persist in watching whole nights at the bedside of their consorts, and assiduously preparing the necessary medicines, they must expect the same results that follow when less exalted husbands do the same thing, — that is, *when* they do.

This part of the great X. is very much like the zodiac; and we rove from one sign to another, like the sun stopping for a period of considerable length with Taurus, who is old and tough, dallying with Pisces merely because etiquette requires it, and devoting the smallest possible point of time to Aquarius, whose effects here in Paris are fearful, putting the whole internal economy into a state of dissolution, as every foreigner who has been here knows. It is in the English department, whose long range embraces Leo, Virgo, and Sagittarius, that the visitor finds the greatest obliquity in his ecliptic. Here are the strongest liquors, and the most fascinating Hebes to dispense them, that are to be met with in the *Champ de Mars*, or eke that of Venus. I dare say the heir apparent, like Bardsolph of old, here discovered, though not for the first time, if report be true, that he could be “better accommodated than with a wife.” Men of his stamp, very much devoted to Virgo, generally look upon “heaven’s last best gift,” as *nous autres* regard the last work of Mr. Tupper, and put far from them the evil day. One may easily imagine with what fervor the Prince, on leaving his island home

for a raid across the channel, exclaimed, like Ulysses, —

“Dear are the last embraces of our wives.”

Unhappily, Penelope is expecting his return, waiting, waiting, waiting, longing, longing, longing, and the dire mother sits in the background quoting moral texts from Susannah and the Seniors, looking gloomily grand and savagely vexed. Though His Royal Highness were to wander beyond “the baths of all the western stars,” yet cruel fate will bring him back even from the Islands of the Blest.

One of the most attractive of the restaurants is that which comes from the dominions of the Czar. This, though small, in fact the smallest of all the Russian possessions here or elsewhere, is crowded from morning till night. Its position is not very favorable, for it is overshadowed by contiguous buildings, and consequently gloomy; yet there is always a throng in front of it, composed partly of people who can't get in, and partly of those who stop to stare through the windows merely from curiosity. It is arranged in a thoroughly Russian style, and the waiters are not Frenchmen artificially got up in fancy ball costumes to delude the uninitiated, but genuine *Musjiks* from St. Petersburg. They wear frocks, or rather blouses, of silk, reaching to the knee, and trousers, apparently of thick muslin. The former are buttoned close around the neck, and of a bright orange, blue, or crimson hue, and the latter always white. At the *comptoir* near the head

of the room, presiding over the cups, saucers, and other "small deer" of the establishment, is a young woman from Moscow. She has full, ruddy, and quite regular features, and is really very good looking. Her head is ornamented with a tiara, or *bandeau*, tied behind with a wide red ribbon reaching nearly to the ground. This is made to all appearance of a broad band of pearls, with a row of emeralds and rubies in the centre. They are so large and bright, however, that one may easily doubt their genuineness. Besides this decoration she wears a white chemisette, a tight-fitting blue bodice and a full red skirt with a great cataract of blue ribbon dashing down over it. With these fascinations, as might be expected, she being the only Eve in this Paradise, there is always a multitude at the window nearest her, some flattening their noses against the panes, and others eagerly assisting these flat-noses from behind. Inside, every table is full, and the *garçons* move quietly to and fro in a sort of placid, machine-like way, as if they were never disturbed at anything. One of these, in an orange colored tunic, — I attempted, by the way, to obtain the name of this gorgeous garment, but the waiter gave me a word so rich in consonants and so poor in vowels, so Welsh in its general structure and so utterly incomprehensible altogether, that I will not weary the patience of my readers, or display my own ignorance, by trying to repeat it, — in short, not to make shipwreck of myself in a tornado of words,

the waiter endowed with this linguistic monstrosity attracts nearly as much attention as the young lady, for he also is from Moscow, and extremely handsome, while his regular features and black hair are well set off by his orange colored dress. By a masterly display of strategy and shrewdness, this young fellow is invariably assigned to the lady visitors, and they run up the most extravagant bills for their husbands and others to pay, while they sit and watch this Muscovite oriole flit hither and thither.

Here one can order all sorts of new and barbaric dishes, though few can eat them. Having never happened to taste of caviare, and being troubled with a Shakespearean weakness for knowing the full meaning of "caviare to the general," I made my first essay on this. The mere sight of it gave me a pretty strong impression of what it would be likely to signify to "the general," and one taste carried substantial conviction. It looked like a slice of whale-oil soap, and its odor and flavor were very similar to that; and while the waiter gave me a short disquisition on its merits, especially of that kind before me, — which he said, with the enthusiasm of an amateur who had given his whole mind to the subject, was not fresh and green, but more piquant in its taste and *prononcé* in its odor, as it had been kept a long time, — I listened with very much the feelings of the guests at "the entertainment in the manner of the ancients," as set forth in "Peregrine Pickle,"

when they were called upon to partake of a pie of dormice with syrup of poppies. If I did not exclaim with Pallet, "Lord in heaven! what beastly fellows these Russians are!" it was out of regard to the waiter and his eloquent description of the merits of the dish. After the first convulsions had ceased to vibrate, and as soon as I could speak, I told him that "I-I-I di-di-did n't l-like it-t-t." He then acknowledged in the blindest way that it was an acquired taste, like that of tobacco, but when once that difficulty was got over it was delicious. "And is n't it necessary to acquire another stomach in order to dispose of it?" I asked. "No, not precisely, though it is rather stiff for dyspeptics. The Russians generally take a glass of brandy with each mouthful. Won't you have a drop?" said he, considerately, seeing that the morsel I had taken was still working upon me. "No, thank you," said I; "I know what Russian caviare is, but I don't know what your brandy is. It might do me harm, for if it should prove to be sulphuric acid, or some other liquid akin to that, for which I have not acquired a taste, it might disconcert me, so that I could take no part in that Russian alliance for which all my nation are so eager." I said this with a profound bow, and thus mollified my entertainer. I requested to know the price of this savory dainty which lay before me. He replied two francs, and I was well satisfied, for I was not obliged to eat the rest of the caviare, and thus saved my life for a mere song.

After the tragedy had passed, I turned my attention to the tea. For this herb I have always had a great veneration, and especially that from Russia. Years and years ago the Souchong that Baron Bodisco, then Russian Minister at Washington, used to provide for his guests, was a blessing to the palate, as I have heard people older than myself say. And there was life in it, too ; for did he not marry a young lady of that city, when he was eighty-five years of age ? He always took his tea with a slice of lemon in the cup, and perhaps that was the cause of his vigorous old age. Anyhow, it is the Russian fashion, and I ran the risk and ordered my tea in the same style. It was brought me in a tumbler, with two lumps of sugar and a spoon. As I began to stir, I was conscious of a cloud over my right shoulder ; I turned and saw no less than five persons looking on through the window that was close to my chair, and many others were dimly visible in the background. They were evidently curious to see what I was about to do. Tea, in the abstract, is emphatically "caviare to the general" in Paris, and I never saw a Frenchman drink it. They all regard it as "great medicine ;" somewhat in fact as we look upon senna or rhubarb, and take it only upon compulsion. Thus, under ordinary circumstances, it is regarded with interest as something rare. But when it is served in a tumbler, with a slice of lemon, and a bit of something that looks suspiciously like moon-calf lying by the side of it,

they may well be excused for indulging their curiosity irrepressibly. I thought it might not be a bad plan to gratify them. So, after a few preliminary sips from the lemonade tea, and not finding it to my taste, as I had become demoralized by the caviare, I took a little pepper from the castor and insinuated it under the slice of lemon that lay floating on the top of the cup. The spectators looked at each other with undisguised wonder, and this was increased when I sent a little salt after the pepper, and deliberately stirred them round and round, as if I were M. Blot, concocting a new dish. In a few moments I cut off a thin slice of the caviare, and putting a *soupçon* of mustard upon it, dropped it carefully into the tea, and then raised a spoonful to my lips as if in act to taste. Before doing it, however, I turned and found my view entirely unobstructed. The crowd had suddenly concluded not to await the result of the movement, but had disappeared, like the chorus in a Greek tragedy, during the murder. I had "broke the good meeting with most admired disorder;" and, upon reflection, was not much surprised at it. Man is a creature of habit, after all, and it is not the first time that "incongruity of temperament" has caused a divorce. Being on the other side of the window, I could not hear what they said when they disentangled themselves so abruptly, but I don't doubt, from their conduct, that they gave vent to some such hasty and irreverent exclamation as that of Pallet, which I quoted

above. This was natural, for they knew nothing about making tea, and of course the first sight of it would be novel, and, to say the least, unattractive.

In that gay and brilliant essay in the "Rambler" against "gulosity," the moralist of the *cuisine* prattles in this lively way: "To riot in far-fetched dishes, or surfeit with unexhausted variety, and yet practice the most rigid economy, is surely an art which may justly draw the eyes of mankind upon those whose industry, or judgment, has enabled them to attain it." This is an obvious truth, and one of which the Great Exhibition unfortunately offers but few examples, and least of all in the Russian department. When Diogenes was asked what kind of wine he liked best, he answered, "That which is drunk at the cost of others." If this philosopher had resorted to the Muscovite restaurant to quench his thirst, he would have been likely to go away dry, for, as *Monsieur Ratinois* remarked, "*C'est salé, dans ce théâtre-là!*" The prices are frightful, and the grasping proprietor allows no one to depart unplucked. I am not surprised to hear that he receives over 3000 francs per day, and will make his fortune before the end of the summer. The crowd of its frequenters daily increases, and is limited only by the capacity of its rooms. The waiters are all Musjiks of the same class with Komissaroff, who, a year ago, saved the life of the Emperor Alexander. Since the first days of the es-

tablishment there has been a gradual but steady approach on the part of its *habitués* towards Russian customs, and the same is noticeable in its staff of *employés* in their gravitation towards Paris. The style of Madam's dress, as she presides over the tea-cups, is much more *décolleté* than at the opening of her career, and the waiters now season their chaotic lingo with a few French comfits. On the contrary, the Parisians and others, anxious to meet them half way in civility, quite frequently call for "*stacunchie*," — the Russian for a cup of tea, this being the great attraction of the place, — and what is more, the waiters often understand them, which does great credit to their smartness. The French at times take this drink with considerable composure, but they always remind me of Socrates swallowing the hemlock. They have not yet got so far as the slice of lemon, though, and when asked, "*Voulez-vous du citron?*" invariably reply, "No," as a slight shudder ripples over them. Yesterday, entering at an unusual hour, I surprised a Musjik in a corner absorbing his "mild Souchong" in his own style, and just as everybody drinks it at home. He had before him a large glass of the liquid, with the inevitable lemon floating on its surface, and a spoon for an *aide-de-camp*, — this latter custom, by the way, is not by any means confined to Russia, — and one flank was protected by a little rampart of blocks of sugar. He raised the tumbler and took a swallow, but ere the taste had left his palate, he seized one lump of sugar,

and biting off a piece sent it after the hot tea, as if it were "the sovereign'st thing on earth" for an inward bruise of that description. And after a moment's pause, he went on in this style till I left him, when he was drawing out the same linked sweetness in a sort of abstraction that I had n't the heart to interrupt.

Everything is multiplied in this *café* by the mirrors that surround it on every side. If it were not for the looking-glasses that line the room from floor to ceiling, nobody could afford to pay the atrocious prices that are asked. As it is, when I order a glass of *alash*, — a favorite *liqueur* in Russia, — a hundred waiters come towards me from as many different directions; as they leave to get it, they quickly become a thousand, and before they disappear, they are at least a million, all in scarlet or orange tunics, like the army of Nadir Shah. When they return, they all converge to one focus, with a rapidity and accuracy that I fear must certainly annihilate me on the spot. The beverage they bring would fill Capt. Symmes's hole, and form a new polar current besides from its overflow. This is the way we get the worth of our money. I sit down in the centre of an infinite kaleidoscope of purple and orange, red and blue, and I see every one about me at least a thousand times. My next neighbor is apparent in a thousand forms, and takes any shape but that which belongs to him. Looking at the opposite side of the somewhat narrow apart-

ment, I see an indefinite perspective of his right side and profile ; over my shoulder I find him multiplied into the file of a numberless host, whose left faces are perfectly distinct till they gradually fade away. It made me shudder to think of my responsibility to love so much neighbor as myself. And then again it was awful to reflect that I must love myself so hugely. While he was eating his dinner, he actually had more hands than Briareus, and more eyes than Argus. When he rose to go, he disappeared in so many directions that my brain reeled. Really the population of this little room seems as great as the number of the children of Israel, according to Dr. Malthus, or the inhabitants of Pandemonium, based on an estimate by Dr. Lyman Beecher. Every person is attended by rows of dittos, as innumerable as the nails in a horse's shoe geometrically reckoned up. It reminds me of the dreams of the "hasheesh eater," wherein the sound of a falling pin is magnified into the sturdy and resistless tramp of a mighty army ; and a single hot tear, the overflow of a fevered brain, becomes a Niagara of fiery lava, rushing on with impetuous and resistless force, till it broadens into a burning ocean, where all idea of space and time is lost, and whose raging billows, like stalactites of flame, mount to meet lurid clouds, gorged to bursting with inner fires.

This Russian restaurant is an admirable place for an after-dinner reverie, with a glass of *alasch* cours-

ing through one's veins, like liquid fire. One can easily forget his more immediate surroundings of epicurean eaters and drinkers, and taking his *queue* — the one for example at the end of which he is seated — from his situation, pass away to “climes beyond the solar road.” But I doubt if it be good for the digestion to eat Muscovite concoctions, or to drink *alasch*. It is piquant, picturesque, and enticing, but prolific of visions.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

IT might well have been expected that the great name of Napoleon would occupy a prominent place at the Exhibition of 1867, both from its connection with the glories of France in days now past, and from the position of the present Emperor. It has so proved. Not only in many other localities, but especially in the French department of the Fine Arts, we meet with numberless reminders, both of the mighty dead, and of him upon whom history has not yet passed her sentence. The name and deeds of each have inspired many a brush, and from the Pyramids and Borodino, to Solferino and the Malakoff, the victories of their reigns, portrayed on many a canvas, intimate to the world the lasting fame of the humble Corsican and his successor. And this is no less apparent in the form of more enduring marble and bronze. There are numerous busts and statues of the first Napoleon and Josephine, as well as the reigning sovereign and his son, while medallions and medals of exquisite workmanship, many of them from the mint at the *Hôtel des Monnaies*, add their share to the general tribute.

One of the most interesting and striking of all these, is a figure of the Prince Imperial. It is in silvered bronze and of the size of life. It was done a year ago for the Emperor, and is the work of M. Carpeaux, an eminent French sculptor, who deserves great credit for the skillful manner in which he has acquitted himself of his commission. The young Prince is standing with his right arm slightly raised, and dressed in the ordinary suit that he wears in private. His left arm is thrown over the neck of his favorite dog, Nero, whose chin rests in a confiding way upon his master's breast, while his eyes are turned towards his face. This is a faithful portrait of one of a brace of beautiful pointers, that were presented to the Prince by an English gentleman two years ago, and with which he is sometimes seen in public. The form of the Prince is both striking and artistic. It is full of life, and the attitude natural and spirited. The countenance is a great success, and the artist, without sacrificing truth to flattery, has managed to give it a certain ideal expression, which is correct in its lineaments, while it shows both character and elevation. It displays a somewhat greater degree of maturity and manliness than was visible when the model was made, or than can be seen now; but the cleverness of the sculptor and his thorough knowledge of the Napoleonic type of face are obvious from the fact, that the bust of the figure is a better portrait now than when first taken. An additional effect is noticea-

ble in consequence of the silver tint of the group, which contributes greatly to the lightness and animation of the face and limbs. It is to be found among the exhibits of the well-known firm of Christoffe & Company, who have a most brilliant and imposing show of bronzes, figures in galvano-plaster, dessert-services in gilded silver, and other articles of elegant and elaborate design. This statue of the Prince Imperial is very attractive, not merely from its subject and the artistic merits that are so conspicuous, but from the style in which it is presented. A handsome boy and dog would be always gratifying to the eye and popular with the world. When raised somewhat above the ordinary level by a clever sculptor, they will ever be admired, even by those who have a refined and cultivated taste.

In a large court formed by the intersection of the picture-gallery with one of the main cross avenues, has been placed a statue of Napoleon the First. It represents him in his imperial robes, fashioned in the style of the Roman toga, and comes from the chisel of Guillaume, who is one of the most eminent French artists, a pupil of Pradier, and member of the Institute. This figure used to stand in the *atrium* of Prince Napoleon's Pompeian Villa, and may have been seen in that place by some of my readers. It is a work of ability, and has this peculiarity in its drapery, that the edge of the toga is everywhere finished with a deep border of classic

design painted a delicate purple, such as the ancient Romans were accustomed to use. This feature, though in general dubious as a matter of taste, is less objectionable as a form of painted stone than any other, and caused the statue to harmonize well with its luxurious and antique surroundings in the original site for which it was designed. The refined expression and delicate features of the great Emperor, of course lend their aid to this modern adaptation of classic days, and in this respect he surpassed both all his European contemporaries, as well as predecessors on the throne of France. Contrast any one of the numerous statues of the victor of Austerlitz with those of Louis XIV., for example, and notice the utter absurdity of the latter. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the bass-relief of Louis on the arch of St. Denis, where that monarch is represented in a nude state with a club in his hand, and on his head a widely spreading amplitude of wig, while above predominates an angel who is about to bestow a crown upon this royal and victorious Hercules. Over this, and all other sculptured follies, Napoleon ever enjoyed innate advantage, and it is really difficult for an artist to model his features so that their own expression shall not triumph over any incongruous drapery or position.

Behind this figure is a bust of Pius Ninth, and the walls on either hand are covered with the large and magnificent marbles in tarsia-work, modeled by Baron Triqueti, and intended for the decoration

of the Wolsey chapel at Windsor, which the Queen of England has dedicated to the memory of the Prince Consort. In these Prince Albert is represented as Moses, David, Daniel, and Nathaniel, in as many separate *tableaux*, and this is only the first section. It would seem that the Queen, after having erected a monument to her husband on every square mile of her empire, now proposes that those for which there is no room outside should be placed in Windsor Castle. When that is full, it remains to be seen what step she will take next. These three men are the only ones whose names are suggested by the decorations of this apartment, and their conjunction ranks among those remarkable eventualities which no reader of history, however shrewd, could ever venture to foretell.

In front of the statue of Napoleon are also six busts by the same artist. They are arranged three on each side of the door, and once held similar positions among the household gods that adorned the *atrium* of Prince Napoleon. They present to our view the conqueror in as many different eras of his strange eventful history. At one glance we see the whole panorama of his life, from his early youth to his death, and no thoughtful mind can look upon them, without being deeply impressed, both by their excellence as works of art and the wondrous career they recall. The first represents him as a young student at Brienne, impressive, ardent, serious, when ambition had not swallowed up the weaker passions,

and there was yet room for love. The next portrays him as commander of the army of Italy. Spirited and panting for glory, his face lean and wasted with the heavy burdens of one so young, yet daring all things and knowing no obstacle, with eyes peering earnestly into the future, as if to pierce the mists that obscured it, he seems the very embodiment of conscious genius. His long hair floats away from his forehead, like clouds from a mountain-top that has just passed through a fierce storm. The lineaments of his face appear in bold relief, as if the soul itself was portrayed in living characters. It was thus that the hero of Lodi, —

"Cui laurus æternos honores
Italico peperit triumpho," —

stood forth for the admiration of the world, when as yet untainted by its grossness and corruptions. In the third bust he appears as First Consul, when, confirmed in health and power, the soul had, as it were, retired into a deeper seclusion, and the progress of years had covered up the outlines that once suggested only ingenuous purity urged on by youthful genius and fiery ambition. The form is more portly, the cheeks are fuller, as of one who had become inspired with confidence in the future. He has reached that period of his existence, when his aspect first intimates the truth of that which was well said of him by an able writer, "Extreme agitation was the basis of his existence; motion was his repose; he lived in a hurricane and fattened on

anxiety and care." As Emperor, crowned with laurel, his cheeks are yet fuller, but the classic lines remain the same. The delicately chiseled nose has lost none of its beauty. Calm and serene, as if his work were done, he appears a mighty ocean at rest. The fifth bust, marked with the fatal characters, 1812, shows a forehead somewhat disturbed, its broad expanse darkened with overhanging clouds, and ruffled with the first gusts of the coming storm. There is a strange unsteady look in the eyes, as if they could neither regard the past with complacency, nor the future with confidence; yet they are still lit with the gleams of hope, and the face expresses earnest resolution and courage never to submit or yield. From this to the last we pass over a broad and tempestuous abyss, and behold before us the exile of St. Helena, upon the shores of the loud resounding sea, adding his lonely plaint to the melancholy tale which the waves are ever telling. Yet even here he is never less than archangel ruined; and the cares of empire, the thunders of a hundred battles, and the bitter prostration of defeat, have but slightly sunk the once full cheeks, and that only to mark in stronger lines the lineaments of days that are gone. The dreams of fresh ambition even now seem to struggle along the yet resounding chords, though the touch of the master shall no longer awake them to glory again. Through the rents that time has made, the soul looks forth with somewhat of its old fire and energy.

"The incessant care and labor of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin that life breaks out."

Intermixed with these lineaments is still a deep shade of thoughtful sadness, of serious reflection, and doubt as to the great problem as yet unsolved, even by his all-powerful genius. There is a wistful gaze in the eyes, as if across the stormy main they strove to see the beacon light that marks the haven of hope, and could not discern it. And thus we stand before the sculptor's creation, and, answering glance with glance, also seek to penetrate the mystery of the all-hail hereafter. Shall we meet the spoiled child of destiny in the courts of the Lord as his minister and scourge, an avenging angel sent to execute his wrath upon the sons of men, or in the caves of vengeance as a mighty and successful tyrant, incited merely by human passion and lust of power, like a great river, rich with dead men's souls, that has borne its weltering freight into the broad ocean of eternity; a desolating volcano that has vomited forth blighting and curses upon mankind, and eaten out the heart of a whole continent?

La Fontaine has written, as the beginning of one of his fables, the often truthful lines —

"Les grands, pour la plupart, sont masques du théâtre,
Leur apparence impose au vulgaire idolâtre."

To minds of a certain class among the great ones of the earth, this applies with emphatic accuracy.

Living, as did their author, in the reign of that *grand monarque* who was the greatest actor of majesty that ever lived, and only that, — the most magnificent sham that ever reigned, who for nearly three quarters of a century imposed upon his people, the world, and himself, till death revealed to him and them the truth, — La Fontaine might well pen these words with an inward conviction of their meaning. But to Napoleon they do not apply. He was no princely hypocrite, no whited sepulchre. On his countenance genius had signified her presence in characters that all might read. There was ever in his lineaments from his earliest days something which gave the world assurance that he was not in the roll of common men. Like Augustus, to whom his striking resemblance has been often noticed, he was handsome at every period of his life. Like Alexander and Cæsar, his features offered an instructive and suggestive study to artists, not merely from the genius of their possessor, but from their classic beauty and the grandeur of their expression. And these were different at each gradation of his career. How great is the range from the fiery paladin of Lodi to the sad exile of St. Helena ! Yet he is ever an illustration of the fact that man is made in the image of God. His high descent is evidenced, not by a long line of noble names, but through finely chiseled nose and lips, a Grecian contour, and eyes at which the whole soul looked forth with most meaning and irresistible fas-

cination. And it is not merely artistic flattery that has thus handed down to us his form and features, but we have every reason to believe they are accurately given. Not only do contemporary writings and other sources of information agree in the description they offer, but the engravers, Lebrun and Andrieu, have on numerous medals preserved his lineaments with a truthfulness and beauty of workmanship that leave no uncertainty. Thus his aspect has been faithfully preserved in the same way that the traits of the Roman Emperors have been transmitted to this age.

The ablest work of sculpture at the Exhibition is a sitting statue of Napoleon, representing his last days. It is by the Italian artist, Vela, and really of much merit. It gives one a higher idea of his capacity than anything he has yet done, for his former works have not ranked greatly above that mediocrity which is so obvious at the present day among his countrymen in this branch of art. The figure is well appreciated, and constantly surrounded by crowds of admirers. It is a sort of merited justice that brings from Italy to his capital such a tribute to the immortality of the present Emperor's family, for Napoleon III. has ever been the most constant friend of that country, and from the day when, young and chivalrous, he shed his blood for her at Forli, to now, he has never spared mind, body, or treasure in her behalf. It would have been a courteous and considerate act to present this work to

him, but as it is, he has shown his admiration of its excellence by its purchase. It will eventually find its way, in all probability, to the Louvre. The sinking Emperor is seated upon a chair and supported by pillows. His attitude shows the languor of failing strength, as when one yields slowly to the approach of mortality. On his knees is the map of Europe, and his fingers rest on either side of it, as if he were even now modeling anew that which he had so often changed. The hands, that were once so beautiful, and which we are told he often looked upon with pride, are extremely well done, and their fleshy appearance is most remarkable. The features are somewhat shrunken, and the outlines of his younger days are clearly seen, though their expression is harder and more severe. His eyes are deeply sunk, and the forehead overhangs them like a precipice. Their gaze is steady and seems to be fixed far off upon the coming future, with an intensity which is extremely life-like and impressive. The rich gown, or robe, that he wears, has fallen away from his breast and left it bare. One can almost see the last faint pulsations of his heart, as the tide of life ebbs and flows with the uncertainty of decaying strength. In spite of apparent bodily weakness, the whole expression of the face is that of one who goes forth to meet a powerful enemy with firmness and confiding valor; while the lips firmly compressed, and the upper one slightly elevated and swollen, as if with disdain or pride,

strongly add to this and increase its energy. It is an Emperor that lies dying before us, and in this sculptured image we see the conqueror of Europe and the successor of Charlemagne slowly, though grandly, yielding to the approach of that mortality which none can resist.

"Dors en paix, doux héros, sage et grand plébéien,
Dors, nous te bénissons! Le grand homme de bien
Vit pour tous; quand il meurt, la terre tout entière,
Autant que son pays, devient son héritière!"

CHAPTER XXI.

HAM AND HIS FRIENDS.

As one result of the Great Exhibition, and that not by any means insignificant, there is a powerful gathering of the dominant race in Paris, and if there were any unanimity in their clans, we might suddenly find ourselves in the midst of a new revolution, and wake up some fine morning to see the edifice crowned with an Othello *Premier*, or a Tous-saint l'Ouverture *Second*. At present, however, this is not really much dreaded, as Napoleon, for the most part, has his wits about him, and probably approves of the good old Horatian maxim, *Nimium ne crede colori*, which, by the way, is more than can be said of some persons in office in the United States. At this moment the city is so full of "sooty bosoms," that it would seem that all the friends of the sons of Ham had combined to furnish a large share of them with those luxurious enjoyments which our fathers married to immortal verse, when they sang the spirited quatrain, —

" Mail wait for me to let you know
Pomp get no better wid his shin;
The doctors do devise him go
Widout delay to Concord spring."

They swell round the metropolis of France, as if they owned it, like Robinson Crusoe on his island, and look upon us groundlings, as if our tameness was shocking to them. Three days ago there was an arrival of Egyptian troops from Mexico. They are four hundred in number, and have been aiding in the conquest of that country under the flag of Maximilian. They are to remain here for the present, and have had quarters allotted them in the barracks near the *Hôtel des Invalides*. They will await the Viceroy of Egypt, and act as a body-guard during his stay here. They are impressive specimens of their class, and cause great excitement when they appear in the streets. They are mostly men of large size and good proportions. Their uniform is a white, close-fitting cotton jacket, with tight sleeves, a short petticoat of the same hue and material, and a broad crimson sash around the waist. The lower garment is bound around their legs by long white gaiters. Their heads are covered with a white *fez* with a crimson tassel, when on duty; at other times, the cap is of the latter color and the tassel dark blue. The contrast between this dress and their own skins is most striking. They all look as if they had been hewn out of the "gross darkness that might be felt;" and if Nature had exhausted the contents of all her soot-pots, she could not have made them blacker. If they were caught out in a shower of ink, every drop would show on them like a chalk-mark. At night they have the appearance

of ghosts without heads. The ball of the eye is so large and dark, that it entirely conceals the rest of it; and if the order to their enemies was not to fire till they saw the whites of them, these Abyssinian Turcos would have very little need of powder to secure the victory in any engagement.

In addition to those, in a few days there will be an arrival of a hundred negroes from Senegambia. They belong to the first nobility of that happy region, as the French papers inform us, and probably do not know that Bishop Heber had the ill grace to refer to it as the land "where only man is vile," otherwise they might hesitate before favoring the whites with their presence. As they are to be brought here at the expense of the Imperial Government, whose subjects they are, they will have a courteous reception, and the *Moniteur* will doubtless term them, as the "London Times" did President Roberts, of Liberia, gentlemen "of highly polished exterior." As to this qualification, we shall have ample means of judging on their advent, as the papers say that they wear no clothing, or at least none to speak of. Besides these specimens of African growth, there are abundance of Tunisians here, and one meets them at every turn in their eccentric costume, which I find, to my surprise, invariably comprehends a pair of civilized shoes, fearfully down at the heel. This I could not account for at first, but have since discovered it to be the result of an effort on their part to adapt themselves

to our dress, as to that extremity of their bodies. Being accustomed to wear slippers without heels, they find these latter an intolerable burden, both from the size of this portion of the foot and its tenderness, as heretofore it has been subjected to no pressure, and has not therefore become in any degree hardened. The Bey of Tunis must be a cunning old fox, and has out-Heroded Herod in that respect; for being greatly in want of funds, he has availed himself of the Exposition to aid him in making "a raise." For this purpose, at least so it would seem, he has proved himself quite as smart as the Imperial Commission, or a Swiss financier, and I don't know how anything more could be said in his praise. If any one has a *sou* left after passing through their hands, the world should give him a medal for his abilities. The Bey has fitted up his palace in the Park most superbly and gorgeously; has made arrangements for gratifying the curiosity of the people by building two dens under it for lions and tigers; and sent over a *café* altogether unique, with a band of native music. As to the latter, the notes they produce range over nearly one octave, and are about as lively as a passage across the Isthmus of Suez *viâ* M. Lessep's new canal. There is this difference between them and Paganini: that whereas the latter was "great on a single string," they are very small indeed, which could hardly have been expected, considering that they come from a land where that instrument takes so prominent a share in the adminis-

tration of the government. The entertainment they produce, though at first not debilitating, by reason of its novelty, gradually becomes tame and insipid as kissing one's sister. There are five performers, and the harmony is extracted from as many different instruments. They sit on a raised bench opposite the principal door, and twang away at their dreary drawl, till one feels the top of his head fairly loosened. How they manage to produce so much monotony from so many sources, I cannot comprehend: but it is so. The *pièce de résistance* is a large earthen jar, over the mouth of which is stretched a piece of parchment, very possibly the skin of the last Bey, whom the present one bowstringed, because he thought he had lived too long for the good of the country. This innocent bit of cuticle is exasperated with the fingers, and nothing more. Holding it on a triangle formed by resting his right foot on his left knee, the player alternately thumps, titillates, and scrapes it; while his assistants follow on in hot pursuit, — with as little melody as a Yankee farmer trying to hive a swarm of bees, — aided by a tambour, a viol with one chord, a fiddle that has outlived its usefulness, and another instrument of which I know not the name, but take to be a sackbut that once belonged to Nebuchadnezzar. Besides all these discords, the drummer mutters a low and dismal chant, like the moan of one in his last agony. The aggregate of melody from these efforts may be perhaps imagined by those who have that faculty

largely developed, but would need the pen of a Poe to describe with any approach to accuracy.

Most persons would need no other evidence than the above that the establishment termed the *Café de Tunis* is really what it claims to be, and is managed by *bona fide* Tunisians. But if any one were so skeptical as to desire it, he would find all the additional testimony he wanted in the coffee. I took one cup, and it carried conviction to the inmost recesses of my system. It tasted like the contents of a whole apothecary's shop boiled down into one deadly mess, and had a deposit of sediment at the bottom, which reminded me of the Dismal Swamp. I had often heard of the strength of this beverage at the East, as being so *prononcé*, that a spoon would rest in it unsupported and upright as a temperance man of fifteen years' standing — perhaps more so than some — but never before happened to encounter the proof of it. This solidified Mocha, for so it was claimed to be, was served in small egg-shaped cups, each of which contained about two teaspoonfuls of liquid and the same quantity of precipitate. No eatables are sold, and only beer in addition to the above, so that it would be difficult to "carouse pottle deep," or get drunk on the premises. The beer is not fabricated in Tunis, fortunately for the drinkers, but is brewed under the shadow of Strasburg Cathedral, so that one may have some confidence that it will develop a gracious tendency towards offsetting the effect of Pagan

coffee on the systems of those who swallow both. There is still another fascination from Africa besides the music and the drinks, and that is a *Tunisienne*, who sits behind a little counter at one end of the room, and condescends to lower her veil for the benefit of the visitors. I don't think her sacrifice is appreciated, though, for I heard a Frenchman near me express the ungallant wish that she would raise it again, and I must confess that I agreed with him. She is as homely as the Sphinx, without its claims to our admiration in the shape of antiquity and silence, — which latter, by the way, is a most estimable virtue in woman, — and beyond a pair of rather light eyes, has not the least charm of form or expression. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, or perhaps in consequence of them, the *Café de Tunis* is one of the most popular novelties of the Exposition, and is quite as much crowded as the Russian restaurant.

Now that this result has been reached, the Bey has just let the cat out of the bag. I don't know the Tunisian for this phrase, otherwise I would clothe it in a less commonplace garb, but my readers will understand it. One fine day all the morning and evening papers contained a rather lengthy article with Tunis for the subject thereof, and expressed in substantially these words: "Our subscribers have doubtless all seen or heard of the extraordinary richness and luxury of the palace of the Bey of Tunis, which his Eminence has caused to be built

in the grounds of the Exhibition. This must have given every beholder, as it has ourselves, a vast idea of the enormous wealth and resources of the country from which it emanates. These are in great need of further development, and it will be seen by a reference to our advertisements that the Bey proposes to promote this improvement through the medium of a loan. Those who wish to aid this ruler in his laudable undertaking will notice that the inducements offered for their investment are very attractive." I do not pretend to give the exact language of any one of these insertions, but the above will afford a very good idea of the sum total. Whether a gratifying response will be received by the Bey remains to be seen; but at all events it is a new indication of smartness on the part of the long-suffering colored race, and will go far to show that the artful dodgers in his much-abused country have not yet died out. What with the above negro development, the black soldiers of the French army that one often encounters in the streets, the waiters of the same hue that attend upon the customers of the American restaurant, the sable interpreters at the Exhibition designed for the benefit of their countrymen who do not know French, and the neutral tints at every corner in the shape of Japanese, Chinese, Moors, Malays and others, one is led irresistibly to the conclusion that the more lugubrious shades are in the ascendant here, just as they are in the United States. It would be

strange if Ham should turn up a trump after all, in spite of Noah's unkind remarks to him. I have learned that we are to have a new pigment from Madagascar in a few days, and this will afford a famous opportunity for those who desire to see into how many shades, from ink to cream color, the blood of Ham has diverged. A "Hova prince," whatever that may be, a cousin of the Queen of that country, has been sent hither to study the great *Exposé*, and has already left Tamariva with a numerous suite. He will probably find a great deal more than he expected, both in the X. and outside of it.

It is to be regretted that this royal barbarian did not arrive a few days earlier, especially if he designed to include natural history among his studies, for he would have seen a more curious specimen of animated nature than falls to the lot of most, and that was a camel race.

Among the immense number of curiosities from every part of the world which one encounters at the Great Exhibition, not by any means the least interesting are four dromedaries. Two of these come from Egypt, and were sent over by the Viceroy of that country; the others belong to the French Government, and have been for some years used by the military authorities in the south of Algeria. Here their services have been invaluable, both by reason of their endurance and their speed. One of them is especially swift and strong, and is said to have once on an emergency travelled over the trackless

deserts of that region two hundred and fifty miles in thirty hours. Since their arrival in the *Champ de Mars*, some discussion has naturally arisen in regard to the comparative fleetness of these animals, and it was finally decided to test the question, as far as practicable, by a trial in the *Bois de Boulogne*. This took place at ten in the morning, and was certainly as piquant and amusing a spectacle as anything I have seen in Paris, even in the present abundance of novel and exciting displays. The ground selected was near the *Barrière de Passy*, and the track extended from that point to the edge of the lake, from which it returned in an irregular curve to the gate-way where it began. The course was a distorted oval of about one kilometer, five eighths of an English mile, in length.

When I reached the spot assigned for the meeting, which was on the shore of the lake at its nearest approach to the grand drive that leads around it, the prospect was extremely gay. The water glittered in the sun, while mimic waves excited by the morning breeze were cast ashore upon the beach of the island. The tasteful kiosk at the head of the latter, which forms so attractive an element in the views of the *Bois*, stood out in bright relief against the sombre evergreens behind it. At its base the cascade fell tumultuously over the rocks, covered with ivy and woodbine, on which it stands. Beyond was the elegant bridge, partly concealed with creepers and climbing plants, that connects

the islands. Around us were beds of scarlet geraniums and blue lobelia in profusion, while to the left was the broad sloping lawn along the edge of which the camels were to run. This was here and there dotted with clumps of rare trees, among which was a fine specimen of our gigantic California pine, already growing vigorously, and evidently taking kindly to its new *habitat*. Dotting the avenue in each direction were numbers of spectators, more than could have been expected at that early hour, mostly horsemen taking their morning ride. Many of them were superbly mounted, and as the animals they rode danced to and fro, their well-groomed coats reflected all the colors of the rainbow. The dromedaries were crouched in pairs in each of a couple of little groves at the side of the road. However much the beholders might feel interested in the result of the race, they — that is the camels — did not exert their *amour propre* to the extent of caring in the least which of them won. They were evidently half frightened and half ugly, and craned their necks in every direction; while they cast sinister glances from under their shaggy and half-closed eyebrows. One of them was in a state either of great terror or ferocity, — I could not quite decide which, — and from the depths of his inner consciousness and wonderful hydraulic apparatus produced groans, lamentations, and whimperings that would have moved a heart of stone. He appeared to have a separate pain in each of his

four stomachs. Their long and awkward hind legs, as they squatted on the turf, were twisted together in a complication of which I never supposed bones capable. The Algerians were at least a third larger and heavier than their competitors and partly covered with hair. This hung here and there in loose masses, and their bodies were deeply scarred with the girths of their saddles. The Egyptians were of slighter build, with no hair, and apparently more docile in temper. Once in a while, when they were approached too closely, or were offended at anything, the former distended their jaws, with a hissing sound, and from the bottom of their throats ejected their saliva at the object of their annoyance in a stream of several feet long. When doing this, they opened their eyes and looked fixedly at the keeper, or whoever it might be, probably to see if they had killed him. They had all, with one exception, rings in their noses, and were guided partly by these, partly by goading and punching with a long lance. At a stroke from the latter on the left side of the neck they knelt down, while a blow on the right compelled them to rise.

And now came the moment of departure, and their keepers, first indorsing themselves, forced them to get up. The Arabs were clothed in turbans and robes of white, crimson, and blue, and evidently felt great interest in the result. Those not on the dromedaries ran to and fro, gesticulated with vehemence, and jabbered their outlandish dialect in

a manner that seemed really distracting. As the animals came forward in their awkward way, crowned first with their high-peaked saddles, and finally with the tawny sons of the desert who drove them, the effect was very picturesque ; upon the horses it was more than that, for their artistic tastes being ill developed, they knew not what to make of it. It was greatly interesting to watch these intelligent and spirited creatures, as the camels, before hidden by the crowd that surrounded them, gradually emerged, till they towered above everything, and slowly walked forth. Some at once stood erect on their hind legs and danced to and fro with excitement ; some stretched out their necks and bent down their ears with faces expressing the deepest curiosity ; others put their nostrils close to those of their neighbors, and, snorting at intervals, appeared to be carrying on a sort of wondering conversation. It had been arranged that the trial should take place in two races, one of each species being pitted against the other in both. The signal was given, and away shot the lithe and dingy Egyptian with the impetus of a rocket. His gait was clumsy and shambling, and he threw out his flat spongy feet on each side like a great polypus. The Algerian, however, was evidently confused by the novelty of his situation, and it was entirely impossible to make him understand what they wanted him to do. No goading could make him start, and when his driver pulled the ring in his nostril, it only twisted

his long gutta-percha neck, till his nose rested upon the front of the saddle in helpless and ungainly stupidity. Finally, performing no less than four pirouettes, he shot off at a tangent into the crowd of horses and carriages on the right. Wild was the confusion, and terrible the excitement. At this the Algerian keepers, losing the slight modicum of patience that remained to them, rushed forward and rained a perfect shower of blows upon the beast, thus finally forcing him into the track. At length he started, but with a sort of determined obstinacy that had plainly resolved not to win the race, if this result could be avoided. His movement was heavy and slow, and reminded me of those old four-horse coaches in which English noblemen used to go up to London in the days of Charles the Second. His expression was that of an animal deeply wronged, but bent on availing itself of the earliest opportunity for revenge.

His rival had long before this disappeared around the first sharp bend in the track, amid the cheers of the crowd, which slowly changed to jeers, as they travelled towards the scene of his own refractory gyrations. The Egyptian was then scurrying on with an energy that seemed to distort every bone in his body. His driver, perched up aloft, was beating his flank with his right hand, while with his left he held high in air the rein that was attached to the nostril. Every muscle, nerve, and fibre was thrilled with frenzy, and his white robes and crimson sash

fluttered far behind him in the wind. I could not help thinking of Sister Anne on the summit of Bluebeard's tower, and her fervent gesticulations to the avenging brother. Soon we saw them both about half way round the course, and still in as violent agitation. Quickly they drew nearer and nearer, and the spectators, some of whom had bets pending on the issue, already looked upon the affair as settled, when at about a hundred yards from the stand the successful competitor, already on the point of blossoming all over with the laurels of a prize camel, came to the conclusion that he had done enough for the honor of old Nile, and without any preliminaries squatted instantaneously on all fours in the middle of the track; and there he stayed for several minutes under a fire of blows and punches, curses and kicks, from his exasperated Fellahs, that would have disconcerted even a mule. Meanwhile ponderous dignity came slowly lumbering up, passed by like the Levite on the other side, and, coming to a stop at the goal, was declared the winner. His jaws were both covered with froth, and as he looked round for some one to spit at, he opened his mouth till we could see almost the whole of his internal machinery. He could not have yawned more comprehensively, if he had been reading the poetry of Satan Montgomery, or been preached at by a bishop. His convulsions were dreadful to witness, and he evidently thought that no created thing had ever been so wantonly abused as he. He elabo-

rated such sighs and groans from within as if seeking to work upon our better natures, that had any member of the Anti-Cruelty-to-Animals-Society been present, we should all probably have been at once haled before the nearest *juge de paix*. He was finally led away to a grove near by, and tied to a tree, where for a quarter of an hour after he was hissing at any one that came near him, and shooting out from under his eyebrows flashes of vindictive lightning from the storm that was bellowing within him.

So ended the *course aux dromadaires*. It seemed to be the general opinion that "the ship of the desert" was hardly a reliable craft in the *Bois de Boulogne*, and that, unless his performances in Algeria were somewhat different from those we had just seen, the minister of war had better set up another line of expresses, if he did not wish to let the African subjects of Napoleon "revolute" themselves out of his dominions. Whatever their descent might be claimed to be, it was plain that they had in their veins little of the blood of Mohammed's "Alborak," and in spite of their genealogy, there could be but little hope of profit in trying to breed a racing stud from them. The turfites that were present would hardly be induced to back them, either in purse or person, and thought that though these creatures were very well in their way, the sooner they were out of ours the better.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RESERVED GARDEN.

THE few warm days just past have had a most benignant influence upon the Garden of the Great Exhibition, and added a thousand charms to that small segment of Paradise. And when I apply to it the latter name, I think it quite flattering to the abode of our original ancestors, for there is little reason to suppose that that was inclosed with lofty palings of a hundred elegant and elaborate patterns, that it abounded in summer-houses and kiosks infinite in their variety of size and color, or was otherwise one half so richly adorned as this green gem of our sinful world. The crisped brooks that "rolled on orient pearl and sands of gold," were not inhabited by carp a hundred years of age, nor were there magnificent aquaria, where one might study at his ease through broad sweeps of plate glass the habits of the finny tribe, and watch their graceful motions. All these and more were wanting, and we cannot but regard ourselves as quite lucky in the advantages that we at present enjoy, especially when we think of the style in which "the gardener Adam and his wife" lived in other

respects. Obviously, we are better in our own estate. I do not know if the originals of all the trees that were ever created were in the garden of Eden, but the Imperial Commission has done its best to place a specimen of each in the *Champ de Mars*. This is one of the great attractions of the spot, and an admirer of this branch of the vegetable world can find the amplest opportunities for gratifying his taste. He will not, to be sure, find "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil;" but here in Paris this is not much missed, and most men acquire from bitter experience a very good image of it, which remains forever in their minds. The show of evergreens is especially fine, and many have been sent here for exhibition not only from distant nurseries in France, but from England. Some of these are twenty feet high and most symmetrical in their shape, and rich in exuberant dark-toned foliage. Many are extremely rare and valuable, and their novel and picturesque forms would have delighted the soul of the lamented Downing. No part of the world is too remote to contribute its share, and on the various tickets with which they are marked one reads the names of Australia and California, Japan and the regions of the Upper Amazon. There are superb collections and single specimens of the New Zealand pine, whose grotesque and nondescript form is worthy of the other peculiar productions of that latitude. Compared with the rest of the evergreen tribe with which we are familiar, it strikes one very much like

the moose, or the armadillo, when contrasted with other animals. And yet it takes very kindly to the soil of England and France, and in many localities grows with luxuriance.

These trees are mostly arranged in groups and clumps, though here and there the more showy specimens are placed by themselves, that their beauties may be seen on every side. Many have been located all around the great conservatory, where their number and picturesque arrangement offer a most powerful and striking contrast to the vast walls of glass that tower above them. These are still more effective from the fact that they spring from the flanks of the enormous mass of artificial rock on which this structure is founded. Their shaggy shades overhang the grotts and caverns that have been excavated here and there, and lend another feature to the fascinating delusions of the place. Among these may be found choice trees from the higher ranges of the Himalayas in friendly rivalry with the cedar of Lebanon. Below and around them are ample groups of flowering rhododendrons from the former site, and beds of the charming rose of Sharon from Palestine. Their gay drapery of white and yellow, pink and purple, adorns the slopes that stretch from the entrance to the conservatory on either hand, and nestle here and there in the niches of the little precipice on whose summit it stands, and from whose central edge, crowned with a marble statue, a cascade leaps over

the rocks into the pond below. The magnolias are especially fine, and some of the single plants are of wonderful symmetry and beauty. At the entrances to the aquaria have been placed examples of the Mexican cactus more than ten feet high, — single columns of vegetable architecture, without a leaf or branch, but spiny, thick, and succulent. Near by in nooks and rifts of the craggy mass are aloes, or century plants, vegetable giants, drawing their support indifferently from earth or air, fierce in expression and powerful to wound. At the principal gate of the Garden are large and elegant vases, of new and striking design, with strange exotic shrubs overtopping them. Beyond these are handsome English yews, and a specimen of that fascinating tree, lately introduced into Europe and already become extremely popular in horticultural landscape, the *Eucalyptus globulus*, or Blue Gum, of Tasmania. The lithe and pliant elasticity of this tall and delicate shrub, the characteristic shape and disposal of its leaves, the bloom, resembling that of the grape, which covers them, and its slender trunk invested with a delicate bark, all give it an odd and quaint aspect. Like the bamboo, it seems part way between a reed and a tree, and possesses an individuality of its own that makes it wonderfully attractive to those who have taste in such matters. In small groups it adds a very impressive feature to a gardener's landscape. Overhanging this, is a tree which affords a good illustration of the exertions made to bring this Gar-

den to its present labored perfection. This is a plane, or buttonwood, at least fifty feet high and of corresponding circumference, which last January was located in the city nurseries more than a mile from its present site. It is now flourishing, and, though a little behind the rest of its species hereabouts, is thickly covered with fresh green leaves.

Among the other arboreal relishes of this spot are several fine samples of Californian produce in the shape of the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, as it is here called, being the enormous evergreen of that name, so well known in the United States as the tallest of its tribe that Nature has yet produced. They are most exuberant in their foliage and impressive in their shape. The largest of them do not yet exceed twenty feet in height, but they are already developing the figure that belongs to them in their native *habitat*. Of this even those who have not been so fortunate as to see them on the Pacific coast, can easily judge here at the Exhibition, through the large and admirable photographs by Mr. Watkins, exposed in the American department. These latter, in their workmanship and taste, are quite worthy of the objects they represent. It will be recollected by some that the parent trees are perfectly bare for a great distance from the ground, when in full maturity ; I think in many places over a hundred feet. This peculiarity is already showing itself in the larger ones here, for while the thick branches of the smaller yet cover the turf at

their base, the taller display their trunks to nearly two feet from their roots. Around Paris in various directions there are beautiful specimens of this ever-green, particularly in the *Bois de Boulogne*, and the *Jardin d'Acclimatation*. Great care is taken of them, and they are invariably placed by themselves, so that no surrounding shrubbery may interfere with their full growth. They bear the climate very well here and in England, which also has many fine examples in her parks and gardens. It will be long before any of them will overtop the dome of the *Invalides*, or even reach the size of the one that was so unfortunately consumed with the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, but there is no reason to doubt that their development will be hastened by the favorable circumstances in which they are now placed. No American can look upon one of these young and sturdy giants without a certain feeling of pride in them, both as the productions of a vigorous and thrifty State, and as suggestive symbols of the national progress. When our country is as old as the ancestor of these, may she still be as green and lusty; and when she falls, if that be her fate, may she bequeath as promising an inheritance to her successor, as that which is now enjoyed by their European offspring.

The gardens of Europe, and that of the Exhibition no less, well illustrate the great facilities enjoyed by modern amateurs and horticulturists in the discovery and distribution of new and beautiful

exotics. In old times an unknown plant made its appearance but rarely, and then only as a matter of chance. It is not much more than a century ago that the weeping-willow, now so common and so much admired, strayed into England in the guise of a twig that bound together a basket of Smyrna figs sent to Pope at his villa. Seeing a sprout just peeping from under the bundle, the poet had compassion on it, and planted it where it was cared for, till it became the parent of a greater host than came out of the loins of Abraham. It is hardly fifty years since that well known flower, the *Fuchsia*, was discovered by an English florist for the first time in a cracked tea-pot that adorned the window of a sailor's wife, occupying a poor cottage in the suburbs of London. Enthusiastically bribing the unwilling owner to part with it by the offer of all the money in his pocket, — some eight pounds, — he carried it off, propagated it, and urged its growth with such success that it has almost become naturalized in England. On the southern coast of that country it has attained such size in the mild temperature which the gulf stream breathes upon it, that it often towers to the height of twelve or fifteen feet, and rustic seats are made of its wood. Nowadays, however, all this fitful uncertainty is changed. Commerce has undergone an enormous development, both in speed and distance, and wherever a merchant's vessel penetrates, there the botanist and gardener can send their messengers, and that with unfailing success.

Mr. Fortune and others have ransacked China and Japan, and the *Wiegela*, the *Wistaria*, and hundreds of other new plants have made their appearance. The most remote recesses of the Himalayas have been searched for new rhododendrons and azaleas, and the most intricate jungles and swamps of South America have given up their orchids and lilies of a thousand shapes and hues. Even the investigator of Egyptian antiquities has shared in the work, and the wheat on which the subjects of the Pharaohs once fed, Belzoni has discovered for our use ; while the floral beauties of old have been revealed to this age, and the bulb in the hand of the mummy, shrouded in the dust and darkness of centuries, has blossomed into shining wings, — unfolding the glory in its heart of hearts, like the broad acres, resplendent with golden poppies, which welcome the emigrant to California, and seem the bright effluence of her hidden riches.

To the Garden of the Exposition a further charm is given by several displays of other less imposing, though in some cases more seductive, aspects of vegetable life, in the shape of flowers and fruit. These are arrayed in small sheds and tents, and in some cases have been very attractive. They are changed from time to time : and one day the visitor finds a collection of superb tulips, which makes him quite approve of the mania of the Hollanders for that flower ; on another he sees mammoth Duchess pears that have been kept in excellent preservation all winter, and are of the size of small squashes,

and giant asparagus, one stalk of which would serve for the very ace of clubs ; and the next day, perchance, these have given place to long rows of strawberry plants in pots, covered with fruit, and scores of grape vines in boxes, weighed down by heavy clusters of Frontignac and Black Hamburg. In a greenhouse near the *École Militaire*, is a superb gathering of orchids. These are in full bloom, and like vegetable butterflies, seem to fan the air with their delicately poised petals, while their brilliant dyes fascinate the eye. Moved by a breath, so long and attenuated are their stems, they swing to and fro, and at once transport the thought to those tropical regions far away, where Nature boon pours forth profuse over dark morass and solitary swamp innumerable effulgences like these, and confiding in her wealth, makes the most dreary images of death enticing with the radiance of coming heaven. Almost as gay has been the show of geraniums, during the past week, in the large Conservatory. This is a noble building, entirely of glass, and covered with thin wooden mats, whose broad stripes of alternate green and white add greatly to its striking effect, while they shade the tender plants from the scorching *scirocco* without. It is a hundred feet square, the centre being at least eighty feet high. From the front projects a noble portico fifty feet long, and extending the whole length of the *façade*. It is composed of open lattice work richly gilt and resting on pillars, slender and elegantly carved, of the same hue. It is cano-

pied with cloth painted in broad bands of crimson and white, and in the middle is a fountain of exquisite design. The floral Pantheon to which this picturesque vestibule leads, is partly filled in the centre with full-grown palms, — most of which were brought from Nismes and other towns five hundred miles away in the south of France, — bananas and other impressive exotic trees, while at intervals along the sides and winding paths are exposed the large ferns and other plants on exhibition. The bananas are glorious beyond compare, and with their broad greenness entirely untorn by the wind, rise on every hand like fountains of foliage. The collection of azaleas is magnificent, and those from Messrs. Veitch & Sons, of London, who are so eminent in their department in England, and contribute such wonderful displays to the annual meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society, are triumphs worthy of a lifetime. They are huge cones and pyramids of floral splendor, whose intensity, variety, and, at times, softness of color remind one of the brilliant clouds that gather round the setting sun. It would be difficult to discover a more imposing or convincing example of the results which have been reached by the persevering efforts of florists during the last twenty years.

That no attraction may be wanting to this charming locality, chairs of great comfort have been placed before the portico, and here one can sit and from the edge of the little precipice, look across the mimic lake to the grove beyond, and hear the band

play on pleasant afternoons. This they do in a handsome pavilion built for their accommodation. It is broad and round, and the pillars on which it rests are painted in green, gold, and vermillion. Spears, gilt and slender, project here and there, and support hangings of purple silk. These are fringed with white and looped up at intervals with gilt cords and tassels. Around it the banks are covered with rhododendrons in full bloom, whose bright blossoms offer a gratifying contrast to their rich, dark foliage. The music is excellent, and comes from the different regiments stationed in this vicinity. Here the people gather in crowds, and the scene is often lively in the extreme. Ladies flutter their parasols in bonnets and dresses that rival the flowers about them. Men of all nations look on applaudingly, and in the cheerful revelry of the scene, forget all but the glittering present. Care for the moment becomes a myth; and oblivious of the past, sanguine of the future, one thinks of nothing but the blessed fate that brought him to Paris. It is but an epitome of the whole Park, and this again but another proof of the success of the French in providing epicurean delights. And not only that, but in doing it with tact and delicacy, and so concentrating them, that in the midst of the greatest profusion one is not cloyed and surfeited. It is their forte to combine pleasure in its thousand aspects, as the weaver from golden threads and scarlet silk elaborates the graceful and gorgeous patterns that cover the web when it leaves the loom.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SÈVRES.

As might easily have been inferred from its past history, France takes the lead at the Great Exhibition in articles of luxury of nearly every class, and especially of those which combine the higher forms of beauty and usefulness. The energy of her people, the influence of government, and the skill of her workmen, have been for so many years directed towards supplying the world with sensuous delights, that her superiority in this respect is universally admitted. And by sensuous delights, I mean not merely those which minister to the lust of the eye and the pride of life, but those which contribute a substantial, as well as pleasurable, addition to human enjoyment and well-being. With the French these have received a more refined and artistic treatment than elsewhere, and it is their natural talent to gild the prosaic utility of other lands with the elegance of innate taste, quicken their cold dullness with the warm flush of a more vivid life, and cause the tardy buds of a slower growth to expand into sudden and unexpected loveliness and perfume. To keep these inborn en-

dowments at their present height, and moreover to increase them by every possible means, have become matters of national honor. Thus to add to the development of our age, and give the world assurance of their strength, is now the habit of the French, and they would feel deeply chagrined did they see any indication that the *prestige* of their name was fading away. It is, moreover, at the present day really a necessity that foreign nations should appreciate their untiring efforts to attract them by the myriad phases of their peculiar faculty, especially since Paris has so greatly increased in size, for from them its citizens must obtain their chief support. The multitude of strangers that resort to it must, hence, be tempted by every allurement to leave behind them as much of their hard-earned gold as Parisian ingenuity and shrewdness can fairly abstract from their pockets. And present appearances will certainly constrain every one to confess that they show but little diminution of their ancient ability in this department. To this end, they are very naturally favored by their government, which tenders its thriving subjects every aid in its power. It is now so rich and represents such a vast accumulation of resources, that it can offer the Parisians for their improvement the most costly and magnificent models of taste and beauty. The influence of these is great and valuable, for it promotes the incessant expansion of their inventive powers by keeping before them types for their

mental advancement in their various arts and occupations. It has always been the policy of the reigning monarch, and preëminently of the present one, to make these freely accessible to the people. Hence the most favorable results are always accruing, for the citizens receive through the eye, often unknown to themselves, impressions that are both durable and productive.

I was led to these reflections by looking at the superb and inimitable display of porcelain from the Imperial manufactory at Sèvres, and of tapestries from that of the Gobelins. These are exposed in the same court of the Exhibition Building. Their names are world-renowned, and of course, familiar to a large part of my readers. The latter will be pleased to hear that the present collection of both not only equals, but surpasses, those of former expositions in every respect, and shows a steady progress, even within five years, towards increasing excellence. Nothing can exceed the elaborate richness, the gorgeous variety, of the works exposed to view, either in design or execution. One sees on every hand exquisite coloring, skill in execution, and classic elegance of form. The tapestries are hung upon the walls, while the vases, cups, and other specimens of porcelain are arranged upon shelves and stands covered with crimson velvet. It is impossible to look upon this imposing show without a feeling, not merely of admiration, but of awe, at the splendid results attained from the wealth of a great

people in the hands of one man. In its presence the most inveterate republican finds his faith not a little shaken for the moment, and is willing to admit that even imperialism is entitled to its share in the commendation of mankind, and at the present day even contributes considerably to its progress.

It will doubtless be suggested that these are articles of luxury, made for the enjoyment of the wealthy, and beyond the reach of all others. But, as I have said above, they really take a prominent and useful part in the national education. Wedgwood, whose taste and judgment well qualified him to give an opinion on this subject that is entitled to respect, wrote these truthful words: "Nothing can contribute more effectually to diffuse a good taste through the arts, than the power of multiplying copies of fine things in materials fit to be applied for ornaments, by which means the public eye is instructed, good and bad works are nicely discriminated, and all arts receive improvement. Nor can there be any surer way of rendering any exquisite piece possessed by an individual famous, without diminishing the value of the original; for the more copies there are of any work, as of the *Venus de' Medici* for example, the more celebrated the original will be, and the more honor derived to the possessor. Everybody wishes to see the original of a beautiful copy."

This opinion is most sensible, and based on an accurate knowledge of human nature. It applies to

any people, though they may not be endowed with the tastes of the French. All men, except those of the lowest intellect, live more in the future than the present, and each one ever sees before him some object, at the moment unattainable, but really the luxury of his heart. He looks incessantly beyond the dry realities of life around him, towards something that may alleviate his lot, and make the hardships of this world a little more endurable and less wearing. If this object be of such a nature as to elevate his mind by infusing its own suggestions of religion, beauty, or morality, it will so far lend a healthy growth, and he will be strengthened by his own aspirations. The more such objects are improved and multiplied, the more powerful and auspicious will be their effect in the advancement of a people towards a noble end. If they do nothing else, they will at least tend to diminish the number of those of whom Victor Hugo speaks, who cannot discern the difference between the stars of heaven and those which the ducks make with their feet in the soft mud around their native puddle. It therefore becomes even republicans here in Paris to reflect upon the truth of the poet's words, —

“There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it out,” —

and not show so little judgment, or charity, as some : for example, a female radical whom I heard the other evening style the Sèvres display “a collection

of pomps and vanities fit only for the luxurious and enervated subjects of a perjured despot."

In this matter of the fabrication of costly porcelain, France is entitled to great credit, to that renown, in short, which comes from a long and persistent adherence to one object. Its success has always been dear to the nation. There have been many revolutions, and the sovereign people have oftentimes danced wild and triumphant *carmagnoles* over the ruins that ever cover the empire of anarchy, but they have always spared Sèvres. Her choicest productions that bore the hated monogram of Louis Philippe were, to be sure, thrown from the windows of the *Tuileries* by cart-loads. The grounds surrounding his villa at Neuilly were strewn with the wrecks of elegance and taste, and the flames of its burning lit up the shattered fragments of cups and goblets in which Pericles might have drank the health of Aspasia, — of ewers and tankards from which Hebe might have poured out celestial liquor for the gods. Classic in their form, and moulded into every outline of beauty by cunning workmen appreciating the visual delight that comes from a graceful curve, adorned with the choicest landscapes of Claude and Vernet, or the masterpieces of Raphael and the Caracci, vases and bowls overspread the flower-beds, or were trampled into the earth of which they were the once lovely offspring. Thus man himself cometh up as a flower, and thus often in death his bones lie scattered, the subjects of

wasteful wrath. The same fires served to bring out in strong relief the distant towers of the chateau of Sèvres, yet the mob, infuriate as they were with wine, and eager to destroy every emblem of their fallen master, had no thought of harming so proud a monument of their country's progress. Even in that hour of havoc and orgies, it served to point out to them the results of industry, order, and economy, and by its quiet and impressive contrast with the scene around, finally to win them back to the restoration and observance of heaven's own elementary laws. It is thus that Sèvres has ever been preserved. At the present day its record is a proud one. It not only looks back upon a long list of victories, but sees no rival in the future that will be likely to contest its supremacy. Once its competitors were numerous; now they have disappeared, or sunk away into inefficiency. Austria has for two years ceased to contend in any form, for national bankruptcy has closed its manufactory. Saxony now limits her efforts to a cheaper and more profitable class of works. And the same is true of all the rest. The French Government has reason to be contented with the high position to which Sèvres has attained through their untiring aid. In 1855 the jury selected from all nations gave its verdict in favor of this manufactory, and the world in general is satisfied of its justice. In their report its members use the following language:

“The reasons for which the jury decree the grand

medal of honor to the Imperial Manufactory of Sèvres are these :

1st. The extraordinary perfection of its workmanship, which is allowed to be superior to that of all the other exhibitors.

2d. The recent improvements it has introduced into the various branches of the ceramic art.

3d. The great variety of its works.

4th. The artistic taste displayed in their decoration.

5th. The invention of new models and ornaments, for nearly all the forms displayed by the manufactory of Sèvres are new, and have been designed in its workshops within a few years."

This decision is extremely gratifying, and there is every reason to believe that a verdict of a similar tenor will be rendered in regard to the exhibition of this year. Its staff of managers embraces men of the greatest scientific ability as well as taste. The chief director, M. Regnault, is of indefatigable energy, and he is well seconded by the principal chemist, M. Salvétat, and M. Millet, superintendent of the fabrication. They are still discovering new processes, and making fresh combinations tending to promote durability and beauty of tint in the material with which they work. The mysteries of their profession are very intricate, and would be somewhat difficult for a connoisseur to learn, even if the officials were disposed to reveal them. I was told that a vase which I particularly admired was made

of "*silicate alumino-alkalin*" combined with "*silicate d'alumine hydrate*," whereupon I remained satisfied with that amount of information, and did not seek to make any further progress in that direction. When they remarked that the combination in question was extremely hard to effect, and was regarded as a great triumph in its way, I admitted this without the slightest disposition to contradict it. The evidences before me were so complete as to a positive advance in beauty and artistic excellence, that I was willing to allow anything that was revealed to me. Within the past few years great attention has been given to a style called *pate sur pate*. As its name implies, it consists in the application of one layer of porcelain to another. The artist places upon a foundation of colored biscuit portions of white paste composed of metallic oxides and tempered with water. He moulds and carves this into the design required, the vessel then receives its final finish from the hands of the workman and is placed in the furnace. Upon its reappearance it is found to be covered with a deep and glassy polish. The background is especially brilliant, and glows with a metallic lustre, generally of a rosy tint more or less clear. The bass-reliefs of white, though standing out in well defined lines, are nearly transparent at their edges. The only defect of this method — and some might call it an excellence — is, that the number of colors which can be employed with success is quite small, and

thus the designer is obliged to display his talent principally through the lineaments of his figures. Hence, among the articles exhibited on this occasion, the cameos, which need no variety of tones, hold the most prominent rank. Their merit is wonderful, and the contrast offered by the vigor and life of their pure outlines against the dark and glittering surface upon which they rest, is most impressive. It is well for Sèvres that the energy of its managers has taken this novel direction, for it had before effected everything that could be wished in the mere painting of china. Copies of landscapes and figures from the pencils of old masters, glittering flowers and resplendent birds, have been done again and again with a perfection that has never been equaled, and cannot be improved. It is a fresh tribute to the ever progressive influence of Nature and the unceasing advance of our race, that its managers should thus pass from the more sensuous attractions of color to the simplicity of classic elegance and purity of shape. Its effect will soon be seen in this, as in other directions. Nature woos us to her side by many a charm, but in no way more so than through the infinite harmony of her forms. Science daily reveals to us the mysterious melody of her deeper combinations, with results not merely of practical utility, but of fascination both for eye and ear, as Professor Tyndall has lately and often shown. In her prolific and unnumbered shapes, what fruits from this source cannot be

hoped for? It may, and probably will, be our fortune through this aid finally to attain to an appreciation of the beautiful, such as even Phidias never enjoyed. Hence, anything that tends to keep her attractions more prominently before us will assist, however little, in this effect, and is to be encouraged by every means. And hence it is that the labors of the artists at Sèvres have given a patent proof that they deserve well of mankind.

I was particularly impressed with a large vase in the new style which has just been done. It is unique in shape, material, and decoration, and the adaptation of each of these to the other shows great independence of judgment, as well as exquisite tact. This harmony is well set off by the rich translucent enamel which covers it, and whose liquid depth lends an additional charm to the tint of pale sea-green that overspreads its exterior. It is about four feet high, and stands upon a pedestal of gilded bronze, elaborate in its design. The texture of the material is most delicate, and the tone of its color extremely clear and even. It is impossible to avoid admiring the symmetry of figure, which seems to blend with its ornaments, so that the whole bears the stamp of the same ruling mind. From its lower edge spring leaves of the *sagittaria*, or arrow-head, and the broad foliage of the coarser aquatic plant, all being done in white. These grow more and more slender and less numerous, with the narrowing lines of the vases, until at last only a

few tall reeds shoot up to near the top. The stalks of these are delicate, and finally tipped with feathery flowers, and all appear to wave to and fro, as if a gentle breeze was passing over them. In the centre of the parted group stands a heron, that has just seized a fish from the water at its feet. This figure shows wonderful vitality and truth to nature, and as he holds the struggling prey high in air, one almost expects to see it disappear in his unscrupulous maw. Of course, description of a work like this must be tame, and to a certain extent unmeaning. I have given this only as a slight intimation. It is only one with numerous others in the Sèvres court, all of which show great vigor of design and execution, together with rare promise for the future. The old style of meretricious coloring and exact copies of *chefs d'œuvre*, presenting the skeletons of the great labors of genius without the soul, they can well afford to abandon. Though these have, to a certain extent, a powerful effect upon the education of the people, yet they can be done sufficiently well by other manufactories. Its managers, in striking out into new and bolder paths, have, either by fortune or talent, fallen upon one that has not merely the merit of novelty, but of beauty and healthy usefulness. For this they deserve infinite credit. Yet with the resources at their command they can do more than they have already attempted. It will be well for France if they shall inaugurate some further researches, tending to combine econ-

omy of production with simple and elegant decoration. In this way they will contribute more directly to the comfort of the poorer classes, and not only that, but to their mental profit.

While closing this chapter, I desire, as a matter of justice and gratitude, to say that the officials in charge of the Sèvres collection are extremely well informed as to all matters concerning its style of fabrication, and not only that, but, like many others of their class in France, very affable and ready to impart any aid in their power to those desiring it. I have been indebted to them for many civilities, and their uniform courtesy is deserving of every commendation. It is the more creditable from the fact that they are in a position which is somewhat trying. They are responsible for the safety of every article in this large and costly display, and these demand incessant care. Some are small, and easily abstracted by rapacious visitors. Others are fragile, and need great care to prevent fracture. They are pestered with all sorts of questions by ignorant and foolish people, and altogether it is a matter of wonder how they can retain any degree whatever of equanimity or cheerfulness, not to mention politeness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FEATHERS.

THE vast outer gallery that surrounds the Great Exhibition building, is devoted, as I presume many of my readers know, to machinery. The specimens of this form of human ingenuity are enormous in number, of every possible style, and for every possible purpose. There are not, to be sure, many that are novel, or that promise to introduce a new era in their department, but one can easily discover hundreds that are of extreme interest, and which appear of almost human capacity. When they are all in motion the effect is indescribable. It is one grand manifestation of the power of intellect over inert and rude matter, whose impression upon the observer is really for the moment overpowering. This collection is the representative type of the age, and to a reflecting mind is to the full as characteristic and magnificent as the Great Pyramid, or the Parthenon. The broad belt that contains it is the Coliseum of industry, and, like that at Rome, it surrounds the wide arena in which men from every nation contend, though in our day, fortunately, in peaceful rivalry, and only for the mastery of mind.

The movements of all these intricate automatons have a strange fascination for the people, who daily gather in crowds about them, and watch with unending interest every repetition. The envelope-machine, for example, goes through its endless and wonderful work by the hour together. It stretches out delicate fingers of polished steel, seizes upon the paper, shapes, gums, and folds it with a super-human neatness and dexterity, and still the crowd look on with eyes never satisfied. They stay and cling around it, or leave the spot and return again, only to stare, as if they could penetrate some inner mystery, or perchance were expecting to hear it speak, and utter some strange oracle from its interior. And still the monotonous artificer goes on, and makes no sign but the faint click which announces that it is doing its work faithfully and well.

Combined with several machines besides this latter, are other manufactures in active operation, some of which are quite complicated and interesting. Here artificial flowers are made, and from heaps of gay pieces of silk and satin, bright bouquets come forth in all that exquisite rivalry of Nature, which French workmen of that class know so well how to attempt with success. Here felt hats are made, and one can watch the downy spoils of the rabbit, from its first estate of apparent inefficiency, through all the operations necessary to produce a comfortable and elegant "tile," durable enough to shelter one's head over an Alpine pass

on a rainy day, easy enough to make one hate to take it off, and yet sufficiently handsome to aid in the composition of a bow to the finest lady in the land. Near this manufactory in a nutshell, is an unpretending fabrication which many pass by without notice. It is a simple loom, of small size, at which is seated a girl engaged in weaving a mat from shredded feathers. This is not very impressive to most minds, but it is really an important illustration of one phase of human industry in France, which has within a few years gradually increased to not a little prominence and value. It is novel in application, ingenious in its invention, and to those who know the progress it has made from slight beginnings, through the talents and perseverance of one man, it offers a very suggestive lesson.

Most of my readers will recollect that there was a time when steel pens did not exist, and "the gray goose-quill" was the only medium for communicating their lofty yearnings to paper. Some of us well remember those school-days, when to know "how to mend a pen" was considered an essential part of our education, and a long list of minor offenses, each endowed with its appropriate punishment and arising from this source, served to impress that fowl upon our memories. Many will call to mind the tokens they received from the itching palm of a master, for maltreatment of quill pens; such as dropping them on the floor, placing their feet upon them, using them wherewith to propel

foreign substances in the style of the Carribee Indians, and other forms of youthful activity and willful misapplication of the blessings of the common school system. In those days the goose was on the high road to immortality. His lineage dated from that period when the vigilant, though somewhat inharmonious, voices of his ancestors saved the Roman State. In the Middle Ages, popular wisdom briefly attributed to him a share in the triumvirate that ruled the world. "*Anser, apis, vitulus, populos et regna gubernant*,"—"The goose, the bee, and the calf, govern peoples and kingdoms,"—said the monks, and straightway devoted themselves all the more earnestly to those chosen manuscripts, which were to transmit to our age the lore of antiquity by means of pen, wax, and parchment. In more modern times, his power was acknowledged by those who used him to be of dire effect, and the well-known line, "The pen is mightier than the sword," is but the altered form of an earlier sentiment expressed in more rugged prose. In the words of James Howell to Ben Jonson, "The fangs of a bear, or the tusks of a wild boar, do not bite more, or make a deeper gash, than a goose-quill sometimes." This now "tame villatic fowl" was even enshrined in the flowing verse of Pope, and the "Dunciad" itself bears witness to his imputed power.

"Could Troy be saved by any single hand,
This gray-goose weapon must have made her stand."

In this prime of his race, the goose was ever the companion of the Muses, and could hold his own with the birds of Jove and Minerva. Dr. Franklin boldly demanded that he should be selected as "the bird of our country," not because his ancestors saved Rome, or that he tasted well with celery sauce, and even in his ashes lived his wonted fires, but from the prominent part he took in the education of the people, and the rich harvest that annually sprang from the confiscation of his tail-feathers. I have seen a picture which well illustrates his high position at this era of his history. A flock of several of his species were surrounding one somewhat larger and fatter than themselves. He was evidently speaker of an indignation meeting, and they were applauding the sentiments he had just uttered. Underneath are the words, "Long enough have our feathers enriched ungrateful writers. Let us rise like one bird and demand our place at the banquet of letters." This lofty assumption has, however, now lost all its *prestige*, the fall of the goose was fated to ensue like that of man, and quills have for the nonce passed away to "the land where the pepper groweth." Nobody uses them now, and, though I have heard a stout old fellow who drank a deal of port say, that steel pens disagreed with him, and that he never could write with them, especially after dinner, without feeling a sort of benumbing electrical sensation in his right hand and at times extending up to his head, for the most part they have disappeared from use.

When the goose thus fell from his high estate all over the civilized world, and, from being "the sovereign'st thing on earth," became a fellow of no mark nor likelihood, a certain *Monsieur Bardin* was engaged in France in the wholesale manufacture of quills, at Joinville-le-Pont. His business was ere long reduced to almost nothing. Being, however, a man of great pluck and audacity, as well as no little inventive talent, he was not discouraged. He at once began to look about him for some possible means of using the immense quantity of capital suddenly thrown aside as worthless, but which seemed to be available for many objects of both comfort and ornament, if one could only devise the means of manufacturing them with skill and economy. Since that day his efforts have been directed towards this sole object, and with such success that he now employs a hundred, and at times a hundred and thirty workmen. Considering the myriad difficulties in his way, and that this branch of industry began from almost nothing, it must be admitted that this is quite a success. At the commencement he limited his efforts to making a cheap and popular imitation of steel pens from quills which were cut by machinery. Then, reflecting on the heaps of useless *débris* which gradually accumulated, he turned his inventive faculties to the rest of the quill. The shining outside of the back, fine, light, transparent, and withal solid, he tore off, and dyeing it green or yellow, prepared it for the use of the makers of artifi-

cial flowers. It is of this that are formed those delicate, elastic leaves and spires of grass which one sees dancing in the sunlight on ladies' bonnets. Under this comes a harder substance, which has almost the stiffness and tenacity of bristles. This he prepared for the brush-makers, and they were not slow to adopt it, seeing that they could buy it at a cheap rate and work it in, when cut into minute strips, with the more valuable bristles. These shreds are also used by the makers of flowers. From this point M. Bardin has gone on, at every step making some fresh improvement, until now the more substantial portion of the quill enters into a hundred branches of such manufactures.

The feathers, or rather the plume of the quill, remained to be appropriated, and here M. Bardin found himself long at fault. And yet he persevered, and though now far from the results he has ever aimed at, the future promises well, judging from what has been already done. Numerous methods of employing this waste material to a certain extent have been discovered, and if one shall finally appear sufficiently successful to warrant its adoption on a large scale, it will be a great blessing for humanity. Not only in France, but America, the number of fowls that annually die and leave their feathers to be thrown away is enormous, and it is melancholy to think that a great natural product evidently designed by Providence to fill an important part in the prosperity, adornment, and support of

our species, should be thus comparatively worthless, or, if employed at all, only to shorten our days in the form of feather beds. I do not mean this latter remark as a joke, and think the truth of it will be admitted by any one who has slept, or rather tried to do so in vain, on an article of that description in a New England country town in August. They are destructive both of moral and bodily health, and many deplorable violations of the third commandment may be directly traced to this source. The object of M. Bardin has been,—and he sees no reason to doubt his ultimate success—to manufacture the covering which Nature has so abundantly bestowed upon winged creatures, into an equally useful and handsome protection for mankind. There seems at present no reason why a profitable material may not finally be invented from this substance, warm as wool, brilliant as silk, and lighter and more durable than cotton. It would surpass the limits of this chapter if I should attempt to describe with any minuteness the progress that has already been made, or the various steps by which it has been accomplished. They are very creditable to the energy and cleverness of their author. M. Bardin began by sewing feathers together in rows, with the object of making a garment somewhat like those of the ancient Aztecs. Finding but little disposition on the part of any of his countrymen to display themselves thus attired on the Boulevards, his ready genius suggested to him that they would prove an

excellent protection for young and delicate plants in greenhouses, or glass frames. For this purpose they worked to a charm, and horticultural societies everywhere recommended them.

The next step was the discovery of feather carpets. To reach this point many difficulties were to be overcome, and that on ground entirely untried. The article was new, its combination with other stuff was novel, and even the machinery must be invented by M. Bardin. However, he was nothing daunted, and after trials and efforts that would have quite baffled a perseverance less resolute, he was successful in making a carpet which not only never can wear out, but has the additional merit of being extremely cheap. The colors which it admits are gay, and the patterns, though not very elaborate, quite lively in their effect, while there is nothing to be feared from moths or water, dust or dirt. It is a most interesting spectacle to witness the gradual advance of one of these tissues, as it passes through the machine at the Exhibition. The loom first employed by M. Bardin was that of Jacquard. This, however, was found too complicated and liable to get out of order. He substituted for it a loom of his own invention, so simple that the first-comer would hardly need an hour's apprenticeship in order to operate with it effectively. The design to be wrought out is placed under the woof, and the weaver has only to choose from the various boxes of feathers before him the hues adapted to

the pattern. The carpet is a little stiff when it leaves the loom, but M. Bardin has provided for this difficulty by a process by which it is "*duveté*," that is, changed into the softness of down, and has more the aspect of wool, than could possibly have been expected from a substance so rigid and unmanageable as the plumage of a goose or hen.

Thus far the promise has been followed by a large degree of performance, but M. Bardin is now engaged on further discoveries. He claims to have invented a process by which feathers can be spun into rope, twine, or even thread. This is not yet made public, partly because he very naturally wishes to retain for himself any advantages that may accrue from it, partly by reason of certain finishing contrivances needed to perfect it. To this he has also added an operation for changing, or I might more properly say reducing, the foliage of a fowl into a single mass of eider-down. It is gray, silky, extremely soft to the touch, and even possesses that property of heat, which has hitherto been supposed to belong more exclusively to the latter material than to any other of the same class. And after all, the cost of its production is only one tenth the present price of eider-down. These are some of the results which have been already reached. The cost of the experiments made by M. Bardin has been very great, and he has not spared money in doing what he could to bring them to perfection. His first carpet was worth 100,000 francs, it is said,

and this is not all that he has invested during the past twenty years in his praiseworthy and energetic efforts. If these sums are not returned to him in gold, he will, at least, enjoy the far higher reward that comes from the conscientious employment of one's best powers for the advantage of his country and race, and from the fervent gratitude of thousands of poor whom he has benefited. Though in selecting a subject apparently so uninteresting, I run a great risk of wearying my readers, yet it struck me that they might pardon the introduction of matter which is at least impressive and instructive. It is only one of several similar fabrications at the Great Exhibition which show in the clearest way the beneficent, as well as important, results that may follow from well-directed and persistent employment of talents, which, though they do not amount to genius, are gifted with a practical cast which the latter often wants. Hence arises a lasting and abundant gain.

It is through the influence of examples like these that the Great Exhibition will exert its broadest effect upon the world. So wide is its range and so universal its grasp, that many of the results of every nation's best mental power and most profitable works, are brought prominently before the world. And these are quite as obvious in those which concern the humbler classes, as in those which are more especially devoted to the rich and great. The rights, as well as the comforts, of the former can no

longer be neglected. They now begin to demand the privileges which in Europe have long been due and long sought. This demand they can now enforce, and emperors and kings at the present make a merit of granting that which it would be dangerous to refuse. The servants of industry are becoming every day a greater power in the land. Napoleon, as well as the more enlightened among the other sovereigns, perceives that to avoid new revolutions and the wide anarchy of destructive hordes, provision must be made for their instruction, and enjoyment of the comforts of life. Cheap may be their daily requirements and the simple necessities of their humble *ménage*, but they must be good of their kind, durable, and healthy. If they can be attractive to the eye, so much the better. If they can be provided from the people's own resources, and their scanty capital be employed for their own benefit; if the devoted talent of one man can do this, even if it come only from the invention of a carpet of feathers, the result will be creditable to him, valuable for them, and welcomed by every government that has the real welfare of its people at heart. I trust that M. Bardin will be as successful in his attempts as "*le père Madeleine*" was in his, and more than this no one could desire.

After leaving this part of the Exhibition, I went to the English section. While there, I happened to cast my eyes upon these familiar lines of Longfellow. They were engraved upon one of a collection of blocks of boxwood for engravers, which occupied a

handsome case, and were most neat and attractive specimens of handiwork.

“ Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen, —
Make the house where Gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.”

They were an expressive comment upon what I had just seen, and harmonized well with the tone of thought into which I had been led by the sight of M. Bardin's humble inventions. They were an interesting illustration of the broad sympathy that all men feel with the sentiments of truly healthy poetry. This is especially noticeable, when a chord is struck which vibrates responsive in all hearts, as common to our humanity, whatever may be its condition. There are many such strains to be found in Longfellow, and few living poets offer so many evidences of that touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin. This was a fresh and gratifying proof of his wide-spread influence and real accord with the liberal spirit of the age. While I was reading this quotation, a large organ near by suddenly began to send forth the inspiring tones of “Fair Harvard.” The effect of this upon several graduates of that venerable institution who happened to be present, can be imagined. Many of my readers have, perhaps, witnessed the vivid gymnastics and vocal demonstrations which are often excited by this tune, and I can only say that on this occasion, they were repeated with variations. I was convinced that good music and muscular Christianity

have much in sympathy. The organist was accompanied by one who played the French horn, or some other complicated arrangement of resounding bass, and did his part quite well too. When he had finished, I stepped forward and asked him what he had just played. He said it was a favorite Irish air, very old, but which had of late become quite a favorite under the name of "My lodging's on the cold ground." I pitied the respondent from the depths of my heart, but after all it was his misfortune, and not his fault, that he was not a graduate of Harvard. I was about to enlighten his ignorance in regard to the *Marseillaise* of my Alma Mater, but reflected that he would be very likely to be prejudiced in favor of his own view and said nothing.

The longer I live the more convinced I become that there is but little verity in books, and nothing certain in this world, but death and taxes. It is our happy fortune to live in an age of progress, and new discoveries daily descend upon us like falling stars. How lucky are we to be spared the supposititious emotions that so deeply excited our fathers. Coleridge never was at Chamonix, nor did his dreamy optics ever rest upon the snowy dome of Mont Blanc. Hence we can no longer waste our sympathies upon his once noble hymn to that peak, especially since we are a practical and law-abiding people, and in our age every *contre-façon* is severely punished. "Truth is mighty," and has prevailed against Casabianca and Sir John Moore, in

spite of the poetical ceremonies with which they had been adorned. Every one knows, nowadays, that the former did "go without his father's word," and, as to the latter, we did not "bury him darkly at dead of night." Julian the Apostate has been conclusively proved to have been as faithful as Abdiel; and Henry the Eighth, as Mr. Froude has shown on the most obvious testimony, was a model of conjugal fidelity, and bowstringed his numerous wives only from the purest and most philanthropic motives. Arnold the traitor was a fiery, though somewhat eccentric, patriot, who really saved his country; and General Hull a martyr who reluctantly yielded to the force of circumstances. An Andover professor has even brought Judas Iscariot again before the tribunal at which all humanity have rashly condemned him, and demonstrated that it was quite natural for him to act as he did, considering the peculiar position in which he was placed. As to Sappho, Dr. Welcker, with a tender regard for her reputation, has shown conclusively that, so far from falling in love with Phaon and throwing herself from the Leucadian rock, she was a highly respectable wife and mother, and never took any leap at all, except into matrimony. Professor Renan, after having displayed to an ignorant world the real *status* of Christ and the deluded Apostles, has, in the same manner, "*réhabilité*," as he terms it, the Empress Faustina, consort of Marcus Aurelius, and compares her spotless and virtuous life to that of Marie Antoinette. One of

our countrymen, pestilently inquisitive, and never satisfied to leave well enough alone, has just found the original score of "Yankee Doodle," and discovered that it was originally a popular air in the Basque provinces and sung by its people long before the deluge. "America," or "God save the King," as everybody has been informed, was "conveyed" by Handel from a song sung by Mad. de Maintenon's pupils at St. Cyr, and, if traced back to its origin, would finally be found, I dare say, snugly hybernating at the very root of the genealogical tree of harmony; and now it appears that "Fair Harvard" was very probably played by Brian Boru on his harp to urge his "skipping kerns" on to battle in the tender infancy of Fenianism. With every respect for abstract truth, I yield unwillingly for the most part to the researches which have thus stripped from many an idol of the past the drapery with which time and poetry have adorned it; the fastidious accuracy of modern days has often substituted but a cold and unwelcome skeleton for the attractive form we once worshipped; yet in the matter of "Fair Harvard" it seems quite probable, to judge from its merits, that it dates back to a period far more remote than the above; and I am willing to admit from its effect on myself that, "when of old the sons of morning sang," this was the strain which inspired their "notes angelical," and penetrating to the very heaven of heavens, tendered soothing melody to the great Author of music Himself.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE OFFSPRING OF THE PEN.

VAST as is the scope of the Great Exhibition, and complete as are some of its departments, there are others which are conspicuous through their deficiencies. This is especially true in that of the publishers and booksellers. In our own section, where so much might have been done with credit and success, the display is by no means what it should be, though a few very creditable specimens of the skill of our workmen are to be seen, and a copy of the last edition of Webster's Dictionary bears ample testimony to the resources of the "Riverside Press." This is to be regretted, for many of our leading publishers within the past few years have made notable advances in every direction, and works have appeared under their auspices that are fully equal to the finest productions of the first European houses. Had a variety of these been visible at the Exhibition, even if the contribution had cost some little sacrifice on the part of the senders, they would have had a beneficial effect. They would have given us a reputation in a quarter where the nation really deserves it, and enabled the Americans here to point with pride

to one more deserving exhibit among our scanty offerings. This indifference, however, I feel bound to admit, is quite universal among all the European publishers, in fact more *universelle* than the Exposition itself. The great English booksellers, rich with the literary triumphs of the last century, and famous wherever their language is known, through their connection with the most eminent authors of their day, have quite ignored the Exhibition; and the same is true of the largest establishments of Germany, such as those of Brockhaus, Tauchnitz, and others. France is well represented in this respect, however, as might well have been foreseen, and her publishers have added a most fascinating feature to the great industrial display. In this the firm of L. Hachette & Co. take the lead, and the works they exhibit are in many ways superior to anything that has yet been seen in their class. They occupy one of the large and elegant divisions that are ranged on either side of the broad aisle leading from the principal entrance of the building to the central garden. This they have fitted up with handsome book-cases of carved ebony, and faced with plate-glass, in which are neatly arranged a large number of their latest and best productions. These are bound with artistic decoration, and in their illustrations and type are all that the most fastidious bibliomaniac could desire. It is a place where one loves to go and linger, till the fading day shows how fast the moments have fled; to return again and again,

like Romeo to Juliet, soon as the "light through yonder window breaks," and feast both eyes and mind. Only the genuine devotee of literature can appreciate the luxurious and unending charms of such a spot. To contemplate the works of a favorite author, glowing with every offering that can come from modern talents and refinement ; to turn over page after page of paper delicately tinted ; to find the loftiest and most inspiring thoughts, to which we have ever looked up with love and admiration, gleaming upon us anew in characters delicately wrought, like the Pleiades through their silver braid ; to see how the clever pencil of the appreciative artist has realized the bright ideal, and quickened the burning words into images delightful to the eye ; — "He who of these delights can judge and spare to interpose them oft, is not unwise." The feeling of a connoisseur of letters towards a favorite author is that of a lover for his mistress, and when he sees his honors given to the world in a form befitting his merits, he feels that magnetic glow which ever follows when the presence of Genius, the twin sister of Love, for the moment kindles the soul with a spark of its own contagious fire. Like the rapt seraph, he "adores and burns." Says Romeo, —

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite."

So boundless, so deep, and so infinite are our love

and fervor of esteem, when Homer, Dante, Milton, appear before us, fresh from the source from which their being rose, and through their writings become an actual presence. No longer are they to us as to the multitude, — cold fictions of antiquity, distant and unapproachable, birds of God preserved in the amber of the ages, but near and dear, eager to welcome, and drawing us to them by the threefold and irresistible cord of learning, love, and poetry.

The house of Hachette and Co. is really one of the great marvels of Paris, and of France as well. Its influence is enormous, and every day widely extending; especially in these later years, when a great educational movement is going on, and the establishment of libraries for the people, in every *commune*, is rapidly progressing. My readers will have some idea of its prominence and importance in this country when I inform them that this firm publish 150 new works every year, and keep in constant employ 3000 artists, printers, engravers, and binders. They use 160,000 reams of paper annually, and the number of pages of printed matter amounts to the enormous figure of 110,000,000. There are four partners, and the business is so shared among them that the vast business of the house, which extends to every quarter of the globe, is carried on with the most perfect simplicity and method. The books they publish range through all departments of science, literature, and art; and are particularly numerous in these branches that relate to element-

ary instruction. The school books they issue for every class of students are very numerous, as well as original in their design ; and there are several that might well be introduced into our own dominions. In spite of the ideas prevalent in America in regard to the backwardness of education and its aids in France, there is not a little that might be studied with advantage even here. This country is not so greatly in arrears in such matters as some persons think, and the tact of the French is so nice, that they need but a slight impulse to improve upon the best means employed by foreign nations. Fortunately for the educational interests of the land, Messrs. Hachette & Co., who are so deeply interested therein, are extremely liberal in their sentiments, and disposed to help to the best of their ability all means that can be properly used to promote them. A few days ago I was shown, with great courtesy, over their establishment on the Boulevard St. Germain, here in Paris, and was greatly pleased, as well as impressed, at what I saw. I was convinced that the education of the masses could not fail in hands so determined to forward it, and so largely provided with the means of carrying out their intentions. Of a single elementary work lately published by the firm, and designed to teach pupils to read manuscript of every sort through lithographic copies in many styles, I saw a single edition of 50,000 all ready to go forth to different parts of France. It formed a solid pile of instruction ten

feet square and over twenty feet high. I went on and on, through room after room and gallery after gallery, till I reached the great cellar, extending through the whole building, which was filled to its utmost capacity with the various publications of the firm that already form part of the standard literature of the country, and are incessantly called for throughout the empire. I was struck with the perfect order and systematized regularity that everywhere reigned. There was no noise, no confusion. Large tables were covered with piles of books awaiting transmission, and clerks in numbers were gliding rapidly to and fro to fill other orders. Everything was done in almost complete silence; hardly a voice could be heard except in an undertone, and everything moved on with the precision of nicely adjusted machinery. And yet, in spite of the simplicity everywhere noticeable, there is a large degree of administrative power and capacity needed to reach this result. Were the leader of this industrial army to fail in his duties for a single day, it would at once be obvious that something was wrong, and many of even the minutest details would soon feel the defection.

The only part of the establishment I saw was the warehouse and salesrooms. The workmen employed in the various branches are scattered over the city, in different directions, and the printing, stereotyping, engraving, and binding are carried on in detached buildings. A portion only of the nicest im-

pressions of their choice engravings are done here. I was amazed at the variety of subjects, style, and price in the thousands of volumes here collected. The former range from the simplest primer for infant minds, such as Shenstone's "busy dame" might have used in the education of those "unruly brats," whom she was wont to tame with the birch, to the *Inferno* of Dante, superbly illustrated by the pencil of Gustave Doré. The first is published at the moderate price of five *sous*, the latter can be bought at an expense of one hundred francs. Of the former, under the title of "The Child's First Book," I was informed that they sold 200,000 *per annum*, which shows either an enormous number of "unruly brats," or great powers of destruction on the part of those that exist. Here were not only all the works of the great French authors in every branch of literature, but many old friends from Anglo-Saxondom in a new garb. Translations of Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron were observable, side by side with the modern classics of Macaulay and Dickens. All were printed with spotless accuracy on thick and handsome paper. And yet on turning over the pages, and casting my eye here and there upon familiar passages, I was struck with their unnatural aspect, and the loss they had undergone in leaving their own magnificent original tongue. At the sight of "Midsummer Night's Dream" in French, I could not help exclaiming, "Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee, thou art translated." Among

others Douglas Jerrold seemed strangely droll, and the famous "Caudle Lectures" hardly knew themselves under their new title of *Sous les Rideaux*. Mr. Caudle, the long-suffering martyr of domestic woes, was transformed into *M. Panade*, and a little extract I made from the preface will serve to show how greatly the spirit of the work had disappeared: "*Recueil de sermons nocturnes prononcées pendant le cours de trente ans par Mme. Marguerite Panade et subis par son mari Job.*" The well-known tenth lecture on the subject of shirt-buttons is entitled, "*Il est question des boutons de chemise de M. Panade,*" and so it goes on through the whole work. Our New England authors were represented by Messrs. Hawthorne and Hildreth, Mrs. Stowe and Miss Cummins. Of the first I was pleased to see translations of nearly all his writings. That wonderful masterpiece, the "House of the Seven Gables," under the title of *La Maison aux Sept Pignons*, was got up with great neatness and finish. I sought out a familiar and favorite chapter, and was gratified with the fidelity of the translation, though in French the thoughts no longer seemed to breathe, or the words to burn. I was not, however, pleased to notice that a considerable portion had been omitted. It was the chapter in which the author, with luxuriant and finely-drawn humor, gives the history, and delineates the peculiar features of the Pyncheon breed of hens, where the quaint appearance and hereditary oddities of that ancient fowl with one

chicken, "the plodding pattern" of dear, forlorn old Hepzibah herself, are portrayed with that inimitable nicety and truth, which could flow only from a perfect knowledge of, and sympathy with the hen character. As I read, her husband came up vividly before me with all his long-descended pride; and in spite of his foibles, his lofty strut, his rusty and ancient spurs, and his hoarse crow, as if he had been born in the time of Chaucer and used his voice incessantly ever since, "this bird of dawning" still seemed to sing harmoniously, and to compare favorably as a son of New England with the more *parvenu* pretensions of his Gallic rivals. Dignified as he was, and conscious of the blood of the old judge coursing through his veins, I don't believe the Pyncheon cock ever forgot "to crow in the morn," according to the good old custom of his representative predecessor in the distant time of "the house that Jack built." But I never heard a rooster crow in Paris, and I fancy his species have no sense of responsibility in this matter; certainly they have no such "spur to prick the sides of their intent," as his transatlantic cousin finds in that venerable household ballad.

I can speak from experience on this subject, for I have often taken a peculiar pleasure in watching the habits of these domestic *attachés*. What Hawthorne says is peculiarly true, and no observer can fail to find abundant amusement in studying their piquant and humorous fancies. Nothing can be

more entertaining than the serious drollery of their looks, and the odd variety of their manners and attitudes. In Paris I was especially favored with a little menagerie of these feathered utilitarians, that often disported themselves under my window with a sedate tranquillity which was quite imposing. I could see them without exertion from the balcony, and invariably found them an instructive amusement. They were the same in number and size with the Pyncheon family, and to all appearance boasted as lofty and spotless a lineage. The larger of the two *petite* dowagers betrayed her aristocratic origin with every movement. Stepping over the ground on the tips of her toes, as if she spurned it; now sensible of an impending egg, and yet, with conscious pride, hesitating before she confided so important a trust to the rude and unfeeling world; then solemnly strutting with a fastidious cluck up to a dainty bit, as if about to do it an honor by devouring it; now perking up her head with a *cocotte*-ish air, as of one who had not yet forgotten the fascinations of time long past; her every movement and expression was a quiet and effective satire on the manners and habits of the nobler bipeds about her. As for the head of this stately family, nothing could surpass his ancestral *hauteur*. His pomposity was superb, and the grandeur with which, from time to time, he stood up on high and tossed his scarlet crest, suggested the noble bearing of Henry IV. at Ivry. And all this was done in dignified silence.

He never crowed, and his harem were like him. Beyond a quiet and well-bred cackle, there was nothing that indicated the slightest feeling or emotion. They were all evidently guided by an inborn and hereditary etiquette, which could not, for a moment, be guilty of any *gaucherie*.

But to return to my subject. Of late years Messrs. Hachette & Co. have made themselves famous in France and England, as the publishers of a number of works of standard value with illustrations by Gustave Doré. Of the latter's extraordinary talents it is hardly necessary that I should speak. I have seen a number of his original sketches, and was surprised to notice how vigorously they were done, and at the same time how much ability was demanded on the part of the engraver, in order to transmit them to the world with the life and spirit of the original. They are almost invariably on wood, being more effectively portrayed in this way than any other, for the broad strokes and characteristic touches of the artist can be preserved far more truthfully upon this substance, than through the finer and more delicate rendering of steel plates. Messrs. Hachette & Co. have, I presume, the ablest corps of wood-engravers in the world. They not only foresaw the wonderful development that this branch of art was to take, but aided it by every means in their power. They are now publishing "La Fontaine's Fables," with designs by Doré, of which 35,000 copies of each weekly

number have already been sold, and some of these are marvels of skill in their faithful and energetic delineation of the original sketches. The number of illustrated works sent out by this house is already very great, and the efforts of its members to serve their patrons are well appreciated, for I notice them everywhere. They are now issuing a serial called *Le Tour du Monde*, of which 20,000 *per annum* are purchased by the public, and I am not surprised, for the beauty of the designs is really extraordinary. There are numbers of admirable artists of this class in Germany and England, and the illustrations of that popular periodical, *Der Gartenlaube*, are excellent specimens of engraving on wood, but I have never seen anything in this line that equaled the best efforts of Pannemaker-Doms, Bertrand, Gauchard-Brunier, and other of the best artists employed by Messrs. Hachette & Co. At the Exhibition are exposed some of the most valuable of their publications, among which is a copy of that charming work of Michelet, *L'Oiseau*. I have some acquaintance with luxurious books, but I have seldom met with one which I felt more disposed to fall down and worship, than this. The designs are by Giacomelli. They are profuse in number and most fitly adapted by their rich fancy and truthful delicacy, to interpret the eloquent and sympathetic words of the author. Those who have read Michelet's writings on natural history, are well aware that they need no eulogy at

this day. They are known and admired wherever lovers of this subject and students of animated nature are to be found. But the climax of our admiration is reached when the printer and the engraver devote their best parts to worthily offer them to the world, and cunning artists cull from every phase of Nature choice sketches for their embellishment.

Of the merits of this book in its ordinary form, I presume many of my readers are aware. Doubtless they have lingered with delight over its nervous and fluent descriptions of the feathered tribes, given with all the glow of enthusiasm arising from in-born sympathy and enhanced by the abundant images suggested by an appreciative mind and a ductile fancy. Every phase of bird life is portrayed with the pen of a writer quick to perceive, and as familiar with the demeanor and habits of these tenants of the air, as if he had held intercourse with them in their most secluded retreats, and become possessed of their inmost secrets. To these attractions are added, in the present edition, hundreds of designs, which present to the eye every form of existence, both animate and inanimate, that could be drawn from the forest and the garden, and fitted to enliven the text. We see the great albatross on the seashore in his wonted plumage, with giant rocks and towering precipices around him, beating the surges of high waves with his broad wings, or following the wake of doomed vessels like the fateful bird of the ancient mariner. From these we turn to a seques-

tered grove of picturesque and venerable beeches, each reposing in the quiet majesty of vegetable grandeur, in whose mossy boughs wood pigeons are building their nests and rejoicing in the tranquil happiness that comes from instinctive and untainted love. Here the sinless pair are sitting side by side on a shady limb, or again winnowing the air, they bring home, like olive-branches to their ark, the materials for their habitation. Everywhere throughout the book are lavishly provided such sketches as these, done with a tenderness and skill worthy of the subject, and obviously the gift of an artist entirely devoted to it. In this way, — who shall deny it? — the ideas of the writer are more clearly impressed upon the mind, longer remembered, and more deeply enjoyed, while the designer himself gains fame through his nimble and tasteful pencil, and thus the benefit to both these and the world is manifold. That they are done only on a block of wood, — the growth of the forests that these efforts partly, at least, serve to commemorate, and that most appropriately, — only adds to their value; and it is far more to the credit of the engraver, if he be able with his burin to transfer to its texture the most subtle touches of the draughtsman's hand, the buoyant plumage of the birds, the graceful spray of the trees, and the lithe undulations of hanging vines. The same remarks are true in a greater or less degree when applied to other illustrated works of eminent authors. And not only these, but less

pretentious writings will often thus be read by those who otherwise would never look at them.

It is in connection with the productions of Gustave Doré that Messrs. Hachette & Co. have obtained their greatest reputation outside of France. Their editions of Dante, Chateaubriand, Milton, and other prominent authors, with sketches by him, have given them a wide-spread fame. Many of these are admirable, and that not only for their originality of conception, but for their extraordinary variety. Many, if not most of my readers, are somewhat familiar with the striking and often grotesque productions of Doré's brain, but in the edition of *La Fontaine* above mentioned his inventive faculties have displayed new powers, and attempted subjects before untried. As a designer of animals, he has found in these popular and deservedly famous *Fables* a field of labor which he has cultivated with great success. In rats and frogs, as well as birds, he is especially excellent, and one would infer that he had spent a life-time in the study of their forms and habits. Such engravings as those accompanying the well known fables of "The Frogs desiring a King," "Who shall bell the Cat?" and "The Lark and her Young Ones," can hardly be praised too much. In the first is displayed a most remarkable degree both of expression and character. Each animal has its own individuality, as when alive, and no frog precisely resembles any other either in attitude or shape. So in the second, the same

knowledge of the rat nature, and the same genius for portraying it in every variety of aspect, is conspicuous. An old rat, a hoary sinner evidently, the Ulysses of his race, who has obviously learnt a thing or two from his experience and shows it in his long gray whiskers and cunning eyes, has just been addressing his fellow marauders from the top of a large tub or vat. In conclusion, as a grand climax of his remarks and a clincher which no one can answer, he holds out the bell. The expression and attitudes of his audience are a study of great profit and amusement. The row of fat and sedate old citizens who remain quietly in their seats and merely interchange significant glances with each other; the younger and more agile ones who, like Lord Brougham, never sit down, but incessantly skip about and chatter; those who have lost their tails in traps, but still have gained little wisdom thereby; these and many others are represented with a vivid accuracy, and at the same time a quiet satire, the more effective from the general tone and moral of the fable, that are really irresistible. And even here the artist has introduced his favorite contrasts of light and shade; and a broad band of radiance, sloping down from the window of the garret, where the solemn council is held, greatly increases the effect of the whole design.

It may, perhaps, be urged that a French artist living in Paris might be expected to excel in delineating rats and frogs, if he could succeed in any-

ting of the kind. There is really some basis of truth in this, for M. Doré has only to visit the *abattoirs*, or slaughtering-houses, in the suburbs, or the sewers, in order to find the former in immense numbers, while he can see the latter any morning at the great market, in the same varied shapes and attitudes as those in which he presents them, and as vast in multitude, too. In other respects, however, he finds every provision in his native city and vicinity for studying the infinite phases of animal and vegetable creation. At the public nurseries, where flowers and shrubs are kept for the great *fêtes*, are countless specimens and marvelous of the palm and the banana, the bamboo and the papyrus, and almost every other rare and beautiful exotic. The pleasure grounds around and in the city, and in the *Bois de Boulogne* especially, are enlivened with thousands of trees of every size and species, from the ginko of Japan to the giant *Deodara* of the Himalayas. At the *Jardin des Plantes* and the *Jardin d'Acclimatation* are kept an army of almost every created thing that

“ With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues its way,
Or swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.”

Hence it is that M. Doré, who has never been out of France, except a short trip to Spain, finds ample material for his sketches, though the wonderful portrayal of tropical scenery would almost necessitate the belief that he had himself bathed in the shaded lagoon across which *Chactas* and *Atala* are

swimming, or pitched his tent among the gnarled and weird roots of those cedars of Lebanon which he has so impressively transferred to his sketch-book. His combination of the features of any landscape, and the wonderful way in which they are made to harmonize, arise from his own masterly genius and an apprehension which in him is instinctive. At once, from a few details, the whole springs up vividly and completely before him, and he has only to render the glowing semblance. He is another example of what Ruskin has said in regard to every great genius, actually discerning the mental image clear and bright of that which he describes. As says Dante in the "Inferno": —

"I truly saw, and still I seem to see it,
A trunk without a head walk in like manner
As walked the others of the mournful herd."

The same was, doubtless, true of Milton, when to his mind's eye appeared the lazar-house "wherein were laid numbers of all diseased," —

"While over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked."

And so of Shakespeare, when he says through the mouth of Oberon, —

"That very time I saw, but thou could'st not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed."

It has been the fortunate talent of Gustave Doré to give these visions of the clear spirit "a local habitation and a name," and it is such a capacity as few have inherited.

Having watched him in the act of preparing one of his designs, I can testify to the boldness and rapidity with which these are done, and the entire want of any artifice. Often he takes a prepared block of the size of the intended sketch, and with a little India ink and white paint, or "*gouache*," at once completes it for the engravers without any intermediate use of the pencil. While he is doing this his absorption is perfect, and his motions extremely quick. The image is already before him, and, like Michel Angelo, he labors with fiery energy to fix it. The nervous touch of genius thrills along his arm, and infuses its most delicate and evanescent behests into his fingers. I saw a landscape just finished in this impetuous way, and it required only three hours to complete it. And yet there it was, a perfect transcript of Nature reposing in impressive truth upon what but so short time before was a simple block of box-wood. It represented a forest, with the mild glow of evening lingering in the background, and gilding with the purity of its light the rugged boles of the trees. Each trunk was an individual existence, and had taken its own peculiar features from the soil, which, covered with new-fallen and feathery snow, lay beneath it. In front was an open space, with one tree prostrate, upon which sat a solitary figure, "remote, inaccessible, friendless, alone." It needed no description to show the meaning of this scene ; no poetry could elevate it or deepen its impressiveness. There sat the un-

happy wanderer, his misery plainly speaking from a few dexterous touches that alone formed his features, and in my mind there he will ever remain.

The lines in this picture are broad and free, and given with an energy and boldness that prove how distinct must have been the conception in the artist's brain. And yet the effects produced seem almost miraculous. Examined closely they are mere blotches, while at a distance they blend into the very truth of Nature. His works are thus difficult to engrave with success, and Messrs. Hachette & Co. employ upon them only their best workmen. But these are true artists in their way, and have a nice perception of the beauties of the designs, and the consequent care and skill required of them. Long experience has greatly added to their capacities in this regard, and now no engravers can be found to equal them. It is owing to this talent of theirs and their sympathy with the designer, that the public are so fortunate as to be able to enjoy the works of Doré in such perfection.

I have neither space nor time for an elaborate critique upon the extraordinary genius of Gustave Doré, but will simply devote a few lines to a production that I saw a few days ago at his studio, and which I think is unknown to the public. It is a scene from the Russian Campaign, and gives one a most vivid and heart-rending idea of its horrors. What these were I have been told by those who shared them, in addition to the accounts in print,

which are for the most part not exaggerated. To these descriptions this sketch lends an additional element of horror, and brings before the mind, with a shuddering dread, those events which the progress of beneficent time has already done much towards covering with the veil of the past. A broad waste of uneven country lies covered with snow as far as the eye can reach, and its dead desolation is increased by a leaden, sunless sky. Far away in the long perspective appear the retreating hosts, gradually diminishing to the faintest specks on the edge of the horizon, and looking like the funeral procession of mighty, though thwarted ambition. Above them, in irregular squadrons, are seen myriads of carrion crows and vultures, with heavy and remorseless flight ever accompanying the invaders, and awaiting, like fated avengers, the banquet of death. In the foreground are the wrecks of battle, partly concealed by snow ; cannons, muskets, gun-carriages, and an ambulance full of the once wounded, but now dead soldiers, frozen stark and stiff. Heaped together in every phase of starvation, despair, and dying struggles, their conveyance seems a movable tomb. To the right is another wagon, without a covering, in which a few wretches, with despair in their faces, are fighting against a group of Cossacks for the faint remnants of life that are left them. The three horses are gaunt and bony skeletons. One has already fallen ; another, with upturned head, opened mouth, and a loud neigh of

torture, is just receiving in his side a Cossack spear; the third, trembling with weakness and fright, can hardly remain erect. The attitudes and expression of the victims thus hopelessly defending themselves to the last, are wonderful examples of the artist's skill in delineating what his unlimited imagination has so graphically conceived. Wounded, his head bound in rags, an officer barely protects himself with his sword. Others are using their pistols, and again others, their countenances clouded with the shadow of death, and too weak to raise an arm, have thrown themselves back to die. The impression left upon the mind by a work like this, is almost fearful. It presents for a perpetual remembrance and in one group, the tragic woes of a lifetime, and the united agonies of a whole war. Upon it no one can look without a deep, yet strangely fascinating horror, and it should have some influence, even here in Paris, towards clouding those dreams of military glory which are ever the great weakness of the French. But it will not, nor would a million such pictures hung up at every street corner. To-morrow, if necessary, they would gladly embark upon a new Russia or a new Mexico, and trust to fortune and their swords for the result.

In addition to their other wide range of subjects, Messrs. Hachette & Co. have just brought out a work of more practical and utilitarian cast than most of their publications. It is a new cookery book by M. Gouffé, head cook, or "*officier de bouche*," as he

is termed by his wealthy and aristocratic patrons of the Jockey Club here in Paris. It is elegantly gotten up, and I should think the sight of it would make Carême and Brillat Savarin eager to return to the world. I do not profess much knowledge of or interest in the subject of which this work treats, but I cannot help admiring the style in which it is carried out. Here every process concerned in the preparation of food, from the first crude beginnings to the last elaborate effort of the *chef de la haute cuisine*, is explained with minuteness and profuse illustration. The aid of chromo-lithography has been employed in the larger plates, and with great success. Beef, poultry, and dainty made-dishes of every variety are represented in their natural colors, as ready for the spit, or the table. These are triumphs in their way, and their correctness is remarkable. Each design was sketched from the original object in the kitchen of the Jockey Club, and then painted in oil, from which it was transferred thus faithfully to paper through the wonders of colored lithography. These are accompanied by numerous smaller cuts, which are abundantly employed in aid of the text. Many of these are perfect little gems. Here are minute instructions in regard to the method of peeling truffles, the way to arrange a pyramid of lobsters, *croquettes* of beef, and garnitures, like submarine landscapes, if I may be allowed the bull, composed of mushrooms, olives, and cockscombs. Even for a work of this description

the firm have employed their best artists. I was gratified to learn that a translation of this is to be published in English; and though the cost, which is twenty-five francs, will place it beyond the reach of all but the wealthy, yet it will prove both profitable and attractive to those who can afford to buy it.

The house of Hachette & Co. was founded in 1826, and from small beginnings has gradually attained to its present vast development. Its founder, Louis Christophe François Hachette, lately deceased, was a thoroughly representative man, of immense energy, and untiring devotion to the objects he had in view; he allowed no obstacle to thwart his progress. The motto chosen by him at the commencement, *Sic quoque docebo*, showed his principal aim, the education of the people. And when the fullness of years and honors attended him to his final rest, he slept the sleep of the faithful Christian and true friend of his race. The literary, classical, and scientific publications published by him were everywhere disseminated throughout Europe. They were to be found in every public and private institution. Under his vigorous and thrifty enterprise, new and valuable editions of all the ancient authors were issued; while improved dictionaries, — the fruit of years of toil, — new systems of instruction, prepared with careful and sympathetic interest, reviews, educational magazines, and many other proofs of M. Hachette's zeal

in behalf of knowledge, for years testified far and near to his liberal principles and earnest longing for the advancement of his countrymen. His successors, and former partners, Messrs. Bréton and Templier, with whom have lately become associated his two sons, Messrs. Alfred and George Hachette, are thoroughly following out the broad and noble plans of their founder. They have always kept pace with the slow but steady progress of public instruction, and especially within the last few years have lent their aid with great success to the plans of M. Duruy, the Minister of that Department of State. It is impossible to avoid the expression of one's admiration for the triumph of principles so liberal, so honorable, and so persistently carried out in spite of all impediments. A leading publisher in general does not find his position by any means a bed of roses. Acting as the means of communication between authors and their readers — the first often fastidious, the last always exacting — he frequently stands, as it were, between two fires, and finds a demand for all his best faculties to keep possession of the field. When to this original embarrassment is added a vast and growing business and the management of great moneyed interests, it will be easily understood what complications may repeatedly arise.

Our praise may well be awarded to a firm, like Messrs. Hachette & Co., who for half a century have managed ever increasing interests with ever

increasing skill, till they have reached a position which they can occupy unchallenged by any rival, and heightened by the inward consciousness that it has been gained by meritorious devotion to a noble cause, — the education of the masses. In the present day this has brought with it a well deserved reward ; for the progress of our species, thus aided by guiding zeal and forethought, has refined every nobler faculty and increased the power of mental enjoyment. The offspring begotten of the pen in a past generation have now become the progenitors of a race more glorious than themselves ; and humanity, adopting them into their hearts, has thus proved not ungrateful to those who gave them birth.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LITERARY AMPHITRYON.

WHEN M. Soyer, the Head Centre of the Reform Club below stairs, and the benevolent inventor of portable kitchens for the British army in the Crimea, lost his wife — for even great cooks are in the roll of common men in this respect, and lose their wives, their places, and their tempers, like ordinary mortals — he was inconsolable. His attachment for her had been tender, tender as one of his own beefsteaks, and in all his troubles he had been accustomed to find in her a willing and eager *aide de cuisine*. If his inspiration flickered for a moment like a dying *bougie*, and then went out, leaving him in culinary darkness ; if a *dindon en daube* failed to blossom into a delicacy fit for Apicius, or a *ragout* of most exquisite invention, instead of appearing to titillate the palate like the very *L'Allegro* of dishes, came up heavy and indigestible as the last dregs of the Tupperian swamp, he did not commit *hari-kari* forthwith, like Vatel, the great *chef* of Louis XIV., when the fish failed to arrive in time, or throw himself headlong into the coal-hole, moaning, —

“ Oh would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,

To cover my head now,
And have a good cry," —

but more wisely simmered his sobs like pancakes in her assuaging tears, and dissolved his griefs in the new receipts which she helped him — "*Ah! quelle douce réciprocité*" — to devise. He thus found comfort for past sorrows, and hope for the future. Being anxious to do justice to her memory through a monument of floury whiteness, he asked a member of the club whose digestion he superintended, who was well-known for his wit, to write an epitaph which should properly set forth her virtues, that she might not lead these graces to the grave and leave the world no copy. Mr. — replied that he was all unused to gilding tombstones, and had given quite a different range to his ideas for the most part, but still was willing to do his best, and then asked him how he thought "*Soyez tranquille*" would answer. I do not know whether these words were ever placed over the remnants of the unfortunate deceased, — doubly unfortunate if they had been; but as that immortal work, "*The Shilling Cookery for the People*" appeared not long after her departure, I presume M. Soyer took refuge in an exalted style of literary labor as a relief to his loneliness. There, as any one can read, the letters addressed to his *chère Eloise*, testify better than any epitaph the depth of his attachment, and the sincerity of his grief, while they show the poetical thoughts that can be made to cluster around even so prosaic a

subject as a "toad-in-the-hole batter." They are worthy of one who proved so ardent a disciple of the author of *Méditations de Gastronomie Transcendante*! Abelard and he will go down to posterity together through the touching epistles that were wrung from them; one by disappointed love, and the other by the stern dispensation of a "*cuisine sérieuse*."

Baron Brisse, the originator of this last phrase, and inheritor of the mantle that fell from the great Soyer, has come to grief. The Apicius of Paris no longer contributes to *La Liberté* those dainty menus which have for so many months daily graced its columns, and saved its readers the trouble of taking thought for the morrow in the preparation of their dinners. *Le Siècle* says the reason of this hiatus was the indigestion suffered by those who carried the Baron's suggestions into practice. The truth however is, that a letter bearing his signature appeared in the principal journal of the wine-producers, calling upon them to send their best samples to a series of orgies held by him, and styled *Diners de Baron Brisse*. It concluded with the remark that "the priest must live by the offerings on the altar." On seeing this the guileless and consistent Girardin waxed wroth, and gave the writer a curt dismissal. The latter now says that the missive sent to the *Moniteur Vinicole* was a forgery, and writes to all the papers to inform them of the fact, adding that he shall resort to the courts for redress from the impudent

perpetrator. *La Liberté* publishes this contradiction, but apparently is skeptical on the subject, for it adds thereto the following observation, which can hardly be called complimentary: "Baron Brisse says that the letter imputed to him was forged; this will be shown by the result of the action brought against the forger, if forger there be." It is to be hoped, for the sake of that *cuisine sérieuse* of which he is the high-priest, that he was more successful in his action than the elder Dumas, who has just been obliged to pay the costs of his suit against the photographers who had exhibited him and the Menken in all the shop windows in a variety of affectionate attitudes, all more or less improper, and suggesting an old Othello with a dubious Desdemona.

Being thus, like his famous predecessor, the victim of misfortune, Baron Brisse — *Baron Sans-Argent*, as one of the most prominent of his affectionate competitors one day styled him to me — has followed his example, and taken refuge in the flowing pen. He has just started a paper on his own account, to which, with becoming modesty, he gives his own name. At the top of the first page, in letters as large as its breadth will admit, are the words *Le Baron Brisse*. Under these inspiring characters are a row of saucepans, a bottle of champagne, a tureen of soup, sending up a cloud of incense in the new editor's honor, a defunct turkey, smilingly awaiting the epicurean embalmment that the Baron will doubtless give it before placing it in the tomb of

its predecessors, and various other "offerings on the altar." In front of all is a flowing beaker of that liquor, doubtless, of which he requested the wine-growers to send him their choicest samples. The paper appears every Sunday, and costs three cents per number. It contains eight pages, with two broad columns on each. The opening sounds well, and savors both of calm philosophy and fierce defiance. "*Combien il est bon d'être chez soi!*"—"How good it is to be at home!" This may be regarded as a taunt flung by the David of the press at the Goliath who has insulted him, or as an expression of deep contentment, like the inscription on Ariosto's house at Ferrara: "*Parva sed apta mihi.*" Like the motto which I once saw over the door of a Dutch burgomaster's tea-garden near Amsterdam,—"The Flesh-pots of Egypt,"—it may also be designed to suggest the comfortable delights to be found within. A little farther the Baron says, "Before its birth the child which I have christened with my name was devoted to the ladies. It will wear their colors, and they never will have a slave more humble or more faithful. I place it under their care, that they may protect it in case of need." Could anything be more gallant? On the next page we notice a column having the title "*Cuisine Classique.*" Let not this, however, excite a shudder among those of my readers who have feasted at the spread in the manner of the ancients, set forth in "Peregrine Pickle." Here are no Roman

abominations, but an appetizing banquet for thirsty people, a chain of palatial melody in long links of protracted sweetness, from a dish bearing the unpretending name of *Potage à la Brisse* to *Timbale de gaufres garnie d'une mousse aux fraises*. The latter I am not familiar with, but as it purports to be "a kettle-drum of wafers adorned with a lather of strawberries," it must be a stunner. I should fancy it as effective a conclusion to the entertainment as the last act of Hamlet to that tragedy.

I trust to be excused for giving so many extracts from the new journal, but this "lord paramount of the dripping-pan" is a representative man in Paris just at present, and everything he does or says bears a certain importance. On the fifth page appears an illustration of his public spirit and willingness to sacrifice himself for the good of the world. He says, "Messrs. E. Dumeril and E. Bouvier, manufacturers of pipes at Saint Omer, have written me, under date of June 11, begging me to allow them to reproduce my head in the shape of earthen pipes, which, they tell me, are called for by a world — *monde* — of smokers. Very flattering — granted." I am no smoker myself, but it strikes me that an apt addition to such pipes could be made by inscribing on their stems Franklin's short and comprehensive definition of a fishing-pole. In the second number, the Baron, waxing gross with success, does not hesitate to heap fresh ignominy upon the unhappy Vatel, of whom I spoke above. "He

was called great by some persons; he was an imbecile; when a cook wants fish, he ought to know how to make one." Most persons who are in the habit of frequenting Parisian restaurants will at once admit the truth of this last remark from their own experience, but it may be doubted if they are always satisfied with the form in which it is offered them. If Vatel ever hears of it, he will probably think of the words of the lion grown old, but which Baron Brisse seems to have forgotten. When the monarch of the forest was aged and helpless, the other beasts came up, one after another, to give him a blow. He said nothing till the approach of the animal who once had donned his hide and betrayed himself, when he found it too much to endure, and addressed him with, —

Ah ! c'est trop; je voulais bien mourir,
Mais c'est mourir deux fois que souffrir tes atteintes."

One more extract will suffice. It is advice to diners-out as well as to those who give dinners. It seemed to me very interesting, and the more so that it is doubtless largely drawn from the writer's own experience. "*Les diners du Baron Brisse*" are well known here in Paris, and I give the results of his tribulations in this matter for the benefit of those of my readers who shine as hosts or guests of the first water: "Mental qualities are not less necessary to an amphitryon, than all those we have just enumerated. How can one expect to gather agreeable companions at his table, and arrange them properly,

if he has not a wise tact, a great knowledge of men, and that acquaintance with the world which cannot be found in books, but which is, nevertheless, so necessary to him who would keep a good house and prides himself on the success of his table. One cannot eat five hours without stopping, however excellent may be the dinner. Man, weak and impotent creature that he is, soon finds, alas! that there are limits to his appetite. The most intrepid eater is sated when he has made the tour of the first two courses, and then one perceives the necessity of having an agreeable neighbor and being able to chat with him, for in the large number of guests it is impossible to carry on a general conversation. But often these are not well informed in regard to each other, and if the host, who should know them all, has not taken pains to seat them properly, they will be mutually paralyzed.

“Having thus rapidly mentioned the qualities most needed in order to become a good amphitryon, let me be permitted to speak of the ingratitude with which at the present day people generally repay those who do their best to fulfill all their duties.” — Alas, poor Baron! — “The guests often make fun of the embarrassments of him who receives them; they take pleasure in turning him into ridicule; they set themselves up as censors and judges, as if it were a right they had purchased at their entrance; and soon they will hiss the master of the house. I cannot too strongly protest against a for-

getfulness so revolting. A good dinner being one of the greatest enjoyments of human life, ought one not to show some thankfulness to him who procures it for him, and takes so much trouble to enable us to eat his substance? Instead of trifling with and insulting him, let us rather encourage him by praises discreetly bestowed upon the meats that he provides; let us pay our reckoning in joyous *bon mots*, in agreeable sallies of wit, in *spirituel* couplets, neat repartees, and in little stories short and amusing; and let us reflect that, far from trying to discourage those who take pride in feeding us well, we should stimulate them by eulogies."

What a celestial banquet this would be, if one could only manage it! Doubtless, to use the language of Grimod de la Regnière, "*Cette douce hilarité produira d'aimable épanchements.*" But unfortunately, as the Baron says, man is "a weak and impotent creature," and few hosts are able to collect together those choice wits whose "*spirituel* couplets and neat repartees" are to season the entertainment into a *nox cœnaque deum*. The writer's remarks are, however, for the most part very true, and he might well have finished them with the mournful words of Æneas, "*magna pars fui.*" The giver of dinner-parties in Paris generally finds it a profitless office, and is rewarded only by sneers and jokes from his unscrupulous guests, which, being perpetrated after the feast, do not add greatly to its life at the time. The *beau monde* of Paris are

terribly sarcastic, and, if a telling thing can be said, are never restrained by any sense of gratitude or decency. When Figaro, with lively *insouciance*, relates his past adventures to Count Almaviva, the latter says, "Who gave thee a philosophy so gay!" "*L'habitude du malheur*," is the reply, and in these words is to be found the incentive of the Baron's remarks. I fear he has forgotten that Figaro, as well as himself, took refuge from misery in the publication of a paper,— "*Journal inutile*," he styles it,— which came to grief after the first few numbers. May the gods avert the omen.

It is only in Paris that the *cuisine* has been idealized into forms of æsthetic beauty, and the creations of the saucepan become the offspring of fancy. Wordsworth could extract the poetical sentiment from the woes of a patient donkey, — "*Patiens dominabitur astris*," — and found in the meanest vegetable "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;" but it remained for the French to discover the airy conceits that lurk around a fried potato, or haunt the recesses of a saddle of mutton. These inspirations find no home in the Anglo-Saxon mind, and if one ever rarely manifests itself it meets with a chilling reception. I have heard bread termed "the staff of life," to be sure, but never knew of any one calling for it under that name at a restaurant; and even that somewhat labored and heavy conception is far more appropriate here than at home; here, where the loaves are six feet long,

and stand on an end in a corner of the room like huge walking-sticks. But when one sees asparagus dispensed under the term "rays of the full moon," and whipped syllabub etherealized into "the birth-place of Venus," he begins to appreciate the delicate imaginings of the cooks that here abound. I look in the *carte* of my restaurant, and am no longer shocked to see "roast chickens" in all the naked grossness of the term, but *poulets en ivoire*. This at once suggests a masterpiece by Phidias, or an artistic carving by Benvenuto Cellini, and I am reminded that I am about to enjoy the inestimable blessings of a *cuisine classique*, and dine in the only way that the highest order of animals should. To the coarse nature of a peasant an egg is an egg, or a turnip a turnip, and before I came to Paris I ignorantly supposed that a sweet-bread was a — that is to say — was a-a-a — in short — shall I with shame confess it? — I thought it was a sweet-bread; but now that I hear it called by its real name, — *ris-de-veau amoureux* — the amorous smiles of a calf, — I despise my former ignorance, and bow down in silent admiration before a fancy so exhaustless. A turkey here is no longer "a tame villatic fowl," swelling and strutting like the Lord Mayor of London in his scarlet robes, crass, fat, puffy creature, with his feathers standing out all over him, like quills upon the fretful editor's desk, but a "*dindon*," a "bird of Ind," of Paradise, perchance, his veins filled with otto of roses; a spirit of the air, rather,

wont to revel in the voluptuous pile of a rosy-tinted cloud, and whose plumes remind one of the trembling foliage of the sensitive plant; a winged Anacreon, quick to soar, and ready to sing, did he not fear to disconcert the tranquil flow of the nectar that wells through his veins. I tremble to think of my past ignorance. Holy George Herbert termed his earthly acquirements "a nothing between two dishes," and Newton compared himself to a child playing on the shore of the ocean, and picking up a few shells here and there,—so little did these great men think of their worldly progress; but what are these to one who, like myself, was more than twenty years of age before he knew what manner o' thing was your turkey?

It is both an amiable and a pardonable weakness of our poor humanity, this longing after dinner, this straining one's vision, like an Arab in the desert, for our daily oasis, the be all and the end all of the twenty-four hours. It is the kernel of the twenty-four hours, which with patient toil we extract from the rough and bitter rind that surrounds it; an island of the blest, upon which we land for a short space, to wander in the dreamy joys of untainted ease; a secluded valley, in which for one transient hour we pasture, while the cares that envelop us like rugged and lofty peaks, for the moment fade away into the blue ether. I never read of any one, except Sir Isaac Newton, whose palate was so impregnable, so heavily iron-plated, as it

were, that he would say grace and benediction at the same moment over a dish of chicken bones, and then send them away under the delusion that he had satisfied every stomachic need till the morrow. He would have been a hard subject for Baron Brisse. But most of our great men have had the same craving as ourselves in this respect. Says Pope, "The devil is in you if you cannot dine." Who can forget the melancholy pathos of Dr. Johnson's signature, *Impransus*? Macaulay, narrating the woes of the toil-worn secretaries of Frederick the Great, caps the climax of their misery by saying, "They knew not what it was to dine." D'Israeli observes that an eminent artist and wit, looking on Chantrey's immortal bust of the illustrious Tomkins, declared that "this man had died for want of a dinner." This is the key-stone of their daily arch to the majority of our species, and till it be placed in position and the whole finished, *teres atque rotundus*, there is a sense of imperfection, as if the edifice had not been crowned, and might at any moment, like Bacon's mansion, tumble on their heads. But afterwards, when the whole is complete, and the divine afflatus comes with the dessert, and like "the Derby dilly carrying six inside," we bowl along with a happy sense of peaceful security and freedom from care, then we feel that we have topped perfection, and explore in vain our mental dictionary for the word *excelsior*. We no longer see a radiant youth half-way up a mountain ten

times as high as Mont Blanc, waving a flag, and a falling star coming out of his mouth. But he is on the top, and is n't a youth but an angel, and his flag has become wings, and he looks like ourselves, and cries, "Here we are!" Then the yeast of complacency expands our cold obstruction into every form of benevolence. Then we spread out our hands and bless all humanity, and love our neighbor as ourselves, even old — next door, who keeps that howling dog; and Miss — on the other side, who, having no other male attendant, maintains a rooster with a chronic nightmare; and even that rascal —, who bought up our note on the street this very day for I won't say what, and flaunted it in our face as we passed him on the way home. Bless you all, my friends; bless you! And then just as we begin to think how much better we are than other men, and how faithfully we have kept every commandment in the decalogue, drowsy vapors steal over us, our legs slide under the polished mahogany, and we subside into the land of dreams and vacuity.

In Paris dining has become a great and elaborate science. It is taught by a multitude of professors more or less learned, and I will give my readers, in closing this paragraph, the last instructions of a master therein. May they all benefit by them: "There are two sorts of nourishment: the prosaic, which has no other object than to fill the stomach, produce chyle, and invigorate the blood; and the poetic,

parfumée, which stimulates the mind, while nourishing the body, which delights while it strengthens, which transports us into that exhilarating atmosphere of human life, that species of Mohammedan Paradise which all intelligent diners know and appreciate." I commend this latter sort to my readers. May they long live to enjoy, in the melodious language of M. Berchoux, that

"Doux plaisir, qu'un besoin sans cesse renaissant
Rend toujours plus aimable et toujours plus piquant."

CHAPTER XXVII.

SUB-PARISIAN PARIS.

AMONG the numerous attractions of Paris during the present year, are many which are not generally exposed to public view, at least not with the profuse liberality and freedom that the government are now displaying. All the palaces and museums, the churches and monuments have been shown with not the least restriction, and that without the requirement of the slightest fee. It seems to have been the design of the Emperor, that every edifice and institution of France in the least degree of public interest, should be perfectly accessible. The Catacombs have been closed to all visitors for a long period, but this summer they have been opened to every person who cared to ask for a ticket, and one day in each week they have been lighted up throughout their whole extent; while guides, who are not allowed to receive any pay, give descriptions of their most interesting features, and provide for the safety of every one. The Sewers have also been exhibited once a week, and have proved a most interesting attraction. At first thoughts they would hardly suggest anything to the mind of any one, but "a

foul and pestilent congregation" of muddy impurity, vile smells, and the rottenness and garbage of a great city; but upon those who have seen them, the impressions left are quite different from this. The whole system of Parisian drainage is on so grand and elaborate a scale, so perfect in its working, and so admirable a specimen of engineering, that one passes at once from incipient disgust to the height of admiration. It forms another excellent illustration of the wonderful changes that have been going on in this capital of late years, and which have been quite as important below ground, where they are unseen, as above, where they strike the eye at every turn. Not merely has the government devoted its attention to the erection of great and beautiful buildings and monuments, — "common pleasures to walk abroad and recreate yourselves," — but its policy has been to make Paris the cleanest and the most salubrious of all modern cities. For this reason the greatest attention has been paid to the sewerage, and at this time so thoroughly have the original plans been carried out, that in no other town in the world can anything be found to equal them. Baron Haussmann's efforts to widen the streets, to open new and handsome boulevards lined with trees, and afford the people more breathing-spaces in the shape of parks and squares, have always been accompanied by an equal development below ground. Beneath the pavement of each of these new avenues, runs a sewer, which is not only

sufficient to carry off all refuse, but so large and airy that no miasma can lurk there, and thus preserve and ripen the germs of cholera or other pestilential diseases. The result of all these improvements will probably be to make the French metropolis the healthiest in the world.

I have not sufficient space to give a full description of this vast and admirable system of "*canalization*." It is all due to the able administrative talent of Baron Haussmann. Suffice it to say that Paris is now drained by over 490,000 *mètres* — each *mètre* being equal to 39.370 inches — of sewers, most of which have either been newly built, and all greatly improved, since 1855. In these figures are not comprised those leading from private houses to the main branches. In the documents emanating from his department, the Prefect shows most distinctly that wonderful clearness of head and far-sighted management which have ever characterized his measures in connection with the sanitary regulation of this immense centre. As he well says, "The subterranean galleries, organs of the city, should operate like those of the human body without being exposed to view. Pure and fresh water, light, and heat, should there circulate like the various fluids whose movement and maintenance support life. The secretions should be mysteriously disposed of, and thus insure the public health, without disturbing the good order of the metropolis, or detracting from its external beauty." This plan

has been thoroughly carried out, and now gives a wonderful proof of its advantages in the excellent working of all its details. Of the minute and comprehensive oversight of these by Baron Haussmann, a neat little anecdote offers a good illustration. During the late visit of the sovereigns to Paris, Prince Oscar, of Sweden, requested the Prefect of the Seine to accompany him in a tour which he proposed to make through this enormous net-work of sewerage. During the excursion his host showed the most accurate acquaintance with every detail of the system, and there was no portion of the works, however remote or insignificant, with which he did not display the most intimate familiarity. He fairly overflowed with figures and information of every sort. Prince Oscar was astounded with all he witnessed, and expressed his surprise in no measured terms. "I never saw anything like it," said he.

"Nor did I," replied the Prefect, "for it is the first time I ever visited this department of my realm."

"Do you mean that you were never in one of the sewers before to-day?"

"Never," was the answer.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the Prince, "how then have you learnt all its details so completely?"

"Oh, I have my plans at the *Hôtel de Ville*," returned the Prefect.

Prince Oscar is not by any means the first illustrious personage who has visited the sewers of Paris.

In the reign of the first Napoleon it had an energetic ædile in the shape of M. Dubois. He was the founder of that magnificent *égout* which passes under the *Porte St. Denis*, and was designed in imitation of the *Cloaca Maxima* of Tarquinius Priscus, whose remains still exist to testify to our age of the massive grandeur of Roman masonry. The great Emperor, feeling a deep interest in the progress of this work, from time to time went to examine it with that officer. It was not without enthusiasm, mingled with alarm, that one morning the people in the *Place du Chatelet* saw the hero of Marengo abruptly emerge from the bowels of the earth, and appear in the midst of them. Quickly recovering their self-possession, they redoubled their clapping and loud *vivats*, while Napoleon, who since five in the morning had been buried in those subterranean constructions, remained for a moment overcome by the sudden light and confusion. Then expanding his lips with one of those fascinating smiles, of which he was never lavish, that he might use them the more seductively when occasion required, he mounted his horse, waved the crowd a gesture of adieu, and disappeared.

The width of the streets, and the peculiar manner in which they are graded, renders a liberal arrangement of the sewers quite necessary, apart from other considerations. Many of these are covered with macadam, and the widest always are, though along each side of most runs a broad band of pave-

ment in small oblong blocks. After every rain the surface is at once swept with brooms and machines. This process, though it quickly makes the ways neat and comfortable for pedestrians, of course causes the accumulation of a vast deal of mud and *débris*, which can be disposed of only through the drains. If these were not of great size, they would soon be clogged up, and become perfectly useless ; but as it is, they are so vast and accessible that they can at once be cleaned out. The quantity, however, is not so great or so rapid in its collection, as it would otherwise be, from two causes. In the first place, the copious showers that often fall in the great basin in which Paris lies, send immense torrents through the various outlets, and at times the quantity of water is so great as to nearly fill even the largest of them ; and as the city is not by any means level, but, on the contrary, nearly as irregular in its general surface as Boston, the force of these currents is very great, and drives a vast amount of refuse into the Seine. It will easily be seen to how severe a test these conduits are always exposed. Then again for three hours every day the hydrants are opened, and a plentiful supply of water from hundreds of pipes pours into every drain. Thus the accumulation of dirt is kept down as long as possible, and when it becomes too great, in spite of the rushing water, it is removed by men with shovels and brooms, who gather it up in cars running on rails along the sewers. These men, to the number of several hundred,

live in these subterranean tunnels, and in their high jack-boots and dirty garments are hardly the most refined and intellectual specimens of our race to be found in Paris; and yet they are superior to the mudlarks of the Thames, and the rest of that foul fraternity of mongrels whom Dickens so graphically portrays in "Our Mutual Friend." Notwithstanding their obscure, dingy, underground existence, I learned, on inquiry, that they enjoy quite as good health as others more agreeably situated who labor for an honest living. They told me they had as much sunlight as they needed or cared for, and when they desired more could go *en haut*. I presume they have become used to the deprivation, like miners and other men of similar pursuits, who never miss the sun, because they have never been in the habit of living in his society. Apart from the darkness, however, which would certainly be objectionable to most people, the sewers can hardly be called unwholesome, for they are very neat, and excellently ventilated, and the air is not in the least tainted. They are, certainly, much better adapted for a healthy residence than those lodgings of the poorer classes in London and Liverpool which I have visited. These are really, from garret to cellar, mere aggregations of human filth and wretchedness, want and disease, where death lurks in every corner, and only delays to strike till he can prostrate his victims by scores and hundreds at once. Here crime, woe, and ignorance crouch in

rags and penury, and squalid forms, in festering heaps, seem the sewerage of humanity drained into one loathsome mass.

The chief danger to life in the *égouts*, arises from those sudden and violent storms which at times burst over Paris, and speedily inundate it with oceans of water. The sewers, of course, are filled almost immediately, and those at work therein are obliged to run for their lives. As these frequently labor in lonely and inaccessible spots, their condition is all the more perilous. Ordinarily one of their number remains in the street at the "*regard en fonte*," or draught-hole, nearest their location. Soon as the first drops of the impending rain are perceived, he gives the signal for retreat by striking loudly with his heavy iron pincers upon the metallic plate that covers this entrance. The blows reverberate through the galleries, and the *ouvriers* flee as fast as possible.

This means of safety has, however, of late years become somewhat uncertain by reason of the increased extent of the passages. The percussion is heard without difficulty in those which are made in solid masonry, but not in the smaller ones, which are often constructed of *béton*, or concrete. As I was in the *Rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière* last summer, I was present at a thrilling accident arising partly from this cause. A fearful tempest had abruptly darkened the sky and already begun to rage with impetuous tumult. And I may say in passing

that only those who have witnessed one of these summer uproars of Nature in Paris can appreciate the wild and thunderous madness of falling water. In the midst of the deluge several workmen emerged from the *regard en fonte*. Though in the greatest peril from the roaring torrent below them, that rushed with irresistible power through its confined channel, all escaped in safety except one. He was the last of the eager and frightened fugitives to mount the ladder, and his head had barely appeared above the level of the pavement, when his uncertain footing was broken by the sudden strain and weight of so many at once, and with a loud and thrilling cry he sank into the abyss, and was whirled away to a quick and dreadful death. It was "a sight to dream of, not to see."

One of the great sewers of Paris runs the whole length of the new and magnificent *Boulevard de Sebastopol*, and from that in a further direct line to the station of the Strasbourg railway. A branch of this magnificent and chief artery of the city life, nearly as vast in its dimensions, extends along the centre of the *Rue de Rivoli*. Both of these terminate at the Seine, near the *Place du Chatelet*. At this point visitors are generally admitted, and descend by a spiral stairway of iron to a level slightly above that of the river. Here we found ourselves in a lofty and spacious gallery about fifteen feet high, into which several main lines debouched. The shape of all the sewers is a symmetrical oval. They

are mostly made of the sandstone so commonly used in Paris for building purposes, and the axis of the largest of them, by which, of course, I mean the longest diameter, is that which I have just given as the height of the gallery. From a line about one third of the way from the bottom projects on either side a stone walk two feet in width, which is ordinarily several inches higher than the surface of the sewerage. The walls and railings are nicely white-washed, and at intervals are inserted white porcelain plates bearing in gilt letters the names of the streets under which the diverging conduits run. The map of the underground city, it will thus appear, corresponds exactly with that of the more brilliant Paris above, and it is quite as easy, with the aid of a lantern, to find one's way through it. Directly under the arch of this vault run the water-pipes, painted a clear black, and of enormous size, as might be imagined from the huge supplies needed for the fountains and other uses of the city. Opposite them are long and slender tubes of lead, side by side in a single cluster, each of which contains a telegraph wire. These are thus isolated from every weakening attraction, and concealed from any other injury. The city itself is also thus preserved from the disfigurement of unsightly poles and loose iron twine dangling from chimney to chimney. At long intervals are large reservoirs, into which the turbid contents can be drawn off at once, and emptied in case of necessity. These are partly for possible

military needs, as in some events it might be desirable to send troops underground, in order to make a sudden and unforeseen attack upon a mob in insurrection. This would, certainly, be a somewhat novel piece of strategy, even in the present complicated manœuvres of modern warfare. It might, however, very probably, have saved Charles X., or Louis Philippe, if either of these royal birds, when entangled in the meshes of their own nets, had possessed such a method of communicating with their distant troops, or despatching them to points of importance. As it was, when ordered out from the Tuileries, the soldiery had no means either of finding their way back, or of forwarding information of their peril to head-quarters.

In each of the sidewalks that line the larger sewers, is inserted an iron rail. Upon these, cars are run for various purposes. Sometimes to convey away the more solid part of the city garbage, sometimes to carry vegetables and the carcasses of cattle and sheep to the markets, and again they are employed in clearing out the drains. On this occasion, they served a more obviously useful and agreeable end, in forming the track for a line of six neat little carriages that bore the invited guests on their tour of inspection. Each of these was fitted for the accommodation of fourteen persons. Three faced the engine, — if that term may be properly applied to the biped power that drew us; three rode with their faces to the less attractive point of view; while

between these extended two benches with the same back on a line with the rails, on which sat eight persons, four fronting one wall and four the other. It was altogether a natty, economical, and comfortable arrangement. The cars were handsomely painted and tastefully fitted up, and bore at each corner an elegant brass lamp with a large glass globe. These were filled with kerosene, and shone as brightly as the full moon. They looked much more stylish on their pedestals than those which many families are wont to read by in America. One after another, each of the little wagons for which we were waiting was drawn forward like a perambulating firework — a *feu de joie* — from the long cavern in which it was hidden, and the passengers rapidly seated themselves. It was then drawn forward to join those that awaited it to complete the train. Each was pulled by two men, attached to ropes, while the same number propelled it from behind. A conductor in official badge went before, and off we started. The track was rather rusty, and the men perspired profusely with their labors, though perhaps the hope of *backsheesh* opened the pores somewhat more easily than usual. At first our progress was slow, but soon a little impetus was gained, and on we went, stemming the tainted and sluggish current, thicker and more impure than that of the Ganges, which flowed beneath us, — the Lethe of a great city bearing slowly to the sea the cast off slough of its daily renewed life. For a

short distance we followed the main line leading under the *Boulevard de Sebastopol*. From the point of juncture with the *Rue de Rivoli*, its vast tunnel gradually faded away into the heaviness of thick darkness. At our right disappeared one arm of the latter, and no eye could penetrate its dense gloom. Only here and there was heard the faint splash of water, distantly falling, — but one voice of Nature in the silence around us, — while overhead the unceasing tide of travel poured full and free, like the deep bass of a mighty and unseen organ. Here we halted for a minute, while car after car slowly turned the corner and proceeded up the *Rue de Rivoli*, when a new feature lit up the scene. The whole two miles and more of this stately avenue was illuminated at intervals somewhat great, by lamps like those borne by our carriages. The eye could follow them, till they became mere sparks from the anvil in the far perspective, and at length dwindled to an endless ray of glittering light. Their effect was increased by the fact that they were not sufficiently numerous to dispel the darkness, but served only, as it were, to make it visible and abundantly evident to the senses.

Slowly we passed on and on, while the loud rumble of busy traffic overhead became deeper and deeper. Our shining cars pierced the obscurity like great squares of light; lit up the mass of stones for a moment with an unwonted glow; and then

glided forward, casting behind them phantoms grim and tall that danced a transient and fantastic reel upon the walls and ceiling, until gradually they mingled with the gloom of which they seemed the fitting offspring. At times we came suddenly upon a brilliant reflector that sent a broad and luminous shaft athwart our path, and brought out, one after another, the features of all in startling contrast with the dimness around. We looked at each other, thought of Charon's boat, wondered for an instant whither we might be tending, and then again traversed the gloomy night. Once in a while our limited vision enjoyed a nearer range, and for a few yards we looked into the smaller tunnels, whose Liliputian dimensions were swallowed up in the great Brobdingnag through which we were gliding; or a gleam of purest daylight permeated a distant grating, and we were enlivened for a moment by the cheerful chatter of human voices. Now and then water, with ceaseless ooze, dripped down narrow stairways, which gave access to the sewer, and cold, sticky, and clammy, seemed the blood of death, and clung to the stones, as if loth to part: leaving a viscous and snail-like trail on everything it touched, and casting a dank vapor like a shroud around it, it crept towards its grave. And still on we mounted towards the source of the muddy torrent, and silent clove the silence. Only once, when the water bed mounted higher than the walks on either hand, the heavy tramp of human footsteps

was added to the scene, and feet which had descended noiselessly before, dashed heavily the water on either hand with a monotonous regularity, that at length appeared to make the silence only more intense. In abodes such as this felony has not unfrequently found a refuge, and red-handed outcasts, driven from society and hunted by outraged justice, have lived a life of gloom, like that of their own souls. Here they have fought, here they have died, and their blood, accursed of all, has vitiated even the cold putrescence into which it fell. But now these Ishmaelites of the sewers have disappeared before the onward march of humanity, and Paris and London, in providing for the health and thrift of their citizens, have deprived crime of yet another wonted resort.

At the corner of the *Rue Royale* the railway came to an end, and we forthwith abandoned our wagons. The gentlemen pursued their way on foot, along the walk at the right of the tunnel, like wandering souls on the dreary banks of the Styx. For the ladies, boats, resembling the cars in shape and appointments, had been provided, and they quietly stowed themselves away. The boatmen rowed off one after another as fast as they received their freight. The rest of the trip was but short, and ere long we came to an iron stairway, similar to that at the entrance of the sewer. Up this we mounted, and before us stood the majestic and classic church, or rather temple, of the Madeleine,

bosomed high in tufted sycamores, and glorious in the evening sun. We had begun our descent in the grove that surrounds the fountain in the *Place du Chatelet*. Between these two oases, which stand amid the deserts of a vast city, and cheer even its arid heartlessness and often unavailing struggles for a barren life, our caravan had calmly glided along in the darkness. Entering at the door of a theatre, we had come out at that of a church. It was no unfit illustration of many and many an existence in this focus of pleasure, which, lavishing its early years and the vigorous and abundant blood of youth on worldly and sensuous delights, brings its exhausted age to the threshold of the Almighty, and thus seeks to secure a salvation richly forfeited to justice, and invigorate the dregs of a misspent life, by offering it at the shrine of religion.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY.

THE great charm of Paris is that it offers to every one that varied round of enjoyments, that tasteful and delicate blending of all beauties, that ingenious mingling of the fascinations of Art with the excellences of Nature, which every one can appreciate and none can resist. Here every mood of mind, "or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern," can find the pastime that befits it most. And all is so arranged that no one's relaxation is allowed to obtrude itself upon that of another. The devotees of art, of science, of literature, of war, no less than those of pleasure, can here gratify their ruling passions with the use of such facilities as can never be found elsewhere. Within her walls education and the useful arts march hand in hand with religion, or at least with what the nation call religion, and is their established form of worship. I know that this is not the general opinion. I am conscious that Paris is generally regarded as the resort of the votaries of sensual delight, and under no other aspect. But this is because those who come here willfully throw away the opportunities so lib-

erally, yes, profusely held out to them. Comparatively few look upon this city as the intellectual metropolis of a great and mighty nation, a nation which, whatever may have been its deficiencies hitherto, is daily increasing in wealth and splendor, and continually adding to the reputation which its great men have obtained for it in the past and are daily augmenting. To-day its influence in Europe is more widely extended than that of any other people, and is more beneficial to the real elevation of our race. In every respect it is in the van, and in Paris, more than anywhere else, one sees on every side the evidences thereof.

Dr. Véron, in his *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, remarks with truth, "*En cherchant bien, on trouve tout à Paris, même la solitude et l'ombre.*" Conspicuous among those places where this "solitude and shade" are to be found is that noble and useful institution, the Imperial Library. This has always been dear to the country and an object of national pride. The government *pro tem.*, whatever its form, — royal, republican, or imperial, — has ever had its interests at heart, and done the best in its power for their advancement. The collection now numbers over two millions of volumes, to say nothing of a vast store of manuscripts, engravings, coins, maps, and other objects of literary interest. Equal attention is bestowed upon every branch, and all works of importance are added as soon as published. Hence one finds on its shelves not only ancient

parchments of great value, and missals delicately illuminated, over which cloistered monks in ages past poured forth the simple faith that was in them through quaint imagery and fantastic colors, but the last editions of modern luxury, adorned by the pencil of Doré, or solar records of the best photographic artists. Of course, the daily increase is great, and that of a year enormous. The funds for the annual supply are almost unlimited, and being granted entirely from the public treasury, are really contributed by the whole people. The result is worthy of France and the efforts that have been made during so many generations. Nowhere else can be found a library so perfect in its plan, so complete in its details, or so liberally managed ; for the most perfect liberty in its use that is compatible with its preservation, is granted to all, and any person who conducts himself properly is allowed to avail himself of its treasures with hardly a check. The Imperial government has for several years past been doing much for the improvement of this institution, and in this respect has far surpassed its predecessors. It has been gradually rebuilding the whole of the vast precincts in the *Rue Richelieu*, and already a large portion thereof has been finished. As might be supposed, the arrangements are admirable, and nothing has been omitted that skill in architecture could suggest, either in economy and convenience in the location of the books, or provisions for the comfort of those who resort to

read them. A great degree of talent, and that of a peculiar kind, has been needed in disposing of so vast a number of tomes in such a way that they shall be easily accessible, well lighted, and quick to find. In the old structure so long were some of the galleries, and so inconvenient the distribution of the books, that the assistants often were obliged to walk an eighth of a mile in order to find a single volume. A few days ago I went over the new additions, and was extremely interested to notice the way in which the shelves have been planned, and the wonderful compression of their contents.

One of the great attractions of the late erection is the reading-hall. This is devised with extraordinary cleverness and adaptation to its object. It is light, airy, and extremely well ventilated. The desks number two hundred and fifty, and one is allowed to each reader. At its head are the stands and tables for the officers of the library and those who communicate the works that are called for. Behind these are sliding boxes passing to every floor, and a system of bells and tubes through which any assistant can be summoned from any part of the edifice. The upper part is entirely novel in its plan, and unique in the material of which it is made. It is composed of nine large domes, each being formed of several hundred pieces of porcelain, all curved and so skillfully joined that the line of contact is scarcely perceptible. These were done, somewhat oddly, when one reflects that the govern-

ment had at its disposal all the resources of the establishment at Sèvres, by the eminent English manufacturer, Copeland. They are preëminently well made, and the effect is tasteful and impressive, as well as appropriate. The ground of the slabs is white, and they are elegantly decorated with graceful flowers and fruit. These cupolas rest upon light and slender pillars of cast iron, which rise from pedestals somewhat tall and more substantial, that bear some resemblance to those beautiful sockets by Alessandro Leopardi, which sustain the gonfalons of Venice in the Piazza of St. Mark. The columns are too slight to interrupt the view in any direction, while they add greatly to the lightness of the domes and the cheerful effect of the other appointments of the hall. There is one disagreeable result, however, that follows from this peculiar ceiling, in the shape of a quite distinct echo. This, however, is not a great disadvantage under the circumstances, for the rule is strictly enforced that the reading-room shall be used only for its intended purposes, and no conversation is allowed. It is a great pity that a similar regulation cannot be inexorably carried out in some of our institutions at home, for the repression of those who resort thither to gossip and whisper *tacenda*. I can testify from my own experience that this is possible, for during all the visits that I have made to the Imperial Library I think I never heard fifty words spoken by the various readers, and this in a nation so verbose

and vivacious by nature as the French, is certainly very remarkable, while it does infinite credit to their politeness and regard for the comfort of others. Of course, they are to a certain extent restrained by the *lex loci*; but I am convinced that there was something behind this, for in presence of the strongest weaknesses the law is often powerless, if there be no stronger motive in the background, such as an innate sense of duty, or delicacy of feeling.

In speaking of the freedom of access always granted at this library, I did not mean entirely unlimited freedom. There was a day when that existed, — by this I mean merely the privilege of reading the books, for none are ever allowed to be taken from the building under any circumstances, — but it was so greatly abused, that last year certain restrictions were necessarily imposed. However loth one may be to admit a fact so disreputable, it is nevertheless true that there are in every country many persons, even among those whose education and social position should have taught them better in regard to the ordinary duties of life, who have not only no thankfulness for benefits conferred, and that gratuitously, but, moreover, little regard for the rights of property intrusted to them, when they can appropriate it without danger of detection. To go no farther than our own country, the experience of most of its public libraries offers numerous illustrations of this; while the British Museum affords another, in the depredations that were formerly

made upon its costly treasures. It is not many years since a man who had been well introduced was brought before one of the police magistrates of London, for stealing engravings from the works that had been loaned to him from its shelves. Of these no less than fifty, many of them valuable, were found in his possession. A friend of mine informed me that he was once looking over the collection of a connoisseur of manuscripts and other literary curiosities, when he came across an autograph of a leading Father of the Church. The name of the latter I forbear to give, lest the story should reach the ears of the party concerned, and he be led to think he had done something improper. Being asked where he got so valuable and authentic a relic, the virtuoso replied that he was examining the riches of a large foreign museum and "*it came off in his hand.*" I can vouch for the truth of this, and I regret to say, of some other similar stories that have come to my knowledge. The Imperial Library has, unfortunately, not been without experiences of this sort, and under the former extremely liberal *régime* its losses yearly increased, until during the year 1865 no less than five hundred and twenty-three books were taken from its possession and could not be accounted for. Those missing for a decade amounted to thousands, and after the decease of a well-known French *littérateur*, no less than twenty-five bearing the stamp of the *Bibliothèque Impériale* were found in his apartments. He, as well as

many other readers, it seems, had been tempted by the facility with which publications were granted them, and carried them away in their pockets. This appears the height of meanness. Milton says with concise and Solomonic wisdom, "Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is a precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." Any insult or outrage offered to the casket containing such a priceless jewel appears to me a sort of sacrilege. Miss Hawkins says, in her anecdotes of Goldsmith, that one day when her father was calling upon the latter, a standard work happened to be referred to in which he wished to consult a particular passage. The book was in Goldsmith's possession, who went to his closet and brought it forth; opening it at the place required, he tore out several leaves and handed them to his visitor, with the remark that he might take them home and consult the extract at his leisure. It is many years since I saw this story, and it is probable that it is not quoted exactly as it appears, but its substantial accuracy may be depended upon. I remember that a shudder went over me upon reading this, and I have always regarded it as an act of extreme atrocity and a fatal blight upon all the other characteristics of "poor Noll," as it is the fashion of some to style him. It showed to my mind an awful depravity which hundreds of virtues and mental excellences could not offset. I am aware that bad treatment of books was

more common a century ago than now, when greater reverence is felt for both their contents and bindings than ever before, and in this respect Goldsmith's friend and guide, Dr. Johnson, was but little his superior; but even thus I should suppose the insulted volume would have cried out, like the wounded tree in the "*Inferno*," —

"Why dost thou rend me?"

Hast thou no spirit of pity whatsoever?"

Yet after all, this is not so nefarious as the conduct of one who claims to be respectable, and under that guise introduces himself like a wolf into the fold; and who, carrying off work after work designed for the good of all, keeps them for his private enjoyment, or perhaps — which is still worse — merely for display. Goldsmith had a right, in the abstract, to do what he would with his own, and if his reputation and talents were not a public inheritance and influencing to good or bad by their example, the world would not have any claim to comment upon his deeds; but no reprobation can be too strongly expressed for him who not only infringes upon the divine command, "*Thou shalt not steal*," but proves himself a traitor to the ordinary dictates of humanity and those eternal principles of justice which are inborn and would still prevail, were there no decalogue in existence.

The formalities at present adopted in the delivery of books at the Imperial Library, seem somewhat intricate to new-comers, and it is not till one has been

accustomed to resort there, that they become easy to understand. I will give a list of them, that my readers may see the annoyances which the unscrupulousness of some can cause to be imposed upon a multitude of others. Each person, upon his entrance, finds himself in a little inclosure surrounded by an iron railing. Beyond this he is not allowed to pass, till he has taken from the hands of a janitor stationed there a white printed paper. The upper part of this contains the rules to be observed in applying for books, the lower is ruled for the entry of the titles of these, and between the two the receiver is required to write his name and address. This he takes to a desk at which an officer is seated, who gives him a bulletin — or more than one, if he require them — of yellow paper, on which he is to write again his name and address, and the work he desires, with the name of its author and the date of publication, if possible. Having done this, he returns it to the party from whom he received it. That official reads it, and should the volume be in the library, writes certain characters upon it. Thereupon the bearer is told to take the bulletin to the end of the hall, or the station in front of him, as the case may be, where other assistants are placed, whose duty is to send it within to those in immediate charge of the library. By them the tomes required are sought out, and after an interval more or less short are sent down to the reading-room in one of the sliding boxes. From this they are taken,

with the accompanying yellow bulletin, by one of the men there standing, to another desk, where it is left till the demandant is ready for it. With the white bulletin which you first received in your hand, you pass to this latter position and point out the book you sought, at the same time offering therewith your white bulletin. An elderly official hands both to a clerk on his left who inscribes its title on the former and puts the yellow bulletin at one side. You can then take your books and your white paper to a neighboring table, and use the former, in a proper way, as long as you please. The same ceremonies must be gone through with for every work consulted. When you leave the hall, you return to the desk all the works in your possession, the word "*Rendu*" is stamped in red letters against each title on your white bulletin, and you then take the latter to the man at the door. He reads the list over carefully with the bloody letters set against each, and gracefully awards you permission to depart; thereupon you stand not upon the order of your going but go at once, that is, unless you were so foolish as to take a parcel into the room, in which case you are obliged to return with it to the bureau, and obtain a written permit from the officials before you can leave the room. On the day of my first visit I had a small bundle with me, but the offense was never repeated. The officials are very polite, but they have an innate suspicion by virtue of their office, and any one that

bears a package is presumed to be guilty, till he is proved to be innocent. Reflecting upon their past experiences, one can hardly blame them.

These regulations, as might have been expected, have proved effectual in their object. They excited great disgust and loud outcries on the part of many persons when they were first adopted, but the authorities were resolute, as, indeed, how could they be otherwise? They had a very obvious retort against those who were the most demonstrative in their abuse; and when an article of considerable violence was published in *Le Soleil* by Mr. —, a well-known writer for the Parisian papers, he was used up by the Director of the Library the next day, through a "*communiqué*" sent to that paper, in a manner that left him flat on his back. I never read a more scorching or excoriating castigation. It seems to have had the effect of extinguishing the whole controversy at once, for I have never seen a word on the subject in print since the day it was published, now more than a year ago.

Several months ago, while looking over some old writings at this institution, I came across a manuscript which appeared very entertaining. As it may be of interest to some of my readers, it is given here, partly because of its originality, partly because it represents one of our great benefactors in a character which may be new to some of my countrymen. It is undoubtedly genuine, for the handwriting does not admit of any skepticism as to that point. It is

offered both in the language in which it was written and the Doctor's vernacular, that the two may be compared with facility. The copy is made with the utmost accuracy : —

“ M. Franklin n'oublie jamais aucune Partie ou Me. Helvetius doit être. Il croit même que s'il étoit engagé d'aller à Paradis ce matin, il ferai Supplication d'être permis de rester sur terre jusqu' à une heure et demi pour recevoir l'Embrasade qu'elle a bienvoulu lui promettre en lui rencontrant chez M. Turgot.”

“ Mr. Franklin never forgets any party where Madame Helvetius is to be. He even believes that if he had engaged to go to Paradise this morning, he would beg to be permitted to remain on earth until half-past one, in order to receive the embrace which she has kindly promised him on meeting him at the house of M. Turgot.”

The original bears no date, and is addressed to “ *Monsieur l'Abbé de la Roche à Auteuil.*” The writing is neat, elegant, and especially distinct. It resembles that of Washington somewhat, and still more the hand of Voltaire, whom its author so strongly approaches in many features of his character.

When the above was written, I did not know that this little note had ever appeared in print. I have, however, lately seen it in the work of M. Edouard Laboulaye styled *Correspondance de Benjamin Franklin*, and published within a year. He there tenders it as new and just discovered. Though the author vouches for the exactness of the tran-

script, and says, "*je respecte l'orthographe de Franklin*," he has made six mistakes, large and small.

The French of Franklin's letter is not entirely correct, but the errors are such as might have arisen from momentary forgetfulness. Those who are acquainted with that tongue will easily detect them. The style is not that which a Frenchman would employ. It is not French French but English French, though this doubtless gave the *billet-doux* of the genial and gallant old patriot an additional piquancy in the eyes of its recipient and his lady friend. Yet its orthography is such as might have been expected from Franklin's pen, if we take into account the method by which he learnt that language and the difficulties that stood in his way. Under the circumstances, that he acquired in his younger days such proficiency as he did, is greatly to his credit.

As an odd example of the similarity in two respects — gallantry to ladies and the use of French — of two men, otherwise strongly opposed to each other, I insert here a letter addressed by Dr. Johnson to "*Madame la Comtesse de —*," when he was nearly seventy years of age: —

" Le 16 Juillet, 1775.

" Oui, Madame, le moment est arrivé, et il faut que je parle. Mais pourquoi faut-il partir? Est ce que je m'ennuye? Je m'ennuierai ailleurs. Est ce que je cherche ou quelque plaisir, ou quelque soulagement? Je ne cherche rien, je n'espère rien. Aller voir ce que j'ai vu, être un peu rejoué, un peu dégouté, me resouvenir que la vie se passe en vain, me plaindre de moi,

m'endurcir aux dehors ; voici le tout de ce qu'on compte pour les delices de l'année. Que Dieu vous donne, Madame, tous les agrémens de la vie, avec un esprit qui peut en jouir sans s'y livrer trop."

It is a pleasing spectacle, the sight of these two venerable beaux, one of whom termed the other "a rebel and a rascal," forgetting for a moment the exasperation of political antipathy and joining in the universal pursuit of those prizes which the queen of beauty and chivalry dispenses. "Great love," says Emerson, "is an expounder of the reasoning powers," and this is doubtless true ; but the devotion of the Great Lexicographer who discovered the largest words in the English language, and the philosopher who drew the lightning from heaven, does not appear to have made either of them *spirituel* or fluent in a foreign tongue. This result would probably have been styled by the former "one of the anfractuosités of the human intellect." His French was about on a par with that of his Transatlantic rival ; and it is a refreshing contrast to one who is familiar with Johnsonese, to turn from the long words and ponderous sentences of the "Rambler," where its author was at home, to his short words and concise expressions in a speech to which he was a comparative stranger.

Notwithstanding its lack of a date, there can be no doubt as to the time when the former note was written, and as Franklin was then seventy years old, it proves that he was as much addicted to the fair

sex then, as in his earlier years, of which he gives such a *naïve* account in his autobiography. Madame Helvetius and the Abbé de la Roche were both old and dear friends of each other and warmly attached to our great naturalist. The former was the widow of the famous French liberal philosopher and skeptic of that name, while the latter was well known for his zeal in behalf of liberty, both in France and America. They lived at Auteuil, a little village near Paris, and the house of the former was the frequent *rendez-vous* of all the literary and witty society of France. She was a bright, intelligent, charming person, and a particular friend of Franklin. He is said, by the French writers, to have offered himself to her in marriage, though the offer was declined on the ground that they were already so intimate that nothing could make them more deeply attached to each other. On his return from Egypt, steeped in glory, Bonaparte called upon her, and found her living a most happy life, surrounded by cats and dogs, bees and birds, on her little property. To his congratulations on her felicity from sources apparently so slight, she made the well-known reply: "Ah, General! you don't know how much enjoyment one can find on three acres of land." The hours which Franklin passed in her company must have been most delightful, and we can well imagine how many pangs it cost him to quit a society that had bound itself to him by so many liens. But when did his patriotic heart ever refuse the calls of his

country or the stern claims of duty? It was not pleasure that led him to take a long and dreary voyage across the ocean, or that induced him to prolong his vexatious and aggravating residence in England; and no more could the sensuous delights of Paris retain him from that people to whom he felt his first and truest allegiance was due. Thankful for the blessings of the past, mindful of the future, he ever disregarded the fascinations of the moment; and to his latest hours, he always saw before him the light whose rays were cast about him and guided him on. In that radiance he now reposes.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SPARKS FROM THE KITCHEN FIRE.

THOUGH I am generally disposed to admit the truth of M. Jules Janin's maxim, "*Il faut bien pardonner quelque chose à l'enthousiasme d'un métier ;*" which may be somewhat freely translated, "We must be a little tolerant of professional enthusiasm ;" yet in many cases there is a necessary limit to this sufferance, and prudence imposes a certain check thereupon. It oftentimes happens that this zeal is a little too demonstrative, and leads one to ask whither is it tending, and where will it stop. Tailors and weavers, for example, are very useful in their way, and probably will continue to be, so long as man is "a cloth animal." But when their superabundant energy leads them, and in truth some other people, to don the buskin, unforeseen results often follow. When Bottom said, "Masters, spread yourselves," they did so, and the upshot of the whole matter was, that all the performers, and especially their corypheus, played divers roles not laid down in the text. Sabbath-school teachers are very serviceable in their way, and so long as they confine themselves to doling out Biblical pap for infant

minds, no one can reasonably object to them. I have, however, seen a work by an illiterate functionary of this class, in which he spreads himself into giving a description of heaven. It is rather smoky, and reminds one of "the Conflict of Ages," or the battle of Waterloo on canvas. In it we are told of the trees — "graceful creatures" — that we shall find there, and of the advantages that trained swimmers will enjoy in "fording the Jordan." He should have stuck to his last. Patriotism is an excellent thing *per se*, but when it leads a dancing-master to take command of an army, he is likely to make general riot and confusion. When Goldsmith undertook to write history, and was on the point of describing a dire conflict between Alexander the Great and Montezuma, it showed that, though the devotion of so able a writer to such a highly respectable person as the Muse presiding over that science was eminently creditable, his enthusiasm had led him slightly beyond propriety. It is not every one that can pay *devoirs* of this sort with success and acceptance. Clio would rather queen it by herself in solitary state, than receive spurious incense from a counterfeit admirer. There is a deal of wisdom in the homely proverb, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" Man is a creature of limited faculties at best, and however much he may desire to "spread himself," whether as a tailor or weaver, dancing-master or writer, there is often a bound beyond which he cannot use his powers with benefit to himself or the world.

I was convinced of the truth of these remarks by reading an article in the last number of Baron Brisse's new journal, which began thus : — " ' There is nothing new under the sun,' said my illustrious and excellent friend, the poet Méry ; and he was right." It is possible that poet Méry did often use these words, and so have many other people been in the habit of doing. It is very probable that King Theodore of Abyssinia, for example, who claims to be the direct descendant of Solomon and desires to become the father-in-law of the Prince of Wales, is wont to employ them quite as frequently as poet Méry, and one might say with a better warrant, considering his lineage. Why then did *M. le Baron Brisse* attribute this saying to the latter rather than the former, or why, in short, did he not go back to its source and ascribe it to the sacred author in whose works it first appears? One can hardly avoid the inference that his professional enthusiasm had slightly overflowed its banks, as it were, and had stranded his genius by forcing it out of its natural channel. This is unfortunate, for justice should always be done, even to those personages whom Bishop Colenso has extinguished. There are, moreover, still a few narrow-minded bigots who believe in Solomon and his family, in spite of the new light that has dawned upon Natal, and these cannot see one of the Preacher's best remarks assigned to the "friend of Baron Brisse" without a feeling of dissatisfaction, to say the least. I think it very likely

that the latter culinary *littérateur*, in his devotion to his art, is naturally anxious to elevate it as much as lies in his power, and thought he could do it in no better way than by marrying one of his leaders to poet Méry. He is probably right in this, though he was so unlucky in his quotation. The literature of the *cuisine*, though abundant, is not for the most part of a very high order. The prose is rarely inspiring to ordinary minds, and its poetry has little to remind one of Milton or Dante. The muse is rather chary of her favors in this direction, and seldom or never descends from Olympus to the kitchen. We have had barber-poets and shepherd-poets, shoemaker-poets and mason-poets, blacksmith-poets and medical-poets, but I do not at this moment recall a single cook-poet. Obviously Terpsichore finds but little sympathy with the nimble contortions of boiling lobsters, and Calliope never sings responsive to the sizzling of a frying-pan. There is doubtless more poetry in a pile of stones, or the "*Illi inter sese multâ vi brachia tollunt*" of the Cyclopes than in an "*omelette soufflée*," however ethereal, or even the most spotless "*riz au lait sucré*." And yet great men have deigned to celebrate the delights of cookery in heroic hexameters, and even the illustrious Canning was not ashamed to portray the woes of one who presided over a "*cuisine sérieuse*."

"On household cares intent, with many a sigh
She forms the pancake and she moulds the pie;

While still responsive to each mournful moan,
The saucepan simmers in a softer tone."

Frederick the Great, though busily employed in accumulating materials for Carlyle's biography, nevertheless found time to express in metre his satisfaction with his *chef Noël*. As these royal poetics may not be familiar to this generation, I venture to give eight verses from the opening of the poem, which extends to no less than 136 lines. They serve to show that Macaulay's observations as to the King's literary abilities, were strikingly correct. If these were the stanzas that the scribbling conqueror gave to Voltaire to criticise, the latter is hardly to be blamed for complaining that His Majesty sent him his dirty linen to wash.

" Je ne ris point; vraiment, monsieur Noël,
Vos grands talents vous rendent immortel.
Vous possédez l'exacte connaissance
Des végétaux; et votre expérience
Assimulant discrètement leurs suc
Sait les lier au genre de ses sauces,
Au doux parfum des jasmins et des roses,
Qui fait le charme et des rois et des ducs."

It is quite plain that Frederick was not "good at these kickshaws," though this effort would certainly tend to show that his palate was more susceptible than that of Napoleon, whose cook could never tempt him to express his satisfaction at the daintiest sauce, and who was constrained to limit his powers to keeping on hand, day and night, a supply of chickens, cutlets, and coffee, ready to be served, that his master might eat at a moment's notice. Not-

withstanding the temptations of his capital, which Brillat Savarin calls "*Cité admirablement gourmande et truffivore par excellence*," Napoleon never yielded to them in the least, and was no more of an epicure than St. Simeon Stylites. In this respect he offered a noticeable contrast to his contemporaries. George the Fourth gave £2000 a year to his *chef*, and ate himself to death with the *patés* he composed; while Louis XVIII. gorged dinners of twenty courses, and between each two, by way of interlude, devoured a pork chop, which he gnawed from the bone. When that domestic philosopher, Mr. Pecksniff, whose practical wisdom I now quote for the second time, remarked that cream, sugar, butter, flour, and eggs had their moral, he spoke the truth. To this we may add, that when these are combined by the ingenuity of a cook into every elaborate and titillating dainty, ruinous to the stomach and debasing in its effects upon the mind, they have their immoral also.

"Être bête c'est un défaut;
Être gourmand est un vice."

This many of the monarchs of Europe have satisfactorily proven. Gluttonous revelries have often accompanied the decadence of empires and betokened the decrepitude of princely lineage. George the Fourth was a new Heliogabalus, and Louis XVIII. a modern Sardanapalus. Each, like Antony, "filled his vacancy with his voluptuousness," and "full surfeits and the dryness of his bones" drained away the sap of life, and blasted the vigor that

might have adorned a throne with the clear light of virtue, if not with the radiance of great talents. The genius of Shakespeare has portrayed for the eternal inheritance of the world, the ruin of that great captain, who, deliberately casting from him the panoply of glorious war, wrapped himself in the soft mantle of sensuality ; who “wasted the lamps of night in revel,” and became “the bellows and the fan to cool a gipsy’s lust ;” who exchanged the food of fame, — “the roughest berry on the rudest hedge,” — “the strange flesh which some did die to look on,” —

“The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at,” —

for luxurious meats, the wines of Chios and Falernus, and the kisses of a wanton. Like Samson, he pulled down upon his own head “the wide arch of the ranged empire,” and died the victim of his own sensual madness. “*Victor victus*” might well have been the motto of this conqueror. His pitiful history should not be lost upon other victors, younger than he and living in a nobler age, who drown triumph in wasteful orgies, and taint the honorable labors and sacrifices of months with excesses unworthy of their day and manhood.

But I have unintentionally wandered from my subject, and for my excuse can only refer my readers to the maxim with which I began my letter. The good old times have passed away, and we never shall see again, in our day, assuredly, that

"Noble simplicité des grands temps homériques
Où l'on mangeait des bœufs embrochés dans des piques."

The times aforesaid were very old, and very good, doubtless, but I dare say we are, on the whole, better off as we are. They make excellent capital for poets who can find nothing else to write about, and we can well afford to be satisfied with the instructions they have left behind them. A mutton chop is certainly preferable, on many grounds, to a spitted ox, and Norman veal to a Saxon calf. The Catos of the kitchen may fulminate against the piquant sauces, the plethoric and apoplectic truffles which the luxury of this era demands, and very properly. Still, our weaknesses are great, and a certain allowance must be made for the cravings of a demoralized palate. But philosophers must, nevertheless, make good their position as censors of humanity, and if we don't practice temperance in our daily life, it is at least gratifying to know that its precepts can be found in certain books, which we can read at home on Sunday, when the rest of the people are gone to church, instead of lying in bed, or smoking. Even Baron Brisse at times enlivens his columns with a sound truth, instead of always restricting himself to his everlasting "*classiques pots-au-feu*," "*dîners sérieux*," and "*poulets à la Marengo*." For example, in the last issue I find some valuable information and advice in regard to the method of preparing and sending out invitations to dinner, which doubtless all my readers will take

infinite pains to follow, as soon as it meets their eyes. He says, "these should be written in the morning before breakfast, on an empty stomach, '*avec tout le calme de sang-froid et toute la maturité de la réflexion.*' They must be organized with discernment, and the thought that it is almost as essential that the guests should be well selected, as regaled; the matter should be attended to several days beforehand, and one should add his, or her, address to each note, send it by a sure route, and request an answer. With these precautions one is almost certain of providing against every annoyance," — except, perhaps, the inconvenience of getting up so early to write without anything to eat, he might have added. And here again "*l'enthousiasme du métier*" leads the Baron to ride roughshod over the prejudices of most people, and the laws that regulate their hygiene. Notwithstanding, this could be done by a resolute amphitryon and ought to be, for the Baron says he found the precept in the works of Grimod de la Reynière, who was the very Socrates of cookery. Perhaps the latter did n't reflect, though, how much easier it is to write on some one else's empty stomach than his own.

Again the Baron, in another number of his literary saucepan, informs his numerous subscribers that he has discovered an important historical fact; — not the place where Moses was buried, or the name of the sculptor who modeled the Venus de' Medici, or the original inventor of the mariner's com-

pass, — but he has actually seen and conversed with the very person who originated “*cartes du restaurant*,” or bills-of-fare, as we term those useful little additions to a dinner in the city. It seems that the Baron, exhausted with the labors of the day, and tired of planning the regular meals for thirty-eight millions of souls, had repaired to the *Théâtre des Variétés*, in order to recruit. Another chief, scarce less illustrious, had, by an extraordinary coincidence, done the same thing from the same cause. This was Maître Borain, of the old house of Desirée Borain, — to which description the Baron somewhat curtly and unnecessarily adds, “the true Borain,” — who had also come to refresh himself with the vivacities of Madame Schneider, in her part of the *Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*. Anent this play, the Baron, forgetting his ill-success in quoting from the works of poet Méry, attempts another *hors d'œuvre*, by a theatrical criticism to the effect that this “*excellente bouffonnerie gagnerait à être moins assaisonnée*,” a culinary stricture which those who have seen the original spectacle will hardly appreciate. Between the acts, the Baron, descending from his lofty position as caterer for the French Empire, actually chatted — “*causait !*” — with M. Borain. His condescension was not unrewarded, for the latter, becoming communicative, informed him of all his antecedents, and among other things, that he himself had founded the wide-spread institution mentioned above.

“You remember the ‘*restaurant Créver,*’” said *le vrai Borain*, opening his snuff-box and taking a pinch after offering it to the Baron, “to which the Revolution of 1848 gave some celebrity? I was its head-cook in 1844. In love with my art, and anxious to do my best for the customers, I prepared every dish, so to speak, for the particular taste of each one. The kitchen was at the entrance of the establishment, and the principal frequenters were accustomed, in passing, to consult me in regard to their dinner, and order it themselves. Others imitated them, and I was soon overwhelmed by the number of these applications. That I might not have so many questions to answer, I formed the plan of writing upon paper the dishes, resulting from the resources of the market for the day, and hanging it up at the door. The plan answered well, and generally they ordered their dinners after my list. One day some cigar-boxes having fallen into my hands, I took it into my head to cut two pieces out of them, and paste thereon the bills of fare, formerly hung up at the entrance. These I placed in the saloons, and from thence originated the ‘*carte du jour,*’ which was not slow to extend all over Paris, as well as elsewhere.”

To this account Baron Brisse, after thanking the genuine Borain in the name of all, says that it is an institution which has rendered and ever will render immense service to diners at restaurants, and, moreover, often aids in preventing “ladies of the best

position" from blushing at their own ignorance, when asking the waiters in a loud voice, for dishes that are out of season. This last bit of information may act as a consolation for those who suppose that only the English and Americans make themselves ridiculous under similar circumstances. It is a fresh instance of that tender regard for the proprieties of social life, which has ever been shown by our literary amphitryon. For this he certainly deserves a better reward than he is likely to receive from our uncharitable age. Yet, though *La Liberté* declined to acknowledge his services, and even somewhat rudely showed him the door, his memory will still linger, like a fragrant odor, around those tables whose daily appointments he provided. Perchance in *Père la Chaise* may yet appear, from some thankful friend, at least a faint tribute to his sacrifices, and the future historian of the palate and its victories may chronicle his epitaph, —

CI-GÎT

LE BARON BRISSE.

ON DINAIT BIEN CHEZ LUI.

"Le véritable amphitryon
Est l'amphitryon ou l'on dine."

CHAPTER XXX.

EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

AMONG the numerous excursions that may be made from the ancient city of Plymouth — which will always be full of the deepest interest to every son of New England — one of the most attractive is that to the light-house on the Eddystone Rocks. This remote and dangerous reef, the Plymouth Rock of the Old World, was destined, like that of Massachusetts, to link its name in history with the triumphs of the human mind, and the ennobling results of unconquerable energy, far-sighted talent, and persevering toil. It has now stood for more than a century, a lonely column in a wild waste of waters, and, like a pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, has guided the wandering tribe of ocean safely to their desired haven. A prouder mausoleum than this no man could desire to leave behind him. Sir Christopher Wren, conscious of his genius, and exulting in the magnificent cathedral he was to bequeath to posterity, might well dictate the epitaph, "If you seek my monument, look around." Yet St. Paul's now serves but as a tomb for himself and the last resting-place of the nation's

dead, while the simple and unadorned work of Smeaton for more than a hundred years has shed down its beneficent rays upon mankind, and, we trust, will continue so to do while time shall last. Cowley, in lines of noble and fervent meaning, inquires, —

“ What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own ? ”

Smeaton answered the question in simple hieroglyphics of massy rock, and lived to see the yearning hope of his soul become the fullness of fruition. In his narrative of the building of the light-house he tells us of the honorable confidence in the future with which his zeal inspired him. “ But in contemplating the use and benefit of such a structure as this, my ideas of what its duration and continued existence ought to be, were not confined within the boundary of an age or two, but extended themselves to look towards a possible perpetuity.” That this trust was not disappointed, was due to his own heroic pluck guided by judicious talent, and that we to-day enjoy the benefits arising from it, is owing to his determination that, like Milton, he would “ eternize ” his name here on earth, and record it so indelibly that mankind could not let it die. To this natural strength and vitality of his character, the religious element that deeply pervaded it lent additional force. Grateful for its aid, he ever acknowledged it, and was not unwilling that the work of his hands should be an offering to

God. Round the upper store-room, graven upon the stone in characters designed never to be erased, can still be seen the words from Holy Writ, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." — Psalm cxxvii. Upon the last block set, over the door of the lantern, are the words, "24th August, 1759, Laus Deo." Thus did religious fervor place its final seal upon the altar it had erected in honor of the Supreme Being, and thus displayed the sincerity of its devotion, like the Pilgrims when they consecrated anew to His service their lives, their labors, and all that was theirs.

The Eddystone rocks are six in number, or at least six names are applied to them, though really they all form one long ledge divided by a deep channel near the centre. At high tide, they are almost covered, except the abrupt peak upon which the light-house stands, which projects about fifteen feet above the water at its highest part. It slopes in a rather steep incline towards the southwest, and from this direction comes the full strength of the waves that dash upon and over the edifice. This latter is eighty-five feet in height above the top of the crag, into whose sloping surface it is dovetailed and mortised, so as to constitute a piece of the rock itself, as far as this can be effected by human skill. The blocks composing it are, moreover, linked together by chains running through them horizontally and imbedded in melted lead. The whole thus forms a mass of stone, with a shaft penetrating its

centre, and there seems at present to be no reason why it should not last as long as the support upon which it rests. Its situation is greatly exposed, for the giant billows rolling in from the Atlantic throw their whole vehemence upon any obstacle with a fury which, it would appear to an inexperienced observer, must inevitably crush it to atoms. And yet it is not always the greatest heaps of water that test most severely the strength of the beacon, though they often leap to an elevation twice as high as its lantern. The keepers told me that these caused hardly a perceptible oscillation. It is when the tide is half high in a strong wind, and the combined surges are hurled up the sloping reef and concentrate their force upon the base of the tower, that the noise is most deafening and the motion most evident. Even under such circumstances the vibration is hardly felt, and it has never been known to exceed three inches from the perpendicular. There is an apparatus in the room immediately under the lantern, by which any movement can be measured with accuracy, and every extraordinary agitation is thus observed. The edifice is painted in alternate belts of red and white, about twenty feet in width, that it may be distinguished from other lights, and also seen from the greatest possible distance. Nothing more solitary or depressing than its position can be imagined. The nearest land is a tall promontory called Ram's Head, nine miles away, and from this it is nearly eight miles farther to Ply-

mouth. The depth of water between the ledge and the shore varies from two to three hundred feet. At my visit, which was made in a sail-boat from Plymouth, the approach seemed forbidding enough. Before me lay the long ragged reef, gradually rising to the sharper projection of the end on which the light-house stands. This latter is twenty-six feet in diameter at the summit, and its foundation perhaps double that. The rock was covered with barnacles and sea-weed, which rose and fell in dripping sheets with the dashing of the waves. It was clammy and dank, slippery with ooze, and affording only the most treacherous foothold. The tide at this locality ebbs and flows eighteen feet. Eight or ten steps led from the door of the building to the edge of the precipice. From this point, the friendly care of the keepers extended me a rope ladder of eight rounds. Between the end of this and my craft was a vacuum of about six feet. The boat skipped nimbly about like a frisky colt, first throwing me against the dripping and greasy rock, and then pulling me away suddenly just as I felt sure of a mount. However, with the aid of the parties above and the boatmen below, I finally was hoisted and pulled into the building, where I spent the next thirty minutes in a state of what might be appropriately called half-and-half. A moiety of intense enjoyment at the thought that I was on a spot where I had always ardently desired and never expected to be, and a moiety of apprehension as to how I could possibly get

back to the conveyance that brought me thither. It was like the Government of the Czar, a despotism tempered by assassination.

The keepers were very kind, and showed me everything in their vicinity. Though their residence did strike me as bearing a strong resemblance to a well ordered chimney-flue, I was gratified to see how much comfort could be condensed into such contracted quarters. There are always three men in charge, each wearing the blue uniform of the British navy. The night is divided into three watches, extending from sunset, when the lamp is lighted, to sunrise, when the flame is extinguished. In these comparatively high latitudes, of course, the nights are much longer in winter, and the work far more onerous than in summer on that account, as well as from the greatly increased violence of the ocean. The keepers are relieved once every month, so that each man has only four weeks of service alternating with the same period of leisure on shore. They go to and from their duties in the cutter which comes every fortnight to supply them with the necessary fuel and provisions. These they are obliged to pay for themselves out of their wages of six pounds per month. Years ago, the Admiralty Board furnished these, but certain of the employés being no way scrupulous, sold them in some instances for liquor, after which the present plan was adopted. There is, however, always a store of food belonging to the government kept in the house, to

be eaten in case of a prolonged storm reducing the occupants to distress. If the latter use these, the value thereof is deducted from their wages. Their rations, as might be expected, are plain, though of good quality. Fish are very plenty in the water around, and from the rocks they catch abundant supplies of chad and bream. In their kitchen is a very neat stove of good size, which has an oven capable of cooking anything from a pie to a potato. This room contains also a bookcase with a library of about seventy volumes, and a timepiece made by Smeaton himself. This is a regular kitchen clock of the old fashion, like the one about which Miss Jane Taylor wrote her world-renowned fable. It is six feet high, and still in good working order. It has the peculiarity of striking every half hour, and bears ample evidence of the good workmanship of its maker. In his day, things were obviously made to last. Though its situation is very near the top of the tower, the keepers informed me that the vibrations had never been sufficient to stop it. In the apartment above this, are three very comfortable beds in recesses partly hollowed out of the wall. Here habit enables their occupants to sleep tranquilly, in spite of the thundering crash with which the liquid battering-ram is hourly hurled against the structure. The light is on the dioptric principle, and gives out a pure, steady, white flame, greatly magnified and strengthened by the lenses through which its radiance passes. There are three wicks, one

within another, which are fed from a reservoir of rape oil, which incessantly flows through and over them. The portion not consumed is again pumped up to be used another time. As in the case of other light-houses, birds are often attracted by the brilliant glow, and with heedless and destructive fascination dash themselves against it, only to be stunned by the shock and fall into the waves below them. These are principally blackbirds, thrushes, and such small feathered deer on their migrating passages across the Channel. Immense flocks of starlings frequently avail themselves of this opportunity to pay a tribute to the genius of Smeaton, and cover every "jutting, frieze, buttress, and coigne of advantage" that will afford them the least footing. As one of the men said, "They might be scooped up by the bushel." The keepers laughed at the stories which have been so often told in regard to the effects of their residence on that dismal isle upon their minds, causing misanthropy, disgust with life, and incipient insanity. They seemed cheerful and happy, and said their health did not suffer, nor did they find this mode of life distasteful. Judging from their appearance, however, I should say that they were not well, for their faces were thin and pale, and they certainly did not look, by any means, in good bodily condition when I saw them. This might have arisen from causes originating before they came to this spot, and one could hardly form an accurate opinion on this

subject from a single observation. They surely ought to know whether their employment is salubrious or not.

I enjoyed my stay there very much, and when it drew to its close was not sensible of any change for the worse in my sanitary state. The tide had already ebbed still lower when I came out upon the unctuous steps that led to the brink of the rocks, and my boat looked far more inaccessible than I could wish. However, the longer I waited the worse it was, and so with many nervous clutches, I lowered myself down to the end of the shaky ladder. Here for a moment hanging in suspense, I thought of "one that gathers samphire — dreadful trade!" experienced a passing feeling of pleasure that the rope might have had a less satisfactory ending than it did, and then committed myself to space. I alighted on the members designed by nature to support my person, and that without making a hole in the bottom of my tipsy boat. Shaking myself, I found no timbers sprung either in my body or the craft, and after reeling about for a season in an uncertain way, regained my seat, and waving a last adieu to my hospitable entertainers, shot off under full sail for Plymouth. Though the lighthouse is thus difficult of access, I might have labored under far greater hindrances than were really encountered in approaching it. A photograph has lately been taken of the edifice, and while on the ledge I could not help thinking of the obstacles in

the way of the artist's success. He was obliged to carry a large camera to the end of a reef nearly two hundred feet long, and half under water. On either side of this narrow neck of slimy and sharp pointed rocks, the waves tossed, heaved, and splashed their spray. A single misstep would have been fatal, and yet the work was done, and that in a way that would have extorted the admiration of Smeaton himself. This instance affords another evidence of the various qualities that are required in good photographers the present day. They certainly, as a class, show themselves worthy of their profession. They are everywhere to be found in its practice, from the summit of Mont Blanc, to the surge-lashed crags of the ocean. Their success is creditable, not only to their skill as artists, but equally to their courage and steadiness of head and hand. With many of them, as with the engineer of Eddystone, natural difficulties but spur them on to greater and more worthy achievements ; and thus it happens, as it did to him, that

" Winds blow and waters roll
Strength to the brave, and power, and deity."

Much has been said in regard to the original model of the light-house, which its designer states was suggested to him by the trunk of an oak. This may have been the truth, at least Smeaton probably thought so, but it could have been only the remote germ, like Newton's apple, of a great principle in engineering, thoroughly thought out and

skillfully carried into execution. The building, in its present shape and proportions, offers but little similarity to the bole of an oak, and its chief strength comes, like that of the tree, from its tenacity rather than its form. The trunk of an oak is low and thick, and the heavy mass of branches and foliage which arise therefrom nearly covers and protects it from the assaults of the wind. It is not there that the ultimate strain comes, but upon the gigantic size and spread of the roots, which are so firmly anchored in the soil that only the most violent storms can uprear them. And the same is the fact in regard to Eddystone Beacon, which is so intricately interwoven, as it were, with the rock on which it stands that it really forms a part thereof. Additional strength is also given by the slope of the tower, which is so planned that the gathering billows, rushing up the gradual incline of the reef, may, so far as is possible, spend their force for naught, like one beating the air. As has been shown in the Plymouth and Cherbourg breakwaters, the waves themselves finally arrange the stones in the form that offers the least hindrance to their progress. Doubtless Smeaton knew the fact and did his best to dispose the foundations of his edifice—for, as I have said before, the main pressure is exerted upon these—in a way to allow the water to push, as it were, against nothing. In this respect his invention resembles the reed, rather than the oak, which the old fable tells us

saved itself by bowing before the storm; for the ascent up which the breakers are impelled, offers an easy slide to their progress, and when they reach the upper portion of the rounded structure, their diminished impetus can no longer overthrow the obstacle. This is not the way that the gale attacks an oak, or tests its resistance, but it is at least an approach to the form under which a reed rides out the gale in safety.

But whatever may have been the theory from which this great work sprung, its complete success has placed it high among the trophies of our age and race. Its builder conquered the world for himself through a more than Alexandrian victory. It was grand in its conception, wonderful in its development, and magnificent in its final perfection. It now stands, like an ocean epic, a mighty fact, noble in its simple truth and complete in its adaptation to its designed uses. It is one of the brightnesses of England, "sent from heaven to earth to reveal a wonder," and offer manifold testimony of the divine inspiration of genius, aided by persistent strength, and tenfold more puissant through its nervous pluck. Tipped with Promethean fire, it remains the type of its maker, battling with the billows, like a clear-faced king confronting the hosts of a numerous and mighty enemy. Grafted to the solid crust of the earth itself, it shall long remain, stable as his fame and as encouraging to humanity. As I wrote these words I could see from my window its clear and

ruddy fire, as of an unflickering star that never sets. It was an omen of good, shedding its mild light over the fading joys of the past, and dispersing with its unclouded rays the shadows cast athwart the future.

"Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same,
Year after year, through all the silent night,
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame, —
Shines on that inextinguishable light!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

DIVERS FACETIÆ.

NOT many weeks since, while taking a cup of tea on the *Champs Elysées*, I was somewhat startled by the advent of one of my fellow-countrymen. He was a young fellow, of perhaps seventeen years, and carried under his arm a "Harpers' Guide-Book." Suddenly and without any intimation of what he designed to do, he appeared in the doorway and exclaimed in the language that he had inherited from the Forefathers, with as loud a voice as if he were "interpellating" the triumphal arch: "How much do you ask for a dinner here?" This little proceeding would probably have been regarded as novel in any country, even in the home of unmitigated freedom of thought and action, but to me, reflecting on the great variety of the style of repast demanded, from the humble *bouillon au lait* up to the elaborate and costly compositions of M. Gouffé; that my young friend, as far as concerned any hopeful result, might as well have addressed his remarks in the speech of the ancient Greeks; and, moreover, that the establishment on whose threshold he stood was only a *café*, where no dinners were ever served,

it seemed that my countryman displayed an independence of ordinary social conventionalities that really approached the sublime. I think that youth will be heard from again. His method of securing a meal was certainly peculiar, and yet it showed a kind of lofty confidence that despised all common obstacles, and was designed to go straight to the mark like the ball from a Parrott gun. It might have appeared presumption in most men, but was quite worthy of a citizen of a young and victorious republic. It brought to my mind a similar incident that came to my knowledge a long time ago. A party of Americans were stopping at a French hotel. Among them was a young lady in whose system Nature had implanted a weakness for baked apples. This estimable fruit, prepared in that way, is unknown in Paris. In the crude state, it is admired; enshrined in a tart, it is adored; but they never develop its graces, like the flowers on a china vase, by mortifying the lusts of its rather unrefined flesh in an oven. Mademoiselle had, nevertheless, made up her mind to satisfy her cravings, and the first day of her appearance at breakfast asked for some baked apples. She did not get them, for the simple reason that none of the people in the hotel knew what she meant. The second day, on taking her seat, she said simply and curtly, "I should like some baked apples." The next day, "I want some baked apples." On the fourth, she came like an inevitable doom and froze the muscles

of the waiters by the words, "I must have some baked apples." The morning of the fifth day, the family, on approaching the table, found their persevering relative seated with a plate of that fruit before her. How this result was attained was never known. By what mysterious operation the waiters discovered the meaning of those English words, for Mademoiselle spoke no other language, and by what process they succeeded in imparting it to the cook, will probably always remain a secret, except to themselves. I am inclined to attribute it to the abstract strength of the human intellect, working through a vigorous and unflinching agent, and, doubtless, if the young gentleman first referred to had come to the threshold of that *café* for five successive evenings and propounded the same question, he would have learned "how much they asked for a dinner," and that in spite of the impediments above enumerated.

Many years ago while travelling in Austria, I fell in with a young Englishman. He was alone, and as I had no duplicate we journeyed together a few days. At that time Ollendorff's plan of teaching languages was in vogue, and the Continent was covered with people busily putting it into practice, to the great exasperation of the natives and their own discomfiture. Men and women, with praiseworthy industry, committed to memory such graphic and instructive questions as "Have you the blue buttons of my father's ugly cow?" "Where are

the wooden tongs of the good carpenter?" with others of similar tenor, and straightway thought themselves capable of carrying on glib and lively conversation in any foreign tongue. My new acquaintance had been promoting his natural faculties in this way by the study of German, and felt competent for anything in that line. His phrases struck me as to a certain extent crude, and needing a little maturing to bring out their virtues, but he evidently did not look upon his rapid acquisitions in that light. One day at Vienna we went to a large bathing establishment, which is very much resorted to by the inhabitants of that rather dirty city. It is built on a scale of great splendor, and surrounded with flowers and trees. All the appointments are costly and elegant, and one finds there not only the usual accompaniments of such a place, but refreshments of every kind. The visitor can reanimate himself both externally and internally, with every sort of gratification, foreign or domestic, for the palate or the epidermis. He can take a *bain Chinois*, and follow it up with *poulets à la Confucius*; he can have his skin scorched *à la Turquie*, till a lobster would look white beside him, and then satiate his fiery pangs by a pillau of curried rice; or he can simply mollify his exterior by the use of unsophisticated soap and water *au naturel*, and tone it down by a cup of Teutonic coffee. As my fellow-traveller, whom I will style Mr. B——, as that was not his name, — seemed to need no help and rather scorned its offer,

I left him to his own devices. When he came forth from the little watery den in which he had been parboiling himself, I asked him how he liked it.

"Pretty well," replied he; "but don't they give you rather queer soap?"

"Why, it was brown Windsor, was n't it?" said I, with the air of one who knows. "It was what I had."

"I don't know what they gave you, but mine was n't brown, and it was n't like any Windsor that I ever saw. I suppose it's their style, though, and I've no fault to find."

"What did it look like?" said I.

"It was thick and white, and they brought it in a bowl."

"In a bowl? Well, that surpasses!" replied I. "Let us ask one of the waiters and find what it means. If there is anything new on the *tapis* I should like to understand it."

It required very little time for an explanation. In a few expressive words, eked out with many suggestive shrugs of his shoulders and intimated winks, the *garçon* informed me that the gentleman had ordered what he understood to be soup. As the dish for that day was veal soup, which is thick and white, when well made, he had brought a foaming bowl of it, and it was with the aid of this that Mr. B. had performed his ablutions. With some difficulty restraining the laughter that convulsed me internally, I asked him to explain how he had

employed this elegant unguent for the adornment of his person. This he proceeded to do. Looking upon it as a novel cosmetic, a new kind of almond paste, for example, he had applied it vigorously to his head, copiously to his body, and rubbed it in *con furore* in his efforts to get up a lather. Failing in this, and exuding essence of calf at every pore, he had done the next best thing, and philosophically given himself an elaborate friction with a towel, like a cabinet-maker polishing up a bit of second-hand furniture. He had not been entirely successful, however, in removing all vestiges of the medium, for here and there traces of the unctuous ointment were still visible in a sort of sympathetic and pertinacious glow, more *prononcé* on some parts of his face than others. Glancing slyly round the corner of one eye, I could yet distinguish some remnants of the conflict lingering at the roots of his hair. They appeared to have found a congenial home, a pleasing *tête-à-tête*, as it were, from which no merely muscular antipathy could dislodge them. He did not enjoy the explanation, which I at once gave him with natural gratification, the more especially that before it was half finished the waiter was obliged to retire behind a screen to laugh, or rather to choke. The latter evidently regarded Mr. B. very much as the grinning post-boy looked upon Mr. Winkle, when he whispered to the waiter, "Blowed if the gen'lm'n worn't a-gettin' up on the wrong side." Mr. B. was disposed to be furious at

first, and talked of impositions on strangers, a letter to the "Times," &c., &c., but before long he gradually came to listen to reason, particularly when I demonstrated to him in the clearest way, that veal soup was not designed to be digested on the outside of one's body, and the process was naturally difficult and laborious, since there had been provided a far more effective and agreeable method. I noticed that he never thought of abusing the real source of his trouble in the omission by Herr Ollendorff of a laconic platitude, especially adapted to his case. I said nothing, but could not help thinking, "My friend, if the great dispenser of modern languages and patron of Babelistic and linguistic composition had only thought to add to his choice array of isolated imbecilities, 'Where is the true soap of the heavy Englishman?' or its equivalent, it would have been money in your pocket."

And yet, in spite of my friend's ignorance of German, and in fact of every other language but his own, which led him to "eat strange flesh" in several instances besides that which I have mentioned, I could not but commend his plan of travelling without a courier. Though these servants are indispensable in many cases, and really do save *pater familias* and his retinue a world of trouble, yet they are often not so necessary as they seem, and their frequent dishonesty and collusion with the hotel-keepers and shopmen, in extorting plunder from helpless tourists, make them a perpetual aggrava-

tion. But these qualities are no more annoying, than the facility they possess for distorting the English and every other language. Like the Emperor Sigismund, they are *supra grammaticam*, while their etymology would shock Dame Juliana Berners, Mistress Quickly, Mrs. Malaprop, or Mrs. Partington. Some friends of mine, who have lately been making the tour of Europe with one of these murderers of Anglo-Saxon, were treated to such entertainments as the following. Having one day visited the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome, their courier took them to a dark and smoky dungeon, and informed them that this was the place "where Beatrice Cenci was damned to be executed." Being asked the meaning of *Ecce homo*, he replied that the words were Spanish, and signified "What a man!" At Pompeii, when visiting the spot where were found the remains of the Roman soldiers who perished rather than abandon their post, he said, "Here they dug up eighty skillets." On another day, when they were discussing their plans for the future, he horrified them by suggesting that they should go to the sculpture gallery at the Vatican and see "the Greek sculpins." All this appears very amusing to read, but is not particularly entertaining to those who go abroad in search of information, and at the same time, have no appreciation of the humorous. An English lady told me that her courier conducted her to the church where the Moses of Michel Angelo sits in gloomy and frowning

grandeur, and, stopping before the statue with a profound salutation, said impressively, as if introducing two high contracting parties to each other for the first time, "Madam, this is Noah."

These are only a few of the thousand examples that every traveller meets with. The couriers are, in general, small-minded men, and as they frequently claim to speak four or five, and sometimes more languages, with fluency, perhaps they may be partly excused if they make a sort of *pot-pourri* of them all. The same thing often happens to persons of much higher claims to mental capacity, especially when one has not a great faculty for acquiring other tongues than his vernacular, and for remembering their more nicely-defined distinctions. In Venice I met an Englishman who had lived there so long that he had actually forgotten his own tongue, and was in the habit of using a sort of mixed *patois* or macaronic dialect, picked up and ingeniously arranged in a sort of picturesque mosaic. Some years ago, at an entertainment given by the Austrian Governor, Mr. —, being *blasé* of the heavy and dull formality of the scene, fell asleep, or at least dozed, for a moment, while leaning against a column. Unluckily he was noticed in this position by his Excellency himself, who watched till he recovered the use of his faculties, and then said, with genial malice, "*M. —, vous avez révé.*" He was somewhat startled at the reply, — "*No, votre Excellence, je n'ai pas ge-dreamt.*" I commend to the

attention of those of my readers who have dabbled in French and German, the clever way in which the British lion managed to interweave these languages with his own ; but I doubt if His Excellency fairly understood the answer, nevertheless. This gentleman was one of the great oddities of Venice in his time, and used to excite attention by the most absurd exploits that his eccentric brain could devise. He made a bet, when in one of his wildest vagaries, that he would ride a horse across the Grand Canal. This was a pretty difficult matter. In the first place, that animal is as rare in Venice as a mermaid or a salamander, and, with the exception of the four in bronze in front of St. Mark's Church, which even Mr. — would hardly have undertaken to use for the purpose aforesaid, has hardly ever appeared there at all. Yet our friend proved himself equal to the emergency and carried off the spoils. A steed was brought from the main-land, his fore feet were placed in one gondola, his hind feet in another, and the crazy equestrian rode him, with the aid of a dozen stout gondoliers, to the other shore in triumph, amid the enthusiastic applause of all Venice, who had crowded to see the performance. In foolhardiness this surpasses the deeds of most men, and no one but an Englishman would ever have thought of it. It calls to mind a similarly foolish and dangerous feat of Squire Mytton, who made a wager that he could place the hind legs of his favorite mare in his coat-pockets, and did so,

at the risk of having his brains dashed out. On the Continent, such acts are never understood, and are generally looked upon as the caprices of a perturbed intellect. It is the same in India, where the natives, though obliged to submit to their conquerors, yet regard them at times, when in the full swing of some strange outbreak of fantastic singularity, in the same light that they look upon the ill-regulated capers of a troop of apes.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LATENT NATURE.

AMONG the myriad products of human ingenuity which the Great Exhibition lavishes upon its visitors, one cannot avoid being impressed with the various forms by which the ever-increasing sympathy of our age with the works of Nature is illustrated. This broadening life, this health-giving vigor, appears not merely as the dictate of a selfish spirit of speculation that sees in the tastes of the wealthy and refined a source of pecuniary gain, but is as often the result of inborn and instinctive tendencies, cravings, as it were, of the clear spirit, which lead it to approach both with reverence and admiration the most winning aspects of Nature, and to do its utmost to preserve them in a durable form for its own enjoyment and the benefit of mankind. One sees this in the photographs of scenery, for example, which are displayed in great numbers, many of them being admirably done, and that by amateurs for their own amusement. These are often, in fact I may more properly say for the most part, simple and unpretending in their subjects. A single cloud, with its subtle texture "lit as with inner light," and from

its varied and ever* changing fringe of radiant mist dispensing the last rays that the setting sun has bequeathed to it; a solitary tree selected with the eye of an artist, and forming with its furrowed bole the vegetable monument of ages, — its rugged branches thrust out clear and strong towards the bright sky, every leaf and every lineament of its varied expression portrayed in delicately contrasted light and shade, while here and there the ivy clings around it, binds up the wounds of time, and, like the consoling truths which the genuine poet imparts to us, shields it from the melancholy visitations of the sky; a long strip of sandy shore, —

“ The beachy girdle of the ocean.
Too wide for Neptune’s hips,” —

drawing the eye by its extended curve far into the distance, while unnumbered waves dance out their brief evanescence in the sunlight, for an instant toss up their white caps, or blossom like ocean daisies, and then, urged by resistless fate, cast their glittering ranks upon the shore to die: all these and more, chosen at their best estate by the prompt suggestions of a nice taste, and preserved for the delight and encouragement of man, fascinate our minds as we rove from place to place, like the transient and cheering gleam of the distant beacon, seen athwart tossing billows and a cloudy sky. It is thus that photography ministers to the pleasures of the age, and the sun himself fixes for our learning the infi-

nite forms of beauty which he has ever scattered over the earth.

This is but one of the phases under which we, in this century of grace, have become familiar with the mighty power of light. The experiments of Faraday, Tyndall, and other *savants* serve to show how little we comprehend the real place it occupies among the agencies of Nature. We read that "God is light," and these words doubtless bear a depth of meaning that is lost upon a superficial mind, while science earnestly strives to fathom it. The present tendency of philosophical research would seem to intimate that light is the manifestation of the Divine Spirit upon the earth, as well as the ultimate source of every display of Nature's attributes; that it combines within its ethereal essence both the bodily and mental life of man, and permeates the soul itself through numberless and mysterious channels. Says Dante, —

"O light impregnated

With mighty virtue, from which I acknowledge
All of my genius, whatsoe'er it be."

One often encounters passages of similar tenor in Milton, Spenser, and other poets, which there is no space to quote here. Doubtless in this, as in other cases, Infinite Wisdom has inspired them to write those truths, "broad and general as the casing air," which are ever confided to the heaven-born poet, and which constitute him the high-priest of God on earth, conquering and to conquer over all the broad domain

of Nature, and finding no limit to his wise and beneficent rule. Into his soul is poured the bright effulgence of that Spirit of God which, in the beginning, "moved upon the face of the waters," and which then had not imparted its procreant influences to one made in His image. Thus the poet, irresistibly drawn near to the day-spring of his being and quickened by inborn sympathies and cravings of which his own instincts teach him the origin, feels strongly the need of light, and its loss "infects the very life-blood of his enterprise." Hence Milton, in that prolonged requiem which comes from the mouth of the hero of Israel, "eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves," pours forth the sadness of his own soul in the bitter lamentation, —

"O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon;
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day."

To this he adds, with unwitting foresight, as if grasping for a reality as yet but dimly revealed, and faintly conscious of a certain and ever present power unknown to others, but which his own mournful condition had led him to reflect upon and appreciate, —

"Since light so necessary is to life
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part."

How forcible is the contrast with the lofty vigor and triumphant independence of Dante, when, in full possession of his faculties of body and mind, he exclaims, in language as grand as the chant of mar-

tyrs seeing the bright circle of the angelic host beyond their flames, "What! shall I not everywhere enjoy the light of the sun and stars? and may I not seek and contemplate in every corner of the earth under the canopy of heaven consoling and delightful truth?" How glorious are these words, and how clearly do they convey to the mind the delights and aspirations of that poet, after whom "no seraph touched human lips with hallowed fire!" and not only to him do they apply, but to every one who has in his heart the yearnings of a noble soul, and strives, weakly though his efforts be, to comprehend the length and breadth and height of that rich inheritance which is laid up for those who would earn a life beyond a life, and seeks to crown himself with an incorruptible diadem. He shall share the reward of those who, when in life, fearlessly spoke the truth on glorious themes, and for him shall "the congregation of the dead make room."

Among the prominent attractions of the Exhibition are many photographs taken from original and unpublished sketches by Gustave Doré. In this artist has appeared a competent interpreter of Dante and other poets, who is quick to symbolize to the world the grandeur of their disembodied thoughts in forms more suggestive than language to the masses. For to these the eye generally offers far more permanent and prolific impressions than the ear, and into their chilled and ill-developed faculties words often infuse but scantily the breath of life.

He has an innate appreciation, unconsciously to himself, of the highest type of poetical imagery, and often traces it out to its fullest development. With the all-pervading vitality of light, for example, he has a pregnant sympathy, and in some of the illustrations of Dante he has diffused over the page a glow like that of "the perfect day." One of these, in which the poet gazes with prolonged ecstasy upon the object of his affection, enlarges even the wide meaning of the poetry. The admirers of the bard award it their universal homage. The strength of our own sight is increased when, like the mental vision of the fervent lover, —

" It views a lady placed in honor high,
Who, in her brightness shining splendidly,
Unto his pilgrim spirit thus appears."

Not only the glory of celestial beauty, but the ardor of the poet's love, seems to radiate from the page; the clear light of a more than mortal passion flashes therefrom, and infuses into the soul the warmth of its own rapture. It is fortunate that we have an artist who can so deeply commune with the poet and do no discredit to his highest imaginings. It is, of course, absurd to speak of the possibility of any great poetical ideas being completely rendered to the eye. They are the people of the poet's world, and the offspring of his genius. They are not known of all men, and few or none can follow them into all the delicate windings of their individuality. If an artist appears who can portray with

truth even one of their many-sided aspects, the world deems itself fortunate. In Doré, however, we have one who, at least, surpasses all his predecessors. He can not only present worthily and with suggestive energy the forms themselves, with many attributes of grace and beauty, but he also adds abundant accessions that show his wide range of feeling. Hence it so often happens, that the whole tone of a design is in perfect concord with the central idea, and thereby its effect is developed into a prolific richness, which only a poetical nature could think out. With some artists the visions of poetry "flit solemn and slow in the eye of the mind;" with others they are scanty and faint; but in Doré's works we often meet with invention so profuse, that the page can hardly contain the images that flow from his creative pencil. Like the spear of Ithuriel, it starts into sudden being and action, with touch of celestial temper, not only the scornful and malignant king of wickedness, but the youthful splendor of angelic messengers. From it come with equal power "that first naked glory" of unfallen man; the consummate loveliness of the virgin earth; and the numberless forms of animal life which lend to her green tranquillity the charms that come from grace of form, the vivacity and freedom of independent motion, and the simple purity of Nature.

The extent of his genius is often visible in unexpected ways and *bizarre* directions. The same hand that traced the hoary years of the Wander-

ing Jew across the hollow deeps of time, and made him the nucleus of a quaint and grotesque creation of monsters of more fearful aspect than those that kenneled in the womb of sin, also portrayed the marvels of those fairy stories in which during our early years we reveled. In *Les Contes de Perrault* we feel at once transported again to the broad and limitless wonderment of infancy — the fierceness of the grim ogre, the *petite* audacity and cunning of Hop-o'-my-Thumb, the dimly suggested horror of dark woods with the forlorn band of lost brothers, and all the terrors that once held us spell-bound, till we went weeping to our beds, and, covering our faces in the gloom of our abject terror, called up horrible shapes, till gentle sleep came down from heaven in our behalf. Then we were all poets, and the cool arguments of reason had not dispelled the phantoms that attended our waking hours, and even in slumber drew a rain of tears over ruddy cheeks, or caused convulsive starts and clenching of little fists, as already we bearded the lion in his den, or performed anew the exploits of Greatheart. These were the mute expression of untainted Nature, yet virgin of all care. "When sleeping childhood smiles," say the Hindoos, "God is talking to it." Doubtless these happier dreams are animated by a transient ray from that heaven which the pure spirit has so lately left, and which waking, it can no longer enjoy. Would that the infant pilgrim might know and cherish it, for it is the bequest of

compassionate Providence, and soon it shall no longer appear, and few shall henceforth be the glimpses of celestial light that come to him, over the wide unrest of a tumultuous ocean. This quick sympathy with the child-nature is a most attractive charm in Doré's works, and is one which will always make him popular with the world. "Nimble, quick, and forgetive," and disdaining no feature of simplicity or innocence, it throngs the airy halls of freshening life with delectable images that are endeared to us by associations long past, yet strong, and still vivaciously clasping even the weakest imagination. Often they grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength, and, crowning the long vista of years, we yet see them even from the remoteness of accumulated days. The setting sun of age but gilds them into a glowing and remote vision, and at the verge of the grave we hear from forms unseen the hymn that we learnt at our mother's knee, or across the distant horizon passes the long train of some ancient fable. Often to those who have consumed the wine of life, and are forced to sip, in reluctant and solitary sadness, its bitter dregs, these are the only pleasing bequest of youth—as it were, the lingering reminiscence of the aroma that made so piquant the foam they once quaffed.

Some weeks since, when making a call upon M. Doré, he gave me several of the photographs to which I above referred. These are highly interest-

ing, as showing the difference between the energetic strokes that come from the master's hand and their treatment by the engravers. In most cases, the latter do their work with great ability and a nice appreciation of the designs. It sometimes even happens that their efforts really improve upon those of the author. In general, however, the originals are wonderful in their superiority to the engravings. Often the immense breadth and energy that are created by a single line are quite lost, as might be expected, from the subtle origin of their real power. One of the sketches I received represents the combat of the warring angels. Giant and muscular forms struggle with vindictive hate to heave huge rocks up to the battlements of heaven. In their faces are seen despair, fury, and "courage, never to submit or yield." "Loudly they rage against the Highest," while far in the distance the battling hosts in ever receding multitudes are mingled in the death-grapple. Their forms are but dimly intimated in the darkness, or brought out in bold relief by the vivid lightning that flashes in broad masses, — the avenging minister of divine wrath. One can almost hear the thunder bellow through the vast and boundless deep. In the foreground, in prostrate anguish, and the terror of defeat, lie the bodies of the overwhelmed and downcast. Some with upturned faces and threatening arms are blaspheming against Heaven their impotent hate. All tells of horror, despair, and the last fierce throes of

those forever lost. A single sketch like this, done with the effective touches of a ready artist, would be sufficient for the reputation of any man. But when we reflect that this is only one of thousands from the same pencil, covering every phase of human experience, each aspect of poetical revelation, and every form of Nature's works, we are amazed at the contemplation of a fertility so rich, an invention so unlimited. The genius of M. Doré seems the embodiment, to a great extent, of the real tendencies of the age, which daily bring man into closer and closer communion with Nature. In this light he is a real boon to humanity, for his widely scattered labors will materially aid in the developing those very tastes of which his mind is apparently the type.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

INDUSTRY.

THE Great Exhibition has now reached its close. No longer an uncertain contingency, clouded by doubt, anxiously discussed in the mouths of men, attended by omens that might suggest either good or evil fortune, it has become a fact, and will soon be fixed forever in the broad domain of history. As to the benefits it has conferred upon humanity, posterity will decide. That it has been largely productive of good, all thinking minds even now readily admit, and this influence must increase, if for no other reason, from its broad sympathy with the spirit of our era. It is a manifestation of approaching power, power widely surging from below, and no longer to be ignored. The hour of the people draws nigh, and the French Revolution itself, violent and irresistible as were the elements of popular strength it bore in its womb, was not a more convincing display of national force than this peaceful triumph of manifold and humble labor. Of old, hereditary princes, uniting in themselves the hands and brains of whole nations, confiscated them to works of royal pride; and "the labors of an age in

piled stone " testified to their folly and the thoughtless egotism that could divert the energies of a whole race from noble aims. In our day no Pyramids rise slowly to the groans of dying and miserable slaves ; no Coliseums are created by the stripes and blood of thousands of captives ; but a more peaceful and honorable monument springs up to bear witness to the power of humble and well-directed labor. In this bright efflorescence of the nineteenth century, the thoughtful mind discerns an energy stronger and more widely extended than the prerogative of kings, a sense of right that gradually is becoming conscious of its force, and will soon cease to submit to the dictation of royalty ; a development of vital life, which already is stretching out millions of hands and will soon assume the position to which every man has an innate and heaven-descended claim. Liberty, once a fiction, theoretic and romantic, chanted in the works of poets and enthusiastic genius, is soon to be, in fact already is, a bright and palpable reality. To this result all labor leads, operating through a thousand secret influences. Says Carlyle : " Work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that beset mankind — honest work." " Man is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for — to stand it out to the last breath of life — do his best." To this result, long waited and wept for by far-sighted and sanguine philanthropists, our history daily tends, and thus " we work out our

own salvation with fear and trembling." With all-embracing and prophetic sympathy, the most humble and devoted of all laborers wrought His unceasing sacrifice in our behalf, "For the night cometh when no man can work." Mindful of this high example, did Coleridge and Doctor Johnson inscribe these words upon their time-keepers, deploring their natural indolence, and seeking, with deep appreciation of their simple and impressive truth, thus to strive against the fleshly weaknesses of their mortal part.

Among the various songs that sprang from the Revolution of 1848, this is by far the grandest, and almost the only one that has survived:—

*"Travaillons, travaillons, mes frères!
Le travail c'est la liberté."*

*"Let us work, let us work, my brothers!
For work is liberty!"*

It was sung by tumultuous and fervent crowds, who, suddenly inspired with a sense of its meaning, could not refrain from expressing the Heaven-revealed belief that was in them. Misguided and ill-directed, this precept at that time brought forth no tangible result. But now, long fermenting in the darkness, its hidden efficacy has been made known, and in the Great Exhibition the people themselves perceive the results of their growing and centred vigor. Thoughtless men may deride it, and verbose pens may heap scorn upon it, but the germ of fruitfulness is there, nevertheless. It has been attended by many little-

nesses, and, like every other great enterprise, tainted by numerous short-comings. But why cannot the world overlook the bad and cling to the manifest good? Because the restaurant-keepers have been pillaged of their chairs by the Imperial Commission, the whole Exposition is to be swallowed up in the Red Sea of their disappointed avarice. Mr. — has not received a gold medal for his most cherished invention, and the whole *Champ de Mars* is blasted by his wrath. The editor of the "Figaro" goes to the building on a windy day and suffers from cold feet; in the next number is a column of abuse, designed to annihilate the structure and everything therein. Fortunately, outside this windy tempest of newspaperial indignation can be seen a few observers who are not to be led away from the obvious merits of the treasures they perceive around them. Here is every form in which human labor has guided the thoughts and discoveries, the truths and suggestions of genius into tangible grace and usefulness. Here the beauties of Nature have been transferred to glowing canvas, and spotless marble portrays the lineaments of great men for our learning. Here, in myriad shapes, taste and elegance, utility and refinement, clasp hands and strive together for the lasting good and enjoyment of mankind. Here appear unnumbered aspects of that pleasure situate in Nature's works which the skill and ingenuity of the earnest artist have provided for our delight. Fountains that murmur as they flow, meandering

streams, the gentle undulations of broadly expanding lawns, towering palms redolent of the mysterious and silent spaces of the East, the ample greenness of tall bananas, — the willing offering of tropical lands, — and all that endless variety and thick luxuriance of vegetation which bear complete testimony to the rich and undying resources of Nature in every clime. He who enters upon these enjoyments with an humble heart, conscious of his own imperfections and desirous worthily to benefit by them, rises superior to the petty woes of life, and can afford to forget for the moment the extortions of rapacity, the meanesses of officials, the bodily discomforts that for the moment annoy and disgust, and all those lesser ills that we are often called upon to endure as a test of the steadfastness of our faith.

To those who have watched with deep and thoughtful interest the progress of mankind, who in later years have rejoiced over its ever broadening growth, and the real increase of its higher powers, the Great Exhibition offers a most suggestive topic for their study. The history of our divine humanity, especially so far as concerns those born in a low condition, and subject to the belittling influences of poverty and ignorance, has been strange and sad. Never ending, still beginning; fighting still, and still destroying; now burning with high hope, now mouldering cold and low, it has yet toiled on and on, conscious of a noble future, and true to its lofty lineage. Led by high aspirations, deriving at least

a faint benefit from all its joys, its toils, its sorrows, its hopes, it has now reached a height from which the dawn of coming happiness is clearer than ever before. Like the Apostle, it has been "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness:" at times the victim of oppression and despotic influence, the tool of ambition that scrupled not to enslave it, or of theorizers who professed to benefit it; the wayward maniac of its own passions, — the odious progeny tumultuously begotten of a sense of wrong and hurrying it blindly hither and thither, — still with every hindrance, strength has come to it, and bursting the green withes, yea, the knotted ropes, of its binding, it has proved the imperishable strength that lay in its depths, "for we are His offspring," and thus doth Nature have her perfect work, and in it we are all blessed.

" Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in man's art."

In our day the triumphs of Industry claim a higher and ever higher place in our esteem, through the long record of her troubles: Industry, the first born of fallen man in his sorrow, and sent to comfort, cheer, and console; Industry, that contains within itself the germs of undying life, and will never grow old; that has wrestled with the angel of the Most High,

till he poured forth a blessing ; that is strong to save and mighty to heal, each day gaining fresh elements of vigor and beauty, like some bright, consummate flower whose radiance charms, and whose odor cures ; Industry, that mysteriously leavened the gross darkness of the Middle Ages into the fullness of its present vigorous and glowing expansion ; the prop and stay of fainting chivalry, and the inheritor of many of its virtues ; Industry, queened in the hearts of the sons of toil, and sweetening their labors by the cheerful inspiration of song ; Industry, whose symphony belts the world with music more harmonious than that of the spheres, or the deep melody of the rolling earth ; whose voice is heard in the sonorous cadence of resounding hammers, the cheerful click of iron fingers, the busy hum of countless spindles, the crash of axes, and the thud of distant flails : from melody so sweet as this, mingling in one vast diapason, well may come those shapes that charm and beautify, and surround us on every side with the palpable delights of life. Industry may well sit supreme in our hearts, and again may the trusty soul say, with the confidence of a quick reward, Work while it is day, " for the night cometh when no man can work."

And yet there are those, even in our own nation, proud as we are with reason of our descent from the toil-worn Pilgrims, who look with contempt upon the hard hands of the honest laborer, and with silent scorn deny him that share in our common heritage to

which his diligence, humble as it is, gives him an undying right. Often they are those who, enjoying wealth and a name which the travail of an ancestor has adorned for their wearing, derive therefrom no sense of responsibility ; who offer the past no tribute of gratitude, the present no aid, and deny the claims of the future upon them ; who draw after them a long train of idleness and inefficiency, curdle the sap of life, and tarnish that portion of the Divine mind which God hath bestowed to show how much He loved us. Upon these will the thunders of Almighty wrath one day assuredly descend as upon faithless stewards, untrue to their better instincts and refusing to aid the great Master-Worker, who created them for a noble aim. Far otherwise will it be with them, who, born in a low condition, like Him whose blessed feet trod the flinty paths of earth for our redemption, have done faithfully and well their work, however unpretending. In the purification of death, when the days of our refreshing shall come ; when the mounting soul casts off the slough of earth and stands in the presence of its great Original, redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled, then shall the conscientious worker stretch out clean hands towards his Maker, and trustingly render back with usury to Divine Omniscience the talent bestowed upon him of old. In that day, the redemption of man shall come, not from those who have striven to cabin the faith of their race with the cold formalities of a barren and chilling creed ; not from those who have

sought to tithe with mint and anise and cumin the earnest longings of the soul ; not from those who with tense rein have checked the march of mankind, and curbed its healthy and impatient yearnings ; not from " Pan-Anglican synods," babbling in senile and profitless fatuity and ignoring the vital interests of our day and race ; but to those shall be awarded the prize of " Well-done, good and faithful servant," who have obeyed the behests of God within them, and worked out their own salvation in patient and self-denying toil.

Doth not the Deity himself, in this great Sabbath of the world, rest from his labors that man himself may continue to carry them on ? And how can we do this more efficiently than by casting in our lot with the sons of Industry, and aiding them in their high mission by every word of profitable counsel and every deed of strong encouragement ? In our day mind joins with mind, and royal and princely dignitaries will ere long give place to sovereignties higher far descended, for they will come from the inborn right of every man to enjoy the roughness of his own hands and the sweat of his own brow, and maintain his own independence, subject to the law. The swarm of imbeciles, the issue of royal loins, that fate has inflicted upon the nations of Europe to locust the earnings of the people, shall, ere many generations, disappear before the whirlwind of popular indignation and disgust. Kings and Emperors may glorify the Great Exhibition and lend it the

éclat of their presence, but it is the people's triumph nevertheless ; democratic in its origin and influence, like a firm and lofty breastwork, it takes its part in offering a barrier against future encroachments or oppression. Potent as it is to prove the advances of the age in mental excellence, and the adornments of utility and beauty, it is still stronger as a manifestation of popular power. It claims indemnity for the past, and demands security for the future, and of it there shall be no end. It is the deepening of that shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. To the well-wisher and lover of his species it is full of hope, and they who have most carefully studied the marvelous results of human diligence that it offers, have been most deeply impressed with its wide significance and the tokens it gives of advancement in that broad and ever broadening road by which we daily progress.

The coming ages already move in long and majestic procession through the eye of the mind. In their features is the glow of truth, as they are steadily set towards the heavenly city. Behind them rise the dim and shadowy forms of the great minds of the past, cast full and free across the future. Between us and the brightness of that celestial sun whose light shall never die, they tower aloft like stalwart watch-towers. With the penumbra of their mighty genius our own souls mingle daily more and more, and even now we begin to penetrate the deeper shades of their personality. But those future

centuries shall inherit us, and give an unknown life to that with which we endow them. Those giant intellects shall stoop from their high estate and confide to our posterity secrets unknown to us and portents yet slumbering in the womb of time. Industry, ever in the van, shall woo them on, and with gentle and persuasive art extort from them their mysteries. Already she marshals them the way that they were going, and with the beneficent serenity of the morning-star, leads on the dawning day. Severe in youthful beauty, first-born and favorite child of the past, soother of many a woe, the beneficent empress of human joy, and companion of fair-eyed Hope, before her Genius gladly casts down abundant wreaths, rejoicing daily more and more in the homage it willingly renders. And now what wait we for? Not the mad victories of war and nation fighting against nation, but the reign of peace and the union of the whole natural brotherhood of man in that tranquil happiness which Industry bestows. Before her mild and benignant reign, kings and despots must fall. The claims of long-descended and arrogant assumption must inevitably disappear like clouds before the coming sun. Through her we ever approach our designed perfection, and thus shall humanity yet scale the highest heaven of human invention. The great world toils on from its infant morn to its manly noon, and glorious shall be the setting of its aged evening. May we all, then, have grace to aid in an object so dear to the best inter-

ests of our race, and assist in that progress which shall end in immortality. He must indeed be recreant to his better nature who can willfully refuse thus to employ such abilities as the Creator's indulgence has bestowed upon him.

" Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen,
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean."

" A servant with this clause
Makes drudgerie divine;
Who sweeps a room as to Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold; —
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for lesse be told."

FINIS.

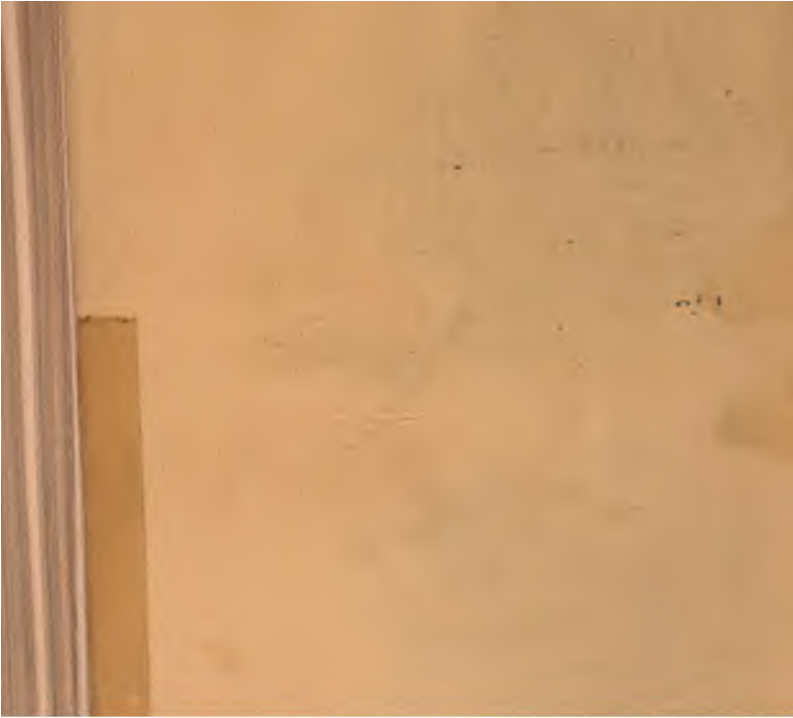












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